(1928,Jan.Washington) E--3549

Tuesday, 1 Jan. Washington; raining forenoon,clearing and cold afternoon. Reading "Downey" of the Mounted" by Hendryx, a rather simple story. My neuralgia had almost entirely disappeared and I felt comfortable. Wife busy all day with cooking and housework. Thelma ill and lying down all day. Otis away all day and I saw little of him.

~~(Mother, 1 Jan. salmon folder)~~ omit

Wednesday, 2 Jan.Washington; clear and cold. Thelma did not go to school, but Otis left for school at 8 a.m. I went to the office and met Mr.Olsen, Chief of Bureau, who had been away. Also Mr.Marquis, Chief of the Editorial Office, who was very enthusiastic about a trip he had made to Germany last summer as one of a group who accompanied Prof. Warren to study German agriculture. At his request I dictated a statement regarding the progress of the census project and the action taken at the last General Assembly of the Institute and at the Diplomatic Conference on Economic Statistics at Geneva. I called on Mr.Michaels and found him alone in a small corner room on the 8th floor surrounded by maps and bulletins. Next I called on Dr.Stein, and in his office met Mr.Hutchinson, formerly in charge of the Paris headquarters of the International Education Board, who said he had resigned after four years service abroad and accepted a position in charge of the Gianini Foundation in California. Also I met Miss Ellerbrock, my former secretary, and Miss Joyce and Mrs.Smith, secretary and stenographer to the chief respectively. I called on Dr.L.C.Gray, in charge of Land Economics in one of the temporary buildings near the Center Market. He showed me a copy of the tentative form of the census schedule for the United States that was under consideration by a joint committee of the Census Bureau and the Department of Agriculture. I spent practically the entire day calling at different offices and renewin acquaintance with former friends and associates. As on former visits they all looked older and lacking in imagination and enthusiasm, and I wondered if I made the same impression on them.

Thursday, 3 Jan.Washington; clear and cold. I went to the office early. Met Dr. Schoenfelt, formerly in charge of the Bureau's office at Berlin, who had come to headquarters on a

short visit. I called at the Division of Crop Estimates and met Messrs. Jones, Carpenter, Sheppard, and several others. Had luncheon at home. Telephoned Dr. A.F.Woods, Director of Scientific Work, and was told he was out. Met Dr. C.B.Smith of the Extension Service in the corridor; also my friend, Mr.Warburton, Director of Extension, who said he had been placed in charge of relief work in Porto Rico. Stopped at the office of the American Express and got steamship folders for the Central American countries. Dictated some letters and made up an itinerary.

(Logomuch, 3 Jan. Salmon folder, in answer to letter asking that world census be taken in Liberia) sent

(Mrs.Kernan / same.

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short visit. I called at the Division of Crop Estimates and met Messrs. Jones, Carpenter, Sheppard, and several others. Had lunch-eon at home. Telephoned Mr. A.F.Woods, Director of Scientific Work, and was told he was out. Met Dr. C.E.Smith of the Extension Ser-vice in the corridor; also my friend, Mr.Marburton, Director of Extension, who said he had been placed in charge of relief work in Porto Rico. Stopped at the office of the American Express and got steamship folders for the Central American countries. Dictated some letters and made up an itinerary.

(Logomuch,5 Jan. Salmon Folder, in Answer to Letter asking that world census be taken in Liberia)

(Mrs.Kerman came.

Friday,4 Jan.Washington; clear and warmer. At the ofice workig on my itinerary. Visited the Health Department and obtained a certificate of vaccination, and the Police Department for a certificate that I had not been incarcerated during the previous five years--this for the benefit of inquisitive officials of the Central American Republics. Had luncheon at the Cosmos Club with Dr.E.Dana Durand. He said that the Diplomatic Conference on Economic Statistics ran for a full week after I left Geneva, and that after polishing up the report it was signed by twenty-three diplomatic representatives and would probably be signed by many more. Mr.Montgomery, in charge of the Food Division of the Department of Commerce, joined us. I noticed that practically all the men at the Cosmos Club were past middle life. The club is a cosy quiet place, with comfortble chairs and the latest magazines and newspapers, the walls are covered with excellent paintings, there are soft rugs on the floors, and it is a good place to meet friends and acquaintances, especially those cnnected with the government in Washington.

At 3 o'clock I met Otis at a clothing store and bought him a new blue serge suit, extra long. Thelma had an invitation to go to a picture show in the evening with a soda fountain clerk, but wife vetoed it. Wife said the young man should first come to the house and get acquainted. Reading with great relish Irvin S. Cobb's "A Laugh a Day Keeps the Doctor Away."

Saturday, 5 Jan.Washington; threatening rain and cold. At the office I dictated a memorandum for the personnel officer regarding the pasports, visees, and trasportation I would need. A package of Soviet questionnaire forms was received and I turned them over to the Library. Miss Lacy, in charge of the library section of the Bureau asked me to address the employes of her office one day next

week. Had luncheon at Child's on the Avenue and paid seventy cents for pancakes, sausage, and a cup of coffee, which I thought entirely too much. Had an interview with Dr.O.F.Cook, botanist and plant breeder and explorer, regarding Liberia. He looked much the same as he did when I first saw him twenty-five years before. As a young man he had spent five years in Liberia. I called at the office of the Foundation for Tropical Agriculture to see Dr. Orton, the manager, but he was not in. Spent part of the afternoon filling in a form for the new passports. Met Dr.Steuart, potato specialist, on the way up town. Typed expense account for December.

Sunday, 6 Jan.Washington; cloudy and cold. Decided to visit Sunny Hill. We got away at 11 a.m. and reached Winworth at 1 p.m.The country looked very attractive. Wheat fields were green, houses neat and comfortable looking, and there were a number of new houses building along the road. Many of the houses had signs out reading "Inn," "Rooms," "Tourists," or "Chicken Dinners." There were innumerable automobile service stations along the road. The road between Frederick and Shookstown had been hard surfaced half way out and was a great improvement over the old dirt road. The week before Sister Nellie and her neighbors had appeared before the County Commissioners with a petition for a further extension of the good road. At Winworth, my sister's place, we met my folks, mother, sister, her daughter Eunice, and her husband, Charles Worthy, all looking well. Sister Nellie had prepared a nice dinner of fried chicken, mashed potatoes, hot biscuits, and other things. The dinner was delicious. After dinner I had some home made wine that was very good. Wife and I remained at Winworth while James, the colored driver, took Thelma and Otis up to Sunny Hill to visit the Massers. We returned to Washington at 6.10 p.m. We were barely in the house

(1929, Jan. Washington) 3--3353

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Sunday, 6 Jan. Washington; cloudy and cold. Decided to visit Sunny Hill. We got away at 11 a.m. and reached Hinworth at 1 p.m. The country looked very attractive. Wheat fields were green, horses neat and comfortable looking, and there were a number of new houses building along the road. Many of the houses had signs out reading "Inn," "Rooms," "Tourists," or "Chicken Dinners." There were innumerable automobile service stations along the road. The road between Frederick and Brookstown had been hard surfaced half way out and was a great improvement over the old dirt road. The week before Sister Nellie and her neighbors had appeared before the County Commissioners with a petition for a further extension of the good road. At Winworth, my sister's place, we met my folks, mother, sister, her daughter Bunice; and her husband, Charles Worthy, all looking well. Sister Nellie had prepared a nice dinner of fried chicken, mashed potatoes, hot biscuit and other things. The dinner was delicious. After dinner I had some home made wine that was very good. Wife and I remained at Winworth while James, the colored driver, took Thelma and Otis up to Sunny Hill to visit the Masters. We returned to Washington at 6.10 p.m. We were barely in the house

when Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert called. He said he was leaving that night and wished to see me before I left. Soon after they came Thelma and Otis left for a picture show.

Pages C 3535 - 3536 — out Trouble with adopted children

After breakfast I went to the Consular Office of the State Department and left my old passports for cancellation. Incidentally I asked the clerk in charge why it was that the United States ~~charged~~ exacted ten dollars for each passport or visee when it meant that all other countries would retalliate, thereby taxing American travellers heavily and wholly out of proportion to any revenue the United States might derive from that source. The clerk seemed to be much offended, as if it were a sore subject, and replied that the revenue from passports and visees amounted to about one and a half million dollars annually. He admitted that American travellers probably paid many times that amount to foreign governments for similar services.

to compete in the world with other young men of his age, which he could not hope to do without preparation. Nevertheless, he was free to leave the home whenever he thought he could do better elsewhere; but as long as he remained with us there was one other thing, and that was he must treat his foster mother, myself, and all our visitors with respect--or get out.

Then turning to Thelma I said, "Well Kittiwinks, what is the matter?" Rather definitely she said that many things were the matter. When I asked her to tell us all about it she said that she was eighteen years old and therefore free to do as she pleased; that she did not like going to school and it was a waste of time; and that she wanted to go to work. I said to her that she was partly right and partly wrong; that we had known for a long time that she was wasting her time at school, but we had hoped that she would go through with her shorthand and typewriting course and qualify for employment that would make her independent, as all young people should be; and that she, like Otis, must either go to school and prepare herself to earn a living, or find employment and pay for her board and keep, or find some man to marry and support her. Then I told her she was free to remain away from school with the understanding that she would find employment and pay her own way; but it must be one or the other. Then I advised her that if anyone had told her that she was free to do as she pleased just because she was eighteen he was mistaken; she was not free under the law until she was twenty-one, except that in case she married the marriage could not be annulled by her parents. "If you marry it will be the duty of your husband to provide for you, but it will not be the duty of your parents to receive either him or you, because when you marry you set up an independent family of your own with which your parents need have nothing to do. "And now, my dear," I added "you have been very dear

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to mommie and daddie and they have been and are and always will be your best friends, and no matter what happens to you we want you to feel that we are the ones you should be free to come to for help in time of trouble, and that our home shall always be a refuge to you. You are wrought up now; better go to bed, go to sleep, and tomorrow think it over." Thelma wept and kissed me for the first time since I returned from Europe. Otis was still too sullen to speak. // Wife was silent throughout, but after reaching our room she said she was much relieved because she felt that the children would be all right now that I had talked so plainly and at the same time so affectionately to them. She confessed that ever since Thelma's eighteenth birthday on November third she had been very independent, ugly, noncommunicative, fractious, and the cause of much anxiety. I said to her that if she would only cooperate in the policy I had outlined, that is, make the children understand that they must either go to school or go to work, and if they choose to go to work they to expect to have to pay their board and other expenses, and always with the understanding that they were free to leave our home whenever they thought they could do better elsewhere, we would have no further trouble; but if she continued to serve them and to supply them with money to gratify their every wish, I could foresee all sorts of trouble for all of us. Also I expressed my great regret that I was under official obligation to complete the work I had undertaken ~~and that~~ which meant absence from home for many months.

Monday, 7 Jan.Washington;clear and frosty. At the breakfast table I asked the children "How about returning to school?" Thelma said in a low voice that she did not want to go to school. "All right, my dear," I replied, "but you must first go to school

I asked the clerk if he thought that was good business for the American tax paying public. He replied shortly that the State Department was not responsible, but it was the Congress. This, of course, was merely begging the question because it is not likely that Congress would pass that kind of a law without specific recommendation from the State Department.

I stopped at the Pan American Union and saw my old friend, Mr.William A. Reid, in charge of the foreign trade division, who supplied me with a set of bulletins describing the countries of Central America that I expected to visit.

At 12.39 p.m. I went to the room of Miss Lacey, in charge of the Bureau library, where she and Miss Barnett, Librarian of the Department, and a group of library employes were gathered, and while they ate their luncheon I talked to them about my travels. I had luncheon at the Cornell near the Department with Dr.J.W.T.Duvell, in charge of the grain futures act, and also met a number of my department friends.

I walked to the office of Dr.W.A.Orton, Manager of the Tropical Research Foundation, who had recently returned from a trip to Brazil. While there Major Ahern came in and was introduced as the Secretary of the War College and as having established the Philippine forest service. I remembered having heard him address a group of foresters at the Cosmos Club in 1925. He gave me a copy of his pamphlet on the destuction of America forests and the necessity for reforestation. Dr. Orton said he went to Brazil to advise as to the establishment and organization of a forestry service. While there he visited the university at Minas Geraes of which our old friend Prof.Peter Rolfs was president, and which he said had developed into a large and well equipped institution. He brought to my attention the proposed Inter American Conference

on Agriculture to be held in Washington in the autumn in an attempt to coordinate the cooperative activities relating to agriculture in the Americas. He asked me to mention this conference to the officials I might meet on my coming trip to Central & America. He promised to send a copy of the program to me. He said also that he had been appointed a member of the coordinating committee of the Pan American Union.

Then I called on Dr. Woods,Director of Scientific Work, and outlined to him the results of the census work. Knowing that he had been for some years president of the ~~American~~ Maryland University I asked what were the requirements for admission to the Agricultural College, thinking that perhaps Otis might be induced to enter. Dr.Woods said that the equivalent of a four year high school course was necessary, which meant that unless Otis continued through high school he would not be eligible. Then I asked about the present status of the relations between the United States and the Institute at Rome. I found that he was whole heartedly back of Mr. Hobson's idea that the United States should hold aloof until the Institute demonstrated that it would carry out the program laid down by the last General Assembly. I pointed out to Dr.Woods that it would be extremely difficult if not impracticable for the Institute to accomplish the program because of lack of funds unless the United States paid its supplementary quota the same as other countries, and that surely the quickest way to bring about the accomplishment of the program in acordance with American ideas would be to maintain a competent American delegate at the Institute and play the game the same as Great Britain and other countries were doing. Mr.Woods suggested that I put my statement in writing and that I talk the matter over with Mr.Olsen.

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On the way home I stopped at a printing establishment on L Street to see about having some cards printed, but when $4.50 was named as the price of 100 cards I passed on.

Tuesday, 8 Jan.Washington; 14 degress above zero and reports of a blizzard in the west. At the office began drafting a memorandum with respect on the future policy of the United States with respect to the International Institute of Agriculture.Attended the Farm Hands Club luncheon at the Harrington Hotel,where I gave a brief summary of the status of the census project. I was followed by Dr. Hutchinson who was employed by the University of California in charge of agricultural economics and experiment stations. His talk was along the line of adjusting supply to demand and he referred to the two forces of economics, overproduction and underconsumption, as indicating two methods of attack in disposing of unprofitable surpluses. Several other speakers followed, including Mr.Alberto, Director of the Agricultural Experiment Station of Alaska who said that in Alaska there is a region with a Siberian

(1929,Jan.Washington) E--3561

climate that produces good spring wheat with almost continuous sunlight in July and August and frozen earth within six to four feet of the surface; and another region about like Minnesota in which potatoes and peas can be grown. After the luncheon was over I asked him about the census prospects in Alaska as a part of the United States census and he said it would be taken, of course.

pages 3562 - 3563 - Trouble with adopted children

Wednesday, 9 Jan.Washington; Spent the forenoon working on a memorandum for Mr.Olsen regarding the Institute. Mr.Michaels came in to ask if I would address the Potomac No.I Grange of which he was master and I was a member next Wednesday evening. I had to decline because I planned to leave Washington on the morning of that day. My passport was issued and a messenger was sent arouhd to the various embassies for visees. In the evening, after waiting for Thelma to return from a picture show, Charles, son of Mr.Callander, took us out to their house in Falls Church. Mr.Callander had remodelled his house since I had last seen it. About the house was a lawn and some fine old trees. Mr.Callander's father and mother were staying with him, a fine gentle old couple from Canada. The youngest child, Marie, was eleven and was dressed like a Scotch lassie Charles, who drove us out, was eighteen and going to high school. Ronald, the eldest, after finishing high school had two years in the University of Virginia, later finished a business course, and then secured a position as secretary to a manager of a department in the Grace Line offices at New York, and at the same time was taking a course at Columbia University. We had a excellent supper, and after supper Mr.Callander's sister and husband came in for awhile. It was a pleasant evening. We returned on a bus that took us within half a square of our home. Received a letter from Mr.Longobardi with pictures of the Casetta cat.

Thursday, 10 Jan.Washington; raining. At the office drafting letters and sent in my memorandum to Mr.Olsen on the Institute. Left the office at 3.30 p.m. Left my watch at a repair shop for a new crystal, bought a supply of cigars and postage stamps, a filing case for correspondence, a pair of rubbers, a ball of twine, and a laundry list pad. Did some packing, filing corresponce, and pasting photographs.

(1922) Jan. Washington) E--1564

Wednesday, 9 Jan. Washington; spent the forenoon working on a new
exercise for Mr. Olsen regarding his Thesis. Mr. Mitchell came in
to ask if I would address the Potomac No. 1 Grange of which he was
master and I was a member next Wednesday evening. I had to de-
cline because I planned to leave Washington on the morning of that
day. My passport was issued and a messenger was sent around to
the various embassies for visees. In the evening, after waiting for
Thelma to return from a picture show, Charles, son of Mr. Gallander,
took us out to their home in Falls Church. Mr. Gallander had re-
modelled his house since I had last seen it. About the house was a
lawn and some fine old trees. Mr. Gallander's father and mother
were staying with him, a fine gentle old couple from Canada. The
youngest child, Marie, was eleven and was dressed like a Scotch lassie
Charles, who drove us out, was eighteen and going to high school.
Harold, the eldest, after finishing high school had two years in the
University of Virginia, later finished a business course, and then
secured a position as secretary to a manager of a department in the
Grace Line offices at New York, and at the same time was taking a
course at Columbia University. We had a excellent supper, and after
supper Mr. Gallander's sister and husband came in for awhile. It
was a pleasant evening. We returned on a bus that took us within
half a square of our home. Received a letter from Mr. Longobardi
with pictures of the Gazette out.

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(Salto,10 Jan.Washington, salmon folder).

(Vanzetti, same.

(Longobardi, same.

~~(Doro, same.~~ omit

(Olsen, same.

(1929,Jan.Washington) B--3565

(Saito,10 Jan.Washington, salmon folder).

(Yamasetti, same.

(Domyoboroji, same.

(Dore, same.

(Olsen, same.

Extracts from letters of January 10,1929, to members of the Casetta Family (my Rome office):

"Dear Dr. Salto:

"Many thanks for your trouble in arranging for the enlarged photographs of uur Casetta family, which I found awaiting me on my arrival here; also for the photographs of the Casetta cat, which came yesterday. I am greatly pleased with them and shall always prize them highly. I showed the cat pictures to the ladies in the office here and they admired the cat greatly. Miss Joyce, who looks after Bureau exiles, was especially pleased and has shown her appreciation by finding a 'catnip mouse' which she will mail addressed to 'Sir Thomas Cat, C/o Mr.Longobardi,' etc. This is a little cloth bag, the color and shape of a mouse, filled with an arbmatic herb which we call catnip. Cats are very fond of it and I suspect that when Sir Thomas smells it he will forget some of his official dignity and will exhibit signs of overwhelming curiosity and interest.

x x x x

"Dear Miss Vanzetti:

x x x x

"I see many changes in Washington, many streets widened, many new buildings, many more people, more hustle and bustle, and above all an ungodly number of automobiles on the streets. They rarely come singly, but more often in long processions, flØØ double processions, flocks, and shoals. The day before Christmas I walked through the business section, waiting at each street corner several minutes until the stream of automobiles stopped to allow pedestrians to rush across, and I have never seen such crowdes in the streets and shops. The afternoon paper said that at the noon hour more than Ø 100,000 people were congested in what is called the downtown section, and that Christmas buying was greater than in any previous year. Similar reports from all over the United States.

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"Last Sunday we motored out to Sunny Hill Farm on Catoctin Mountain and had luncheon with my mother, sister, and niece, who live near by. They certainly fed me well--hot biscuits and butter, roast chicken, dressing and gravy, mashed white potatoes, string beans, peas, beets, sweet corn, crisp lettuce and celery, cranberry sauce, current jelly, plum jam, layer cake, mince pie, tea, coffee, milk, and real cream. Think of that, you people who have to eat macaroni and spaghetti.

x x x x

"Dear Mr. Longobardi:

x x x x

"I am submitting a memorandum today regarding the relations of the U.S.Government with the Institute which I hope will have some influence in bringing about a return to the former policy of active cooperation, participation, and a resumption of supplementary contributions, in order that the Institute may in good faith make effective the program approved by the last General Assembly.

x x x x

"Dear Mr.Olsen:

"I inclose herewith a memorandum relative to our relations with the International Institute of Agriculture, which is self-explanatory.

x x x x

"If the United States decides to return to its former policy of active participation, then the Permanent Delegate should reside at Rome and take an active part in the work of the Permanent Committee. In this contingency, the government should consider the personnality and experience of its Permanent Delegate. Mr.Hobson has made a good stand-up fight and won out completely at the last General Assembly. This is his justification and vindication. I have already hinted to Mr.Hobson at various times that, for his own good, he has remained

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too long away from the current events and the teeming life and developments of the United States, unless he intends to enter the foreign service as a career. In his long fight to win his case in the Institute, blows were struck and words were spoken that leave scars, and prejudices, and animosities were created that cannot easily be forgiven or forgotten. Clearly the time has come for a change in the personnel of our permanent delegate at Rome. I say this regretfully, because Mr.Hobson and I have been warm friends for many years, but to me the welfare of this Department and of the International Institute of Agriculture is paramount and I feel that I should not remain silent.

x x x x

Friday, 11 Jan.Washington; cold and threatening rain. At the office dictating letters and sent a copy of the Olsen memorandum to Dr. Woods. Shortly after noon I visited the Smithsonian Institution and a part of the National Museum. There was a fine exhibit of Chinese articles, engravings, printing, especially pictorial printing, and printing presses. At the Museum I was interested in seeing the "Spirit of St.Louis," the aeroplane in which Colonel Lindberg made his historic flight across the Atlantic, and many other specimen aeroplanes, motors, and early models of motor vehicles; also models of ships, boats, and sailing vessels. At the house I found Sister Nellie who expected to remain until the following Sunday. She brought with her a statement of the sunny hill account for my use in making up my income tax return. At wife's suggestion I took Sister Nellie to a restaurant for supper, which she seemed to enjoy greatly. Wife and children did not go to the restaurant with us because Otis objected to eating away from home. Thelma earned her first money waiting on table at the Y.W.C.A. for which she received seventy-five cents and her supper. Shortly after supper two young friends of Thelma's came in, and then Mr.and Mrs Gage, her sister, Mrs.Burge, and daughter, and Mrs.Gage's brother, Mr.Ry Riley.

~~(Thompson, 11 Jan. salmon folder)~~ omit

~~(Hobson, same.~~ omit

(1929,Jan.Washington) E--~~3567~~ 3667 5 3567

Saturday, 12 Jan.Washington; clear and cold. At the office I finished reading a pamphlet on South America. Advised that my passports and transportation were ready. ℔ Shortly after noon Dr. Orton and I went to the Pan American Union and had an interview with Dr.Rowe, Director, and Sr.Gil Borges, Assistant Director, regarding the proposed Inter American Conference on Agriculture next autumn. with a view to organizing a permanent division of agriculture in the Pan American Union. Dr. Rowe approved the suggestion of Dr.Orton that I serve as a consulting expert. Specifically they wanted me to promote the organization of the conference in the countries I was about to visit and to report nn the qualifications of the men who had been nominated as members of local committees that were to serve as delegates to the conference. Inasmuch as this would not interfere in any way with my census activities I readily agreed. On the first floor of the building I stopped to study a large relief map of Central and South America. It is a most interesting map, but the height of the mountains is much exaggerated. ℔ I rode to the Cosmos Club with Dr. Orton. Had luncheon with Dr.Woods who said he had read my memorandum regarding the Institute and thought it very good. In answer to my inquiry he said that the National Research Council, of whihh he was a member, passes on all projects involving research, whether public or private, and approves or disapproves the projects submitted to it. Also he described the Biological Abstract as an abstract of the results of biological research throughout the world, compiled and published by the Biological Institute of America. I saw Secretary of Agriculture Jardine and Mr.Steuart, Director of the Census. Cleaned my desk up in the afternoon. Revised a manuscript article by Miss Ellerbrock for the Bureau News. Met Mr. Wells A. Sherman in the corridor with a copy of his new book on American Vegetables and Fruits, just off the press. Left the of-

fice at 3.45 p.m. and bought a compass at a shop on Pennsylvania Avenue. Also looked at revolvers. After supper Messrs.Tutt and Avery, commercial commissioners at Houston,Texas,whom we knew at Buenos Aires, called and talked until 10.30 p.m. They said that Texas was developing rapidly and there was remarkable development in the Rio Grande valley.

Sunday, Jan.13,Washington; clear and pleasant. At 11.30 a.m. I took Sister Nellie to the Raleigh Hotel where she caught a bus for Frederick. Finished reading Mark Sullivan's "History of Our Own Times, America Finding Herself," which to me was very interesting, especially his account of the Roosevelt administration and the invention and development of the aeroplane. Had a long nap in the afternoon. The children went to a picture show in the evening. Both very sulky all day.

Monday, 14 Jan.Washington; fair and cold. All water pipes in the house frozen. After breakfast I went to the American Express and purchased travellers checks for $2,290 to cover travel for four months. Wrote up my personal accounts, listed travel checks by number and amount, and prepared a memorandum for my wife of our personal estate in case anything should happen to me. Visited the Division of Crop Estimates, and then to my office to leaf through last year's Yearbook of the Department. At 2.45 p.m. attended a bureau conference headed by Dr.Stine to consider the outlook for demand for American agricultural products in Europe. The opinion seemed to be that the outlook for Great Britain was good, for France doubtful, for Italy encouraging, and for others probably no change. Had an interview with Mr.Olsen regarding the Institute who seemed firmly convinced that the United States should pursue its policy of nonparticipation until a nonItalian should be appointed as Secretary General.

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Monday, 14 Jan.Washington; fair and cold. All water pipes in the house frozen. After breakfast I went to the American Express and purchased travellers checks for $2,200 to cover travel for four months. Wrote up my personal accounts, listed travel checks by number and amount, and prepared a memorandum for my wife of our personal estate in case anything should happen to me. Visited the Division of Crop Estimates, and then to my office to look through last year's Yearbook of the Department. At 2.45 p.m. attended a Bureau conference headed by Dr.Stine to consider the outlook for demand for American agricultural products in Europe. The opinion seemed to be that the outlook for Great Britain was good, for France doubtful, for Italy encouraging, and for others probably no change. Had an interview with Mr.Olsen regarding the Institute who seemed firmly convinced that the United States should pursue its policy of nonparticipation until a nonItalian should be appointed

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Dr.Schoenfeldt, formerly stationed at Berlin, dined with us in the evening. Concerning this there was a curious misunderstanding. Some weeks before he had said "I should like to take dinner with you some day." I understood this to be an expression of a desire that I invite him to dine with me, which I thought a little strange, but I readily acquiesced. Days went by and he did not indicate when he would be free for the dinner engagement. To settle the matter I suggested that we have our dinner at 6 p.m.Monday, the 14th, to which he assented. After the meeting in the afternoon I reminded him of his engagement and asked him to come to my office at 5 p.m. He did so with a large suitcase and several bulky packages. Then it appeared that all along he had understood that I was to take dinner with him at his hotel. I had to tell him that I had misunderstood and that my wife had prepared a special dinner for us and would be greatly disappointed if he did not come. He demurred somewhat, saying that he had checked out from his hotel and had his travel equipment with him, and expected to leave on an evening train. I helped carry his things to the street and got a taxi to take us and his things to the house. I confess I was a trifle annoyed at the misunderstanding, but tried not to show it.

Trouble with adopted children

children

The table was bright and dainty and set with specially prepared dishes, including a nice roast leg of mutton and all that went with it. Wife was neatly dressed, bright and cheery, a little flushed from her exertions, and gave Dr. Schoenfeldt a warm welcome. Otis and Thelma sat at the table, silent, as was proper and becoming. Wife and I did our best to entertain our guest by expressing interest in his travels, his work, and his family. At the outset we were embarrassed when he announced that he was a strict vegetarian. That meant that the meats and vegetables cooked with them could not be served to him, and that while we ate of them freely he confined himself to bread, a few vegetables, some fruit, and a cup of tea. After supper we adjourned to the reception room and sat talking together until the time came for him to leave to catch his train. It was a trying evening, all because of a misunderstanding as to who was giving the invitation and who was accepting it.

Tuesday, 15 Jan.Washington; cloudy, cold, and threatening snow. "George," the handy man whom I disliked to have in the house, came into the dining room and sat a long while after breakfast. He was of the hobo type and presumed to make himself at home in our house with-

out invitation. I did some more packing. Otis went to school, and Thelma went out, presumably to look for employment. Wife went out to look for a bathrobe for Otis. I sent a wireless message to the Institute giving my itinerary. Bought minor supplies,such as razor blades, shaving soap, cigars, photographic films, twine, safety pins, quinine, and other articles I thought I might need on the trip. I also bought a Colt's 38 caliber revolver and some ammunition and got it into my suitcase without the knowledge of my wife who was violently opposed to the possession of firearms. There is much to be said against the possession of fire arms, of course, but in traveling the knowledge that I had a loaded revolver in my suit case gave me a feeling of security, and I reasoned that the only risk I ran in traveling aside from accidents and sickness was a possible encounter with one or more persons who were fully armed, and in any such encounter I wanted to be armed also.

When I returned to the house I found it locked, the family away, and the door key not in its usual place. After ringing the door bell several times without result, I succeeded in getting a basement window opn and crawled in rather awkwardly over a pile of books on the inside. Wife returned and said she had engaged a bathrobe for Otis at a store on Connecticut Avenue to be delivered. It did not come so I went around and got it.

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children

Wednesday, 16 Jan.Washington; fair and frosty. After breakfast Mr.Tom Jenkins came down to say good bye. He looked worried and said he had been up with his mother all night. I went upstairs and said good bye to the little old lady who was in bed and very thin and weak, but cheerful and bright looking.

At 10.15 a.m. I got away in a taxi. It was the most difficult parting I had ever had. Wife was silent but smiling bravely, and I felt like a deserter and so full of emotion I could hardly speak --and all becuse I had to leave her alone to the tender mercies of two ungrateful, rebellious, ignorant, rude, insulting, adopted children who would ride rough shod over her. The census project came near losing its director right then and there. However, I felt that I had to go, and after clasping her in my arms and kissing her, I turned and almost ran out to the waiting taxi that was to take me to the railway station. I had gloomy thoughts all the way, but as soon as I was seated in the Pullman I resolutely said to myself,"Nothing I can think, say, write, or do will alter the unhappy situation at home;therefore the best thing I can do is to exclude all such thoughts from my mind and hope for the best."

The train rolled out of the Union Station, crossed the Potomac, and out over the rolling hills, past Alexandria, Manassa, Orange, Gordonsville, and Charlottsville by sundown. The fields were wet

and the trees leafless. The mountains had a light covering of snow. The train was not crowded and I had the smoking compartment to myself.

Thursday, 17 Jan.to New Orleans; cloudy and warmer. Slept well and had a nice breakfast. I sat in the smoking room with the superintendent of the Louisville & Nashville Railway and the head of the furniture department of a large store in Montgomery. The last named said ninety per cent of their sales were on the instalment plan and that times were hard in Montgomery because of a poor cotton crop. As the trains proceeded I noted the many prosperous looking little towns that had sprung up or been rejuvinated since my last trip over this line.

We left Montgomery at 1.30 p.m. Then for several hours we passed through a region of tall pines, oaks, gum, tulip, magnolia, and other trees, and many shrubs, some with evergreen glossy leavs. As we proceeded southward the air became warmer. Many sawmills and cotton mills were to be seen, as well as new school houses. During the afternoon we set our watches back an hour. For about an hour the sun shone brightly, and then came heavy clouds and rain. At 5.15 p.m. we passed some large new concrete docks before entering Mobile, after crossing a number of muddy bayous bordered with enormous cypres trees draped with long gray moss. We passed Biloxi and Gulfport and went through towns with brilliant electric lights and reached New Orleans at 9.45 p.m. My baggage was not delivered until 11 p.m. Wrote letters to wife and mother. It was too warm for comfort in my room and I had to open the window and turn on the electric fan.

Friday, 18 Jan.New Orleans; bright and warm. After breakfast I walked to the office of the United Fruit Company and got my steamer ticket, bought some cigars on the way back, packed up, and went

aboard shortly after ten o'clock. The ship weighed anchor soon afterwards. The cabins were large and comfortable, but I had a fellow passenger from Toledo, Ohio. Just below New Orleans the Mississippi appears to be about half a mile wide, was very muddy and flowed with a swift current, and was said to be over 200 feet deep. Farther down the river seemed even narrower and was kept within bounds by plank walls with baskets of earth behind them, and the surface of the river seemed to be, and probably was, higher than the surrounding country. Back of the banks one could see wooden houses, many of them surrounded by magnificent evergreen live oaks with rounded umbrella shaped tops and spreading branches hung with moss. Along the horizon one could see forests. Padlocked to the rail on the main deck were five Spanish-American prisoners, a villainous, furtive, brutal looking lot with ape-like faces and heads. I was told that they were stowaways that had tried to smuggle themselves into the United States and were being returned to where they came from. During the afternoon the ship ran into a heavy fog, came to anchor, but an hour or more later started again. The fog horns and bell buoys made a noise like church bells. About 10 p.m. the pilot was dropped and the ship steamed out into the Gulf of Mexico. Half an hour later the bar keeper opened the door to the bar room and began unpacking bottles. Every man in the smoking room sat watching him with eager interest. At 11.30 the bar keeper announced that he was ready for business. Instantly and with one accord the men waiting in the smoking room lined up for something to drink, except a group of young engineers who paid no attention to the grand opening.

Saturday, 19 Jan.to Puerto Barrios; cloudy, but air soft and warm and a calm sea. Last night I read through a Century Magazine

and was surprised to see how it had changed its character. It no longer carried fiction by the best writers in America with fine illustrations, but was limited to the discussion of serious questions. From the ship's library I got out "Lord Pybus" by Deeping, and "La Hermana San Sulspicio" by Valdez. It was a lovely day of sunshine and clouds and a rippling sea, followed by a gorgeous sunset. Most of the day we were in sight of the coast of Yucatan, which was low and without hills or mountains, simply a white sandy beach and a few coconut palms. I sat up until after midnight with an old gentleman from Salvador who said he was successful in business and engaged in politics until his fortune changed in 1916 when he had to flee across the border to avoid capture by his enemies, and that he had not been back. He said he spent part of the time in the United States and his home was in Guatemala.

Sunday, 20 Jan. to Puerto Barrios; another beautiful day. Spent the day sleeping, reading, smoking, and drinking.

Monday, 21 Jan,to Puerto Barrios; clear and hot, except for a strong breeze, with agitated sea and racing white caps. No land in sight. At 11 o'clock we began to see islands to the east, low, small, and covered with coconut palms. At noon we still had 108 miles to go. I consulted the ship's doctor concerning a skin eruption, and he spoke reassuringly and gave me a prescription. Reading "El Final de Norma" by Alarcon, a rather good story of the romantic kind. Again in the afternoon we passed many low islands with grove of coconut palms sticking up against the horizon.

The ship entered the harbor of Puerto Barrios and by 9 p.m. was docked, making an unusually graceful landing. The whistle was blown to notify the port officials. They came aboard and examined passports, but did not stamp them. It was then announced that a state of war existed in Guatemala and passengers were warned not

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with groves of cocoanut palms sticking up against the horizon.

The ship entered the harbor of Puerto Barrios and by 2 p.m.
was docked, making an unusually graceful landing. The whistle was
blown to notify the port officials. They came aboard and examined
passports, but did not stamp them. It was then announced that a
state of war existed in Guatemala and passengers were warned not

to try to go to the capital. I talked with the local agent of the steamship company and he advised me to remain on board over night and proceed to Guatemala City the following day. An enormous quantity of mail was discharged. The bar of the ship remained open, but prices were very high. The guards at the foot of the gang plank felt of the pockets of all the male passengers and I was told that male passengers were not permitted to carry pocket knives or other arms ashore.

Tuesday, 22 Jan.Puerto Barrios-Guatemala City;fair, hot, steamy, with great cumulous clouds in the sky. The bay was placid. Hills covered with tropical vegetation back of the town were very pretty. After a light breakfast I went ashore, passed customs, and reached the train at 8.20 a.m. I was told that in addition to my passport I would have to have a pass from the military commandant, but upon inquiry at the prefecture of police was told that this was a mistake. I was told by a man at the station that there had been an invasion of bandits the day before from across the boundary of Honduras, which accounted for the presence of large numbers of soldiers at Barrios. Out of Barrios the train went through low hills covered with beautiful tropical trees and other vegetation. There were a few clearings in the jungle planted to bananas, but no farms in the usual sense. At 8.25 we passed Entre Rios, a town of small wooden plank houses and huts made of smooth poles and roofs of palm leaves. Back of the little station was a stagnant pond covered with green scum. During the next hour we passed more banana plantations, one of sisal, and a few patches of manioc. Then in succession we passed through Cayuga and Virginia, and at 11.20 a small village with several hospital buildings on rising ground, said to be one of the best hospitals north of Panama. On the porch of a small building near the station were about a

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dozen natives dressed in khaki uniforms, and the commanding officer, a little fellow five feet tall, stood at attention as the train passed, but the others were lolling about. For some miles farther the exuberant vegetation continued, the jungle of impenetrable greenness, ~~with~~ scattering trees with smooth white bark lifting their heads high above the surrounding vegetation, ~~with~~ air plants of many different species, and long rope-like vines hanging from them. The air was warm, but a pleasant breeze was stirring.

At 12.40 the character of the country changed. The railway had climbed up ~~out~~ of the low coastal region into the hills with mountains becoming visible to the north, barren around the lower slopes, but with trees ~~on~~ on the upper third. We began to see small patches of maize, beans, and tobacco. By 2.10 p.m. we were at Zapaca, a small railroad town with a hotel and restaurant where the passengers got luncheon for one dollar. Leaving this town we were soon traversing a semi-desert plain between ranges of mountains that were bare half way up and covered with scattering timber near their tops. Cacti and other desert plants were all the vegetation to be seen. It was very hot, except for the breeze. Farther on I saw some large fields with giant cacti hedges between them, and some fine bamboo of two varieties, one the smooth fish-pole kind, and the other the large timber variety. However, very little agriculture was to be seen from Barrios to Guatemala City, and when I expressed surprise at this I was told by a fellow passenger that the real agriculture of the country was on the Pacific slope under irrigation, and that the coffee plantations were to the north. It was much cooler after sundown.

We reached Guatemala City at 8.35 p.m., the train backing into the city and taking a long time to do it. At the station were

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many visitors crowded about to greet incoming passengers, making it difficult to get off the train. I went to the Palace Hotel and was given a large room with two beds and a private bath. Had a rather poor supper at 9 o'clock. I had a bottle of cognac and another of apolinaris water sent to my room, and after taking some and relaxing felt better.

Wednesday, 23 Jan.,Guatemala City; bright and hot. After a poor breakfast I walked down 6th Avenue in search of cigars. I found none until I came to a kiosk at the corner of a park at a considerable distance from the hotel. At 10a.m. I walked to the customhouse and there had to wait more than half an hour before I could get any one to examine and release my baggage. An express man promised to have the baggage at the hotel by 11.30, but it was several hours later before it was delivered. At the customhouse I met a Mr.Watson and his brother who were in the electrical business. He said he was in the Navy Department for awhile and had been in Guatemala for nine years. We walked back together and stopped at the American Club, a large one story building with reception room, library, pool, billard, dining, and lounge rooms and bowling alley. At the hotel I found that most of the passengers who came with me from New Orleans were there. The streets were fairly wide, paved with cobble stones sloping from the sidewalk to the center, and at street corners in the business section little policemen were perched on top of boxes in the center of this depression. The sidewalks were narrow and the buildings were plain one story brick and stucco structures. I saw some beautiful rosss and other flowers in a shop kept by a middle aged lady, wife of a former foreign minister who lost his fortune and became an invalid from consumption. I was told that during the insurrection the week

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before the government had requisitioned all automobiles, in many cases giving no receipts for them, for which private citizens had no redress.

I walked to the American Consulate and met the Consul General, Mr.Donald, who agreed to have his office arrange for an appointment with the Minister of Agriculture. At the consulate I met Mr.Trammel, who lived on Connecticut Avenue within two squares of my house and knew Tom Jenkins very well. I next called at the office of the Commercial Attache, but he was out and I talked with the Trade Commissioner, Mr.Lane. Both the Consul and the Trade Commissioner said the statistics of Guatemala were of little value and that it was a bad time to ask the government to take a census because of the expense involved in suppressing the insurrection.

On the way back I bought some cigars, a pocket Spanish-English dictionary, and had my shoes polished. At the hotel I was told that to reach San Salvador I should go to Santa Ana by automobile and thence by train, but my trunk would have to go by truck which leaves only once a week and it was then too late to get the truck that would leave the following day at 3 a.m. After supper I walked to the end of 6th Avenue to a church on a hill with steps leading up the slope to the entrance, the whole lit up dimly with one electric light. The streets were fairly well lighted and there were several moving picture theaters showing American plays. Many poor people were walking about, but no vehicles were to be seen and the streets seemed very quiet after seeing Washington. I returned to the hotel at 9 p.m.

Thursday, 24 Jan.Guatemala City; clear and pleasant, but hot in the sun. After breakfast I called at the office of the United Fruit Company where the information I had obtained at the hotel on how to reach San Salvador was confirmed. At the hotel the clerk

informed me that my trunk would be taken Sunday and that he had reserved a seat in the automobile for me. At the consulate a Mr. Zabalza was instructed to accompany me to the offices I wished to visit.

First we went to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs and obtained a visee on my passport permitting me to leave the condemned country, and I was assured that nothing more was required. Then I hired an automobile and we were taken to the Ministry of Agriculture on the outskirts of the city about a quarter of a mile beyond the railway station. It occupied a former private residence of medium size,with a yard full of trees and flowering plants, and it was evident that the office force was small. The Minister was not at the department, but I had a satisfactory interview with the Director of Agriculture, Sr. Fabian Ortez, who assured me that his government would take part in the proposed census in accordance with the plans of the International Institute of Agriculture. Also he outlined the organization and work of his department. He gave me a letter of introduction to the director of the Botanical Garden and showed me a collection of samples of hard woods that had been prepared for the International Exposition at Seville.

Next we went to the Ministerio de Fomento and had a satisfactory interview with the Director of Statistics, Sr. Polanco.

After luncheon and a short nap I took a taxi to an establishment on the outskirts of the city of Sr. Mariano Heraste Pocheco, whose name was on the list given to me by the Pan American Union. He was designated in the telephone directory as "Horticulturist and Astronomer." He had quite a large establishment with a pretty little park in front of the long narrow one story, tiled roof house, that had three ornamental entrances. Back of the house were gardens and glass houses full of plant material of all kinds. His daughter tried

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to find Sr.Pocheco, but without success, and I left with her a copy of the memorandum relative to the proposed agricultural conference in Washington with one of my cards, and agreed to call again next day.

Then I was driven to the address of Sr.Don Fernando Cruz, whose address did not appear in the telephone directory but was given to me by the Director of Agriculture. I called at the address given and the house on either side, but none of the occupants had heard of the name. I inquired of a policeman at the corner who directed me to a book store on the corner. The proprietor suggested that I inquire of Sr. Lazo across the street who might know the gentleman I was looking for. I rang the bell and a servant said el señor was out and she had never heard of Sr.Cruz, and then she suggested that the Señorita might know. She took my card up stairs and in a moment La Señorita came down and spoke to me in English. She said that she knew Sr.Cruz and that he lived in the north end of town. She invited me up stairs while she telephoned. While she was searching the telephone book for the number of a friend I looked about. It was a large sitting room elegantly furnished. The two front windows opened on the street and a large full length window on the other side opened out on a terrace beyond which was a patio full of trees and flowers with a fountain in the center. She gave me the address as No.19 on 10th Street. After thanking her I walked down 10th Street and noticed that all the houses had two numbers,old and new. This was confusing. I then walked back and found numbers 18 and 20, but no 19.I knocked at several doors without getting any response. I asked a peasant woman on the street and she said No.19 was two blocks down the street, and there I found No.19 with No.33 above it, and this proved to be the right house. There I learned that Sr.Cruz had left the day before to be gone two weeks.

Returning to the hotel I found a tea-dansant in progress with a good orchestra. I had a whiskey and soda, tea and cakes. I climbed the stair to the top of the hotel where I had a fine view of the city and the surrounding mountains, including several symmetrical cones of extinct volcanoes to the west, one of which looked as if it might be at least 5,000 feet high. There was a full moon rising in the east and it was rather cold. In my room I began reading reports I had received from the Director of Agriculture.

Friday, 25 Jan.,Guatemala City; clear and hot. At 10 a.m. I drove out to see Sr.Pacheco, who said he would gladly cooperate with the Pan American Union. Then he showed me over his gardens and greenhouses and then into his den, which was a room overflowing with books and papers, mostly on botany, mathematics, and astronomy. Sr.Pacheco said that he specialized on orchids and made up collections for people abroad, there being many native species. He expressed great admiration for the U.S.Department of Agriculture and the Smithsonian Institution. He told me how to find Sr.Horjales, one of the names on my list.

I found Sr. Horjales living in a large house surrounded by ornamental grounds on the edge of the city. He received me with great courtesy and took pride in showing me his collection of rare plants. He said his artificial garden was his principal hobby. It was artificial in the sense that the house was built on solid bare rock and all soil in which the trees and plants were growing had been carted in from the country. A spring that came from under the rock supplied water for a fountain and a swimming pool. He also promised cooperation with the Pan American Union.

Next I drove to the National Botanical Garden, which was small and so new that the plants were not yet well established and appeared to besuffering for lack of sufficient irrigation. Men

(1929,Jan.Guatemala) E- 3584.

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were digging a well and thirty feet down had not found water.

Next I was driven through a large park several miles in extent over a good road and through groves of juniper, casuarina, small oaks, and eucalyptus trees. The country looked dry and dusty. From several points in the park were good views of the volcanoes to the west.

After luncheon I took a short nap. One of the guests said that one must have a permit to leave the country from the War Department in addition to the visee from the Foreign Office. I at once drove to the War Department and filled out a blank application and returned at 5 p.m. for the permit. Took a few pictures and bought a copy of "El Peregrino Camanita" by Jellerup.

Saturday, 26 Jan.Guatemala City; clear and hot. After breakfast I called at the office of the Federation of Agricultural Associations which I found was an organization to influence legislation, establish standard grades for agricultural products, and to import and sell to farmers at cost agricultural supplies.

Returning to the hotel I began drafting a report to the Institute. At noon I consulted a German doctor near the hotel regarding a slight skin eruption that had appeared. Either he was mistaken in his diagnosis or the prescription he gave me was effective because I used only a portion of the medicine and all trace of the affection disappeared. After luncheon I took a nap. Received a telephone message saying that the front seat on the automobile to Santa Ana that I had been promised a day or two before could not be reserved for me because it belonged to another passenger. Typing some letters. Took a last walk on the streets. At the hotel by invitation took supper with Judge Dickson and wife and another American and wife from Cincinnati. Before retiring I paid my hotel bill so as to give me time to dress for the auto-

(1929,Jan.Guatemala) E--3586

mobile scheduled to leave at 3 a.m.

(Mother,26 Jan,Guatemala, ✓ salmon folder)

(Wife, same. ✓

Sunday,27 Jan.,Guatemala to Santa Ana; clear and bright; cold morning, hot day. Was up at 2.30 a.m., dressed hurriedly, and had a breakfast of bread, soft boiled eggs, and coffee. The automobile left with me and three other passengers shortly after 3 a.m. It was dark and very cold. We lost some time finding the house in the suburbs where another passenger was taken on. Then at a rapid pace the automobile speeded out over a good raad through the national park. There was enough moonlight to dimly see hills and mountains. Our group of passengers with their suitcases were badly crowded. At one point on the road we were stopped by armed guards and required to exhibit our passes from the War Department. It gave one a wierd feeling to be stopped in the dim light in the wilderness by men in uniform, ~~and~~ with loaded guns in their hands and with legal authority to stop or detain us. This happened half a dozen times before reaching the frontier, and several times our passes were registered and viseed.

At 5 a.m. we stopped at a small town and had a poor breakfast. The sun rose about that time and instead of shivering with the cold we were soon perspiring with the heat. The country through which we were passing was broken, hilly and mountainous, with narrow valleys few and far between. The soil varied from bright red clay to dark brown volcanic ash or black adobe. Many volcanic cones were seen and wide stretches of country covered with characteristic brown volcanic stones. The comparatively few cultivated fields were small and often plastered on the steep slopes of the mountains. The houses were small adobe structures and the streets of the villages were generally paved with cobble stones and sloped to a deep hollow in the middle. The native people and the donkeys were small. In the villages were many razor back pigs

(1929.Jan.Guatemala) K--3587

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and our car ran over one. Several small herds of cattle were seen, all small, with long horns, and emaciated. Before dawn I saw several rabbits, and during the day a few birds, including vultures, a black macaw, and small wild doves. The people we saw were mostly Indians and not attractive. They were small, slouching, with black hair, brown faces speckled with small pox, and bare feet. They seemed to be mild and good natured, and very sluggish. We crossed one or two creeks, but everywhere the country was bone dry, except for two small lakes just after reaching the frontier.

The last half of the road through Guatemala was in bad condition, rough, bumpy, and with broken surface, cut into the side of steep mountain slopes high up and with many short curves around jutting ledges of solid rock. At one sharp curve a thousand feet above a rocky ravine our car nearly collided head on with another car from the opposite direction, the cars meeting exactly on the outer curve around a rocky ledge, neither car having sounded its horn to give warning of its approach, but good brakes and presence of mind of the drivers prevented a disaster. Twice our baggage was inspected, once on the Guatemalan side and again on the Salvadorean side of the boundary.

The roads and the general aspect of the country on the Salvadorean side were better and much more attractive than in Guatemala. Before reaching the frontier we stopped at about 11 a.m. for luncheon. It was in a tumble-down shanty and consisted of two raw eggs, hard bread, rice, and a skinny chicken, and extract of coffee. Extract of coffee is a liquid of the consistency and color of indelible ink and is kept in any kind of a bottle. The cups are filled half full of hot water and each guest pours some of the ink into it until the color suits his eye. It does taste something like coffee but not like coffee anywhere else in the world.

Before reaching Santa Ana we saw several coffee plantations growing under forest trees. We reached Santa Ana at 3 p.m. and went to the Carina Hotel. It was so full that two people had to be put in each room. The rooms were small and every one was badly crowded. I was quartered with a large man from Colombia who looked like a western miner or cow man. I did not like his looks at all. Fortunately there were two small beds in the room so that each had one. I noticed that he eyed my suitcases with interest. He threw himself across his bed for a nap without removing his clothes. I did the same, but could not sleep, although I pretended to be asleep. Through half closed eyes I could see that my companion was watching me. After relaxing for fifteen minutes I arose and stepped out into the patio and then into the street. The Colombian joined me immediately and swung into step with me. I disliked his company but could think of no valid excuse to get rid of him without discourtesy. He followed me to the office of the motor company and arrived just in time to see my trunk unloaded from a truck. I was told that I would have to have it examined by customs officials the next morning at 8 a.m. and could take a train for San Salvador at 1.05 p.m. Here I changed some Guatemalan money for Salvadorean money. Then we walked down to the end of the short street and looked up the side of a mountain, and on the way back inspected a large market full of people buying vegetables, fruits, and meats. It was very dirty and full of flies, but interesting.

On returning to the hotel the Colombian again threw himself across the bed while I jotted down some notes. Then I laid down and soon fell asleep in spite of the heat and flies. When I awoke my companion was sitting on the edge of the bed. Before I was well awake he said he had lost ten dollars on the ride between Guatemala and Santa Ana and did not have enough money left to continue his

journey to San Salvador where he had friends; would I lend him fived dollars which he would repay on reaching San Salvador. I handed him five colones. He said "No, that is only $2.50," so I handed him andother five, making ten colones. He said that was just the fare to San Salvador, and could I give him something for meals. I was disgusted at the big beggar, but to get rid of him ag gave him another five, making fifteen colones. I asked where I could expect to meet him in San Salvador. He said he would be stopping at the Spanish Hotel and that his name was Martinez (equivalent to Smith or Jones in the United States).

The supper at 8 p.m. was a poor one.

Monday, 28 Jan.,Santa Anna; cold night, hot day. My Colombian parasite left at 7.30 a.m. To pay his hotel bill I let him have another five colones, making twenty in all (equivalent to $10.00), thinking it was worth that to get rid of him, and perhaps he might keep his promise to repay me. At the breakfast table I tried to have some eggs cooked, but without success; when I broke them they were still raw; so all I took was an orange and a cup of coffee. As soon as the bank was open I bought some Salvadorean money. Then to the customs office where I had my trunk examined. Tried to read a little, but the heat and flies made it difficult. Then I explored the town, but saw nothing ~~of interest~~ but cobblestone streets, small dirty buildings, and many mongrel dogs.

After luncheon I got a taxi and with some difficulty got my trunk from the customs warehouse and was driven to the railway station. Had to wait there an hour before the ticket office opened, but finally got a seat in a coach. The train actually left at 2.10 p.m. and we changed cars at Sitio de Mino. After leaving this point the train passed through a section completely covered with black lava in great waves and ridges such as I had seen in

Abyssinia. Off to the west was the volcano from which the lava came. It was an excessively hot dusty ride through hills and mountains. Some of the steep slopes were planted to maize, so steep that all cultivation must be done by hand. We crossed several broad valleys. Near Santa Anna were a number of coffee plantations under shade trees, the plants being ~~set~~ set about three by six feet apart, and they seemed to be taller and more slender than the coffee shrubs of Brazil. Usually the coffee orchards were in narrow strips on the slopes of the hills. Much of the country was in cultivation, often in very stony ground. The maize ears were plump and harvested in the husk and carried in nets that held about one and a half bushel each. I saw several plantations of sugar cane, some tobacco, manioc, indigo, and milo maize, but not much else. The cattle and pigs were thin and there were not many chickens. The people lived in adobe or bamboo huts. Each house seemed to be inhabited by several women, squaws apparently, with many children running about. They seemed to be a good natured people. Many of the men carried machetes and some of them had revolvers in their belts. The train was crowded, especially the second and third class coaches.

At San Salvador I went to the Nueva Mundo Hotel, the only good hotel in the city, where I was told that all rooms were occupied and I would have to share a room with some one else. This I positively refused to do. I offered to pay double the price for a room to myself, but the clerk said that would not do, it was a question of space and not of price. He directed me to the Hotel Tivoli, a block and a half away. I found it to be like a cheap Italian hotel, one story in height, with the rooms on four sides of a patio. The room assigned to me was 24 feet square, nearly as high, with bare floor and cheap bed, an old rocking chair, and one little electric light. After getting settled I returned to the Nuevo Mundo and

left a card with the clerk instructing Sr.Martinez to pay the clerk the twenty colones he owed me. The clerk said ~~the el~~ that Sr. Martinez had already inquired for me, which seemed encouraging. On the way back I bought a bottle of whiskey and some cigars and had my shoes polished by an old negro who said he was from New Orleans and had lived in Salvador 29 years. Had an unsatisfcatory supper, the light was too poor to read by, and there was no place to hold the typewriter and I could not hold it in my lap in the rocking chair.

At 8.30 p.m. Sr.Martinez called. He stayed a long time and talked haltingly as if he did not know what to say. I thought he ~~wou~~ would never go. He said he expected to repay me the next day. Then he asked for a further advance of ten colones. I expressed regret that I could not accommodate him now that he was among friends because I was not a banker, and could not afford to loan money to any one as I had barely enough to see me through and was a long way from headquarters. He at once got up to go. I said that, of course, he was now among friends and would have employment, as he had told me, and I would expect him to repay me the following day as he had promised. He said "Day after tomorrow." "No," I said, "as one gentleman to another I expect you to keep your promise and pay me tomorrow. American gentlemen always keep their promises, you know, and I have assumed that you are a gentleman."

Tuesday, 29 Jan.,San Salvador; clear and pleasant. I went to the only bath room in the hotel and found it occupied. Had a most unsatisfactory breakfast. I refused the indelible ink coffee extract and insisted on having freshly brewed coffee, all of which took much time. Then as I was about to lock the door preparatory to leaving the servant asked me to wait until the room was set in order because there was only one key. This over I walked to the Nuevo

(1929, Jan. Salvador) S--3592

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Mundo Hotel and ascertained when the train left for La Union on the coast. Next I called on the American Consul, Mr.Wilkinson. At first he said I should call at the Embassy if I wanted to be put in touch with the Director of Agriculture, but when I assured him that it was not necessary to bother the embassy and rather than do it I would go direct to the Department of Agriculture, he picked up the telephone and arranged for an appointment.

I returned to the hotel for a letter of introduction to him I had from the Pan American Union. Then I walked to the Palacio del Gobierno. The Director promissed cooperation with both the International Institute of Agriculture in the census and with the Pan American Union in the agricultural conference. He said he had visited the Department of Agriculture at Washington and had spent two months at the experimental station in the Canal Zone. He gave me the address of the Director General of Statistics, which I understood was only a few blocks away. As a matter of fact I walked more than a mile.up Calle Acre, a broad well paved street, to the address given, which I found was a hospital, the gate keeper of which had never heard of the statistical bureau. Nor had any one in the neighborhood ever heard of such an office. I took a tram car back and when I gave the conductor one colone he kept half of it, so that the ride cost me twenty-five cents. I went into the police department and asked if they could direct me to the Bureau of Statistics and was told that it was one block this side of the hospital I had visited. A stout gentleman passing at the moment stopped and asked if I was looking for the Direccion de Estadistica, and when I said I was he smiled and said he was the director and that his name was Pedro S. Fonseca. When I explained the nature of my mission he led me to a bench in the corridor and there answered all my questions,

and cordially invited me to visit his office el Viernes (Thursday) at 10 a.m.

Had a miserable excuse for a luncheon at my hotel and then a nap. At 3 p.m. I started out in a taxi to look up some of the members of the local committee of cooperation with the Pan American Union.

My first visit was to the botanical section of the Agricultural Laboratory, where I met Sr.Calderon, who was very courteous and said he had been working on the botanical classification of the plants of Salvador since 1921 in cooperation with Mr. Standley of the National Museum, and he gave me a copy of "Lista Preliminar de las Plantas de el Salvador." Also I met the Director, Carlos Renson. Sr. Calderon knew the other members of the cooperative committee whose names were supplied by the Pan American Union, some of whom lived in other cities.

Next I called on Sr.Don Antonio Villanova Kreitz. He and his brother were owners and managers of large estates which grew coffee and sugar cane, and livestock. Both spoke English. Mr.Kreitz said he had spent three months at the experiment station at Davis, California, and was very enthusiastic about his visit to the United States. He said he had a complete collection of the bulletins issued by the U.S.Department of Agriculture and many of those issued by the State experiment stations, and that he was engaged in preparing a handbook based on these bulletins for the benefit of small farmers in Salvador. When completed the manuscript will be turned over to the Department of Agriculture for printing. He thought the greatest problem of Salvador was the one money crop system, coffee, and he was doing all in his power to promote diversification; and that with livestock the main problem was that of forage. He said the climate was unfavorable to agriculture, six months of excessive rainfall amounting to as much as 150 inches per annum, followed

by six months of almost complete drouth. When I asked why Brazilian coffee was grown in the open and Salvadorean coffee was grown under shade, he said it was because the moisture in the atmosphere of Brazil was sufficient to temper the heat of the sun, while in Salvador there was little or no humidity during the dry saason. He said the coffee plant was very particular and required a certain type of soil, a certain elevation above sea level, a certain range of temprature and rainfall, and a certain degree and intensity of sunlight, and above all free ventilation.

Next I drove across the city to the residence of Dr.Ortez, but after waiting until my patience was exhausted while the taxi fare was mounting, I left without seeing him. His house was in a poor section on the outskirts of the city, but I saw his study, the four walls of which were covered with books, so that I inferred he was a student.

Wednesday, 30 Jan.San Salvador; cool night and hot day. After breakfast I ascertained that no room was yet available at the Hotel Nuevo Mundo. I walked about and took some photographs. In company with Sr.Chousey, Director of Agriculture, I was taken to the outskirts of the city near the military school and inspected a small nursery in which were propagated coffee plants of different varieties and other trees for free distribution. The director said that the previous year more than 400,000 plants were distributed.

Down the street from the hotel I was fortunate in finding Sr.Arturo Aranjo at the house of his mother, a fine residence beautifully furnished. He was a large man wearing knickerbockers and puttees and spoke English. He said he had large sugar and coffee plantations and owned his own private railway, the only one in Salvador. He said he had received notice of his appointment on the cooperating committee of the Pan American Union while he was in Europe. He knew all

the other members of the committee and gave me information about each one of them, as well as much information concerning agricultural conditions in the country generally. He was vry cordial and invited me to take dinner with him the following evening, saying he would send his car to fetch me.

At 3.15 p.m. Dr. Ortez called at my hotel and expressed his desire to be of service in connection with the Pan American project. He said that agricultural conditions in Salvador were very primitive and that all instruction in agriculture was elementary, but that perhaps eighty per cent of the population could read and write.

I spent the rest of the afternoon reading reports, sitting in the rocking chair, smoking, and sipping whiskey. At 6 p.m. I strolled down the street as far as the market. It was in a large structure about 60 by 120 feet and was full of native people, stoves and tables, and cooked foods. The stoves were made of mud brick and tiles and were about nine feet long and four feet wide and had an opening at one end for the fuel, two flues at the other end, and openings of different sizes on top. On these were cooked, boiled, roasted, or fried, fish and different kinds of meats, beans and other vegetables, frijoles, or pancakes of beans and corn meal, bread, and different kinds of cakes. The market place was crowded as well as the streets and sidewalks at that hour. The sidewalks were lined with old and young women and children with fruits, vegetables, cakes, and home made cigars, for sale. Many of the women were smoking cigars or cigarettes. Most of the women were of Indian blood, some mixed, and the young ones were plump and attractive except that their faces were heavy and spotted with the small pox. The children were ragged, dirty, and correspondingly happy.

Thursday, 31 Jan.,San Salvador; cool night with light earthquake shock about midnight; clear hot day. After breakfast took

a walk through the market and inspected the produce for sale and observed the crowds of natives, the plump, stolid women and girls on the street outside.

At 10 a.m. I went to the Bureau of Statistics and was shown over the buildings and equipment and had the organization and work explained by the Director, Sr. Fonseca. He gave me a copy of his annual report and other publications.

After luncheon I took a nap and typed a report to the Institute. At 7 p.m. the chauffer of Sr. Aranjo called with a large high powered automobile and took me through the city to the Quinta Arcadia and over a winding road among trees, shrubs, and flower gardens about the beautiful home. Here Sr. Aranjo, his wife, and a priest were sitting on a wide veranda with a tiled floor in large rocking chairs. I was welcomed, introduced, and then taken into the house. There I was given a whiskey and soda and a magnificent Havana cigar which el señor said were made especially for him. The main room, walls, and ceiling, were made entirely of mahogany red wood, with tiled floor, and furniture of native hard woods. All the rooms were ventilated through an opening above the walls, covered with fancy scroll wood work, which communicated with the outside air under the eaves. It was a curious house of medium sized rooms, with windows, connected by wide corridors with windows, so that there was a constant circulation of air, and each room was different. One of the rooms had a dark hardwood wainscoting on which were fastened large scrolls of hand carved white wood. The house was designed in all its details by Sr.Aranjo and constructed entirely from materials from his own plantations by native workmen under his direction. It was unique, elegant, and comfortable, and he was justly proud of it.

At 7.30 p.m. we sat down to a large circular table with a

beautiful cover, cut glass, and silver. We were served with soup, rolls and butter, cheese, wild pigeon with asparagus, roast beef and potatoes, jelly and peaches, wine and coffee. Practically everything on the table was produced on the estate, including both coffee and sugar.

Mrs.Aranjo said that every year her husband sent carloads of home grown supplies to the orphan asylum, the hospital, and the ~~chur~~ churches. The year before they had 200 orphans, with two doctors and three or four priests, for a week at one of the plantations. She said that he was a native Salvedorean of English, Spanish, French, and Indian ancestry. She herself was English and they had been married twenty-five years. He grew up on one of the estates of his father, who was poor. He was sent to England where he studied engineering and took a manual training course. He said that when he took over the management of the estate the laborers belonging to it were wholly unskilled and he had to teach them carpentry and blacksmithing, and he himself had to learn the tecnique of sugar making and the production of coffee and the processes of curing and marketing it. While Sr.Aranjo was answering a telephone call his wife said that during the political trouble of 1920 her husband was surrounded by 150 government soldiers and fired upon, hiding himself for some days on the estate, and made his escape on a mule to Honduras, and thence to England, where he rejoined her. They spent some time in England and three years in California, and upon a change of administration they returned to their home and property.

I mentioned having met an elderly Salvadorean on the ship named Charlais who said that he had prospered for a time and then was compelled to leave in 1916 on account of political troubles. Sr.Aranjo laughed outright. He said he knew this Sr.Charlais quite well, that he was chief of one of the customhouses, and that he,

Sr.Aranjo, was responsible for the "political trouble" exprienced by Sr.Charlais. He said that he had always taken great care and pride in the quality and weight of his coffee shipments. Finally he received notice that his coffee bags were running short from three to six pounds. He carefully checked up on the weight of his bags as they left his warehouse, and still complaints of short weights came in. His suspicions were aroused and he put two of his own men in the customhouse. They reported that Sr.Charlais had employes at night systematically extracting coffee from the bags in his custody, sold the coffee thus obtained and divided the proceeds, and that this had been going on for several years. Sr.Aranjo reported the matter to the proper authorities and the culprits were arrested and punished.

My hostes were much interested in my account of some of the strange countries I had visited, and were very entertaining themselves. It was a most delightful evening. On separating Sr.Aranjo insisted on my taking a supply of his magnificent cigars, the finest I have ever smoked.

~~(Secretary General, 31 Jan.San Salvadore, salmon folder)~~
omit

(1929, Jan. Salvadore) E--3600

Friday, 1 Feb., San Salvador; clear and hot. I could find no mail box on the streets, so I left some letters to be mailed with the Nuevo Mundo Hotel. Cashed a travellers check and purchased transportation to La Union. Spent the day typing reports and letters and my monthly expense account. After supper I settled my hotel account and it took the proprietor fifteen minutes to satisfy himself that the charge for ~~eight~~ five days at five colones per day amounted to twenty-five colones. Then I walked to the plaza and listened to the municipal band and consumed a bottle of beer.

~~(Orton, 1 Feb. San Salvador, salmon folder)~~ omit

~~(Secretary General, same.~~ "

(Wife, ~~same~~.

Saturday, Feb.2,Salvador; clear and hot. I was up at 5 a.m. Had a sour orange and a cup of coffee. Got away at 6.30 a.m. Had trouble at the station. I hired two boys to carry my ~~baggage~~ trunk to the baggage room. While they guarded the baggage I went to the ticket window and found a large compact crowd of natives and I was a long time edging into the window for a ticket. Then back to the baggage room to check the baggage. There I found another crowd, ~~and~~ Inside was an old man who was mortally slow. Every piece of baggage, big and little, had to be weighed, classified, the rate found in a book, the amount figured, stickers made out in duplicate, recorded in another book, and finally stuck on the baggage. All this took much time. Then I passed to the other end of the station to a gate where passengers were admitted one at a time. I showed my railway ticket and was then told that I must have another ticket to admit me to the station platform. So I had to return to the ticket office, fight my way to the window, and purchase a ticket that cost five cents. Also I had to buy tickets for the two boys who were carrying my baggage. Then there was a long wait for the train to appear. When it stopped and we started to get on a railway official said the large suitcase was oversize and overweight and would have to go in the baggage car. This meant another long wait at the baggage room, first in a crowd of natives all clamoring for attention, and then while the suitcase was weighed and recorded and the slow routine of getting a sticker on it. However, all things come to and end and at last I reached the seat the boys were holding for me in the coach. Then followed an unpleasant argument with the boys who were not satisfied with fifty cents apiece (as much as they could earn in two days). All together it was the most unpleasant experience I encountered anywher except at Constantinople.

The first three hours was through a broken country. We passed a lake surrounded by mountains and a volcano with white vapor streaming away from the cone like a banner. The agriculture was in little patches on the hills and in the hollows. The soil seemed to be a gray volcanic ash. We passed through several short tunnels. At the small stations, at all of which the train stopped, the native women came alongside with tortillas, fried chicken, fried sausage, ripe oranges and plantains, which is a large coarse banana. At noon we reached Santa Cruz, a small railway station without any other houses, in the middle of a plain which seemed to be uninterrupted. Mountains could be seen in every direction. Some of the trees were in blossom. Lantana was the common flower by the roadside. One other flower resembled a deep red morning glory.

Shortly after noon we crossed a small river and near it we had a good view of a range of blue mountains. The train continued through a flat country, partly in cultivation. The houses were mere stables. Apparently the people slept in hammocks. Near some of the houses were huge piles of maize in the husk. All hauling seemed to be done with oxen with yokes tied in front of their horns and clumsy home made carts with solid wooden wheels. Late in the afternoon we passed around a high symmetrical volcano, mostly barren. At one point we passed a belt half a mile wide of jet black jagged lava. Then for a considerable distance we were among hills. In places the woods were interesting. There were enormous single isolated trees, much underbrush, vines, and small acacias of several different kinds. Very few birds were to be seen. I saw a large lizard two or three feet long, yellow in color with black stripes, lying on the branch of a tree.

In my coach was a group of men that talked mongrel Portuguese

incessantly all day. All the men on the train carried revolvers and knives in their belts. It was very hot outside, ~~all day~~. At one of the stations I bought a plantain to see what it was like, but it was so leathery and tasteless I threw it away. Then I tried a coconut, but it was like a hot turnip. The food offerred for sale by the native women was so repulsive in appearance and handled so freely with their dirty fingers that I could not think of eating it There was no dining car and no restaurant en route, and I went without anything since the sour orange and coffee in the early morning.

We reached La Union, the western port of Salvador at 6.30 pm, after dark. There were no conveyances at the station. I hired a porter to take charge of my baggage. He carried the steamer trunk on his head and I struggled along with the small baggage. We walked down a dark street over cobblestones to the hotel. The porter made a great fuss about the weight of the trunk. I had asked him to ~~tak~~ take me to the Hotel Martinez. He took me to the Hotel American, which he and the proprietor assured me was the Martinez. I ~~said~~ asked the porter to ~~I would~~ walk back to the station with me for the large suitcase, which I could not carry. He lagged behind and at times barely moved. I was impatient and abused him roundly until I found that he was suffering from a lame foot, although I strongly suspected he was malingering. At any rate we got the suitcase to my room. When I asked the proprietor how much I should pay the porter he at first refused to tell me, and then said I could settle with him the next morning. This did not suit me and I handed the porter two colones (one dollar) and he demanded four. I asked him what his charge would be to transfer me and my baggage to the boat landing, and he said six colones. I said that was too much. A young man standing near spoke up and said he would do it for three colones,

and I engaged him on the spot. Then the first porter again demanded four colones for bringing the baggage from the railway station. I refused, but handed him an extra 50 centavos, saying "You have overcharged me; this is for your sore foot; now get out."

The hotel was a one story brick affair, simply a row of single rooms around a central court, old and dirty. For supper there was plenty of food, but it was horribly cooked, messy, full of olive oil, and the meats were thin and leathery. However,a bottle of good imported wine helped me to overlook the quality, or lack of quality, of the meal. A bottle of whiskey, a bottle of mineral water, and a few cigars ~~xxx~~ put me in good humor and helped me to overlook the barrenness and dirty condition of the room and the canvas cot I had to sleep on.

Sunday, 3 Feb.Salvador; clear, bright, and very hot. Had breakfast at 7 a.m. The man I had engaged the night before came promptly with a two wheeled cart and a small ox to transfer my baggage to the pier. I suggested that it was a little early, but he said he needed time for the ox to make the trip and I would need time to get a visee permitting me to leave the condemned country. The pier was perhaps four squares from the hotel. We stopped at the Policia for the visee and were informed that the Jefe was taking his morning nap and could not be disturbed, and that I should return at 8 o'clock. I went out on the little iron pier to wait. From the end of the pier there was a fine view over the landlocked bay. The pier extended some distance into the bay and near it were about a hundred small boats, most of them dug-outs,that is, hollowed logs shaped like canoes. The bay is completely encircled by hills and mountains, banana and coconut plantations, and several volcanoes are visible, all looking very pretty in the

mists and sunlight of early morn. The nearer mountains were semibarren and red, brown, yellow, or gray in color. Those farther away were blue or purple. It was very pleasant on the pier listening to the gentle lap lap of the water, watching the boats sway from side to side, and out across the bay to see the mountains.

Shortly after 8 o'clock I returned to the Policia. The clerk said that El Jefe had not yet come, but if I would leave my passport he would have it viseed as soon as his chief came in. I walked a short distance up the beach and watched some native fishermen and their wives and children opening clams and sorting fish, while others were frying them over open fires near by. Half an hour later I returned to the Policia and this time El Senor Jefe, a very dignified little fellow behind a cheap desk in a bare room, returned my passport to me with the necessary rubber stamp visee, which he had signed with a great flourish. For this onerous service he charged a fee which I paid. Later, while I was waiting for the boat on the pier, the clerk of the Policia came to me and suggested that I might wish to pay him something for his service in helping get the visee permitting me to leave the sacred soil of Salvador. I said that of course I could not think of leaving without compensating him for his strenuous efforts on my behalf, and I handed him the price of a packet of cigarettes.

To take us to San Lorenzo, Honduras, was a small gasolene launch that would accommodate eight or ten passengers comfortably. About twenty climbed on board, mostly native Spanish or Indian. I was the only English speaking person in the boat. It left at 9 a.m. and headed out across the bay. By this time it was very hot and there was no breeze. No sooner had we got under way than I realized that I was extremely thirsty. The only water to be had on the boat was in a calabash the size of a water bucket that sat

expossed to the sun. At its side was a piece of calabash shaped like a saucer. One by one the natives drank out of the shallow calabash dipper. My thirst was aggravated by the sight of the water and of others drinking, but I could not bring myself to try it for thinking of all the things I had been told about the danger of drinking unboiled water in the tropics, the germs of fever and dysentery, typhoid, and other diseases it is supposed to carry, besides all the disease germs deposited on that spongy dipper by the lips of the unwashed natives; so I grimly looked the other way and tried to think of something else--the beauty of the bay and its islands and surrounding mountains. It was no use. I could think of nothing else and my craving for water became acute and finally unbearable. At last, about 10.30 a.m. I made up my mind that I might as well die of germs as of unquenched thirst, and I shut my eyes and took a drink of the hot, foul water, and felt better for it so long as I kept from thinking how it tasted and smelled.

Then within half an hour the boat headed in to a small town on an island, Amapala, tied up to a pier, and porters removed all baggage to a customhouse. I had never heard of the place but was told that it is the principal port of Honduras on the west coast, and the first port after leaving La Union, for which reason the passengers had to pass through customs. This side of the bay was full of islands and Amapala was on Tigre Island. From the end of the pier it appeared to be an attractive small town. I followed some of the other passengers to a restaurant half way out on the pier and had luncheon and a bottle of beer.

We left Amapala at noon and crossed one corner of the bay between islands and then threaded our way through narrow channels between mangrove swamps. Mangrove trees grow out of the mud banks of shallow water to a height of sixteen to thirty feet or more.

Above the water line their bark is light gray and smooth. Their main peculiarity is a clump of ~~xp~~ spider like roots that spring from the ~~base~~ trunk, sometimes six feet or more above the water or the ground, and these roots interlace and make an impenetrable thicket that catches and retains the soil washed up by the sea. The channels bent and twisted about in tortuous fashion and criss-crossed each other so that it was like threading a maze. Any one not familiar with them would most certainly get lost. I saw a few blue heron and other species of water fowl, but no ~~fish~~ fish or other forms of life.

We reached San Lorenzo at 2.30 p.m., one of the most desolate places I had ever seen. It was simply a village of widely scattered huts, wide streets and open spaces of loose sand, quivering heat of a blazing sun, no shade trees and no sign of life except a few men about the warehouse and shed near the landing, which was a primitive affair of logs and plank. Within the warehouse shed was also the station of the motor bus that was to take us to Tegucigalpa. I bought a ticket and paid for excess baggage. At first we were told that the bus would not leave that afternoon and that there was not an automobile in town. The agent said that because of the inaguration of a new president all the vehicles available were at the capital. I was greatly depressed at the prospect of having to spend a night in this desolate place. However, the primitive looking motor bus came at 3 p.m. It filled up immediately, the baggage was stowed away and tied on, and we were quickly off.

On the outskirts of the village a bright looking girl of about sixteen was taken in and sat next to the driver. A brisk flirtation sprang up immediately between them. With scarcely an interruption she cackled, chatted, and flirted desperately with the driver from the time she got on until, fortunately, she got off at a small town. It so distracted the attention of the driver that we had many narrow

escapes from colliding with trees or heading into gulliss by the ~~ra~~ roadside. If ever a girl of her age needed spanking she did.

We soon reached the hill country and the road was rough in places. At each inequality in the road the driver had to slow up and almost come to a stop; otherwise the passengers would be thrown violently forward and strike their heads on the cover. The country was covered with a scattering growth of trees and shrubs. Very little ground was in cultivation. The soil was a reddish yellow color. I saw one plantation of sisal, but it had been neglected and was overgrown with shrubs. Shortly after 4 p.m. we came to a small town with a large monastery and ~~with~~ a ~~large~~ dome on one of the buildings. I saw several large lizards eighteen inches or more in length. They were ugly looking reptiles with horny scales down their backs and yellow and black bands across their backs and sides. Towards evening I saw two enormous toads and one rabbit. At several places were outcroppings of black lava, and several large deposits of limestone. It was a hot dusty road until sunset, after which it was uncomfortably cool. The sun set red over the hills. We were travelling upgrade most of the time. There was very little agriculture other than a few patches of maize, some small cattle, razor back pigs, and scrub chickens. The people lived in pole structures about like cow stables in backwoods sections of the States. Every one about these huts seemed poor, dirty, unlovely and unattractive.

We entered the suburbs of Tegucigalpa after 11 p.m. and the bus turned aside into several side streets to let passengers off, and finally drew up between the two principal hotels, the Ritz and the Roma. I first went into the Ritz as the better looking of the two and was told that every room was taken and every bed was occupied. I crossed to the Roma and was told that the best

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We soon reached the hilly country and the road was rough in places. At each irregularity in the road the driver had to slow up and almost come to a stop; otherwise the passengers would be thrown violently forward and strike their heads on the cover. The country was covered with a scattering growth of trees and shrubs. Very little ground was in cultivation. The soil was a reddish yellow color. I saw one ½ plantation of sisal, but it had been neglected and was overgrown with shrubs. Shortly after 4 p.m. we came to a small town with a large monastery with a large dome on one of the buildings. I saw several large lizards eighteen inches or more in length. They were ugly looking reptiles with horny scales down their backs and yellow and black bands across their backs and sides. Towards evening I saw two enormous toads and one rabbit. At several places were outcroppings of black lava, and several large deposits of limestone. It was a hot dusty road until sunset, after which it was uncomfortably cool. The sun set red over the hills. We were travelling upgrade most of the time. There was very little agriculture other than a few patches of maize, some small cattle, razor back pigs, and scrub chickens. The people lived in pole structures mostly like cow stables in backwoods sections of the States. Every one about these huts seemed poor, dirty, unlovely and unattractive.

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they could do was to give me a cot in a room already occupied by three other men. Inasmuch as it was midnight, Sunday, the streets in darkness, and everything closed except these two hotels, I engaged the cot. After some delay I succeeded in getting my baggage into the room. It was an interior room without any window, bare except for the four cots, one small chaap washstand, a small bowl and pitcher holding about a quart of water, no mirror, and one small electric light high up in the center of the room. Nothing was to be had to eat in the hotel at that late hour, but the boy ~~wo~~ who brought up the baggage said he knew of a place where he could get something. I sent him out for a sandwich and a bottle of beer. As I had about decided I would never see him again, he reappeared so I did not go supperless to bed. My first impressions of Tegucigalpa were decidedly unfavorable. I was told that the reason of the crowded condition of the hotels and city was the inauguration of a new president and the congregation of patriots and job seekers who wanted to help run the government.

Monday, 4 Feb.Tegucigalpa; clear and hot. I slept under my raincoat until 5 a.m. when there was so much noise from the ringing of bells and walking about on bare floors that I got up. ~~It was dark and~~ The electric current was turned off so there was no light and I had to dress in the dark. I shaved in the main dining room, into which the door to our room opened, before the only mirror in the establishment.

After a poor excuse for breakfast I found the American Consulate and met the Vice Consul, Mr. Clavens. The Consul was away. The vice-consul had been in Tegucigalpa only one week and could not tell me much about it. He called up the Ministry of Fomento, but got no reply, and asked me to call again at 3 p.m. I then took a walk about the town. It was said to have a population

of 40,000, but it did not look as if it had more than 10,000. I took a few pictures. After diligent search I found a small store on a side street with cigars. They were very cheap, black, and strong. I could find no photographer to develop my films. Every block seemed to have one or more drug stores. The local people looked slouchy and discouraged, but the swarms of office seekers were dressed up in their best.

On the way back I caught sight of the emblem of the American Legation and stepped in. I had a very satisfactory interview with Mr.Summerline, Envoy Extraordinary, who said he was seven years in Mexico and three years in Rome.

Returning toward the hotel I stopped at a little bar presided over by a marvellously beautiful young native woman and had a glass of beer while I studied her curves. She was light mulatto in color and was tropically voluptuous, but modest in demeanor. At noon my things were moved into a small room opening onto a balcony over the interior court. To have a room to oneself was luxury, even though it was bare and had only a cot, one chair, and one electric light bulb. However, it boasted of four wooden pegs on which to hang clothing and a ten-cent mirror on the wall.

The Vice Consul was unable to get any response by telephone so he sent a messenger with me as guide to the Ministry of Education, Public Works, Agriculture and Labor, all rolled into one. I was admitted immediately to the presence of the Minister, Dr. Salvador Coleto, a middle aged gentleman of distinguished appearance. He was in conference with three or four other gentlemen when I entered, but they left at once. The Minister said he understood English but preferred to have me speak Spanish. He was very cordial and at once assured me of the cooperation of his department. When I asked him whom I should see to learn something about the

agriculture of Honduras he said that he probably knew more about it than any one else because he was one of the largest farmers in the country, having planted more than a million coffee trees, grown large herds of livestock, and introduced many pure bred sires. At that point Mr.Summerline came in and the Minister asked if I could return Thursday at 3 p.m., to which I agreed.

In the anteroom I told the secretary I wished to see the Director of Agriculture and he said there was none other than the Minister. I then asked if I could see the Chief of the Statistical Bureau. He took me into a small room and pointed to an insignificant young man sitting at a typewriter with a worried look. I approached the young man, who at once said he was too busy to talk and could I come next week. I gave him my card as a representative of the International Institute of Agriculture and said I could not come next week, but I would come the next day if he could see me then. He apologized, saying he was engaged on something very urgent, but would see me the next morning.

I returned to the hotel for my camera and took some pictures of the river, the bridge, and the government palace. Just then the palace was surrounded by soldiers and swarms of hungry office-seekers were clustered about the main entrance.

In my interview with Mr.Summerline he said that this country needed most of all a stable government, that one revolution had followed another, and that the inauguration of a new president three days before was the first in its history in which there was not an attempted revolution. When I mentioned the invasion of ~~Salvador~~ Guatemala from Honduras, he said it was only a rumor and like most rumors in Latin American countries was without foundation. He said that what actually happened was that a troop of Guatemalan soldiers went

into a town near the border and some civilians across the border followed them to escape military duty in their own country. When he mentioned having returned from the United States recently by way of Havana and thence by aeroplane to the capital of Nicaraugua, I asked why it was the United States marines were still there when all Latin America was making such a fuss ~~of~~ about the invasion of their sacred soil by imperialistic United States. He said the marines were there because the government and leaders of both political parties of Nicaragua had asked the United States to intervene and restore order and to guarantee a fair election, a fact which the Latin American press scrupulously refrained from mentioning.

After supper I sat for awhile in the plaza. It was very quiet although full of people, mostly men. The sound of gramaphones could be heard coming from private houses in different directions.

Tuesday, 5 Feb.Tegucigalpa. It was so cold during the night I had to get out my steamer rug, but by 9 a.m. it was excessively hot. I kept my appointment with Sr.Maldonado, Chief of the Statistical Division. From him I learned that he had no assistant, that the Division of Agriculture not only had no employes but no chief, and that there was no botanical garden, experiment station, demonstration farm, or agricultural school in the country.

Just then Sr.Dr.Coleto entered the room and, seeing me, invited me into his room. He said that he had been mk minister only three days and had accepted the post on condition that he be given an appropriation of a million pesos with which to organize a department of agriculture and a technical staff. He then proceeded to outline his plans. I congratulated him on his opportunity and wished him every success.

I called at the consulate to report what I had learned. Then I looked up the office of the United Fruit Company and met the

Manager, Mr. J. Herbert Wilson, a very intelligent and energetic business man. He told me more about the agriculture of Honduras in a few minutes than I had learned in as many days from the Hondurans. He exhibited some very interesting statistical tables which he frankly said were mostly estimates, but were based on the best information obtainable. He readily promised the full cooperation of his company in the census undertaking.

At the Pablo Uhler Co. I learned that I could leave Tegucigalpa Thursday and take one of their steamers Saturday for Corinto. At the hotel I asked the proprietor to arrange to have the autobus call for me Thursday morning. I found a small book store and bought some Spanish books to keep me occupied. In the afternoon I took a nap, drafted a report, and read some of the Spanish novelettes.

Wednesday, 6 Feb.Tegucigalpa; another cold night and hot day. After braakfast cashed a check at the bank and bought some cigars and a bottle of whiskey. Returned and typed a report to the Institute which I mailed at the postoffice. Bought a copy of O'Henry's "Options." Had a glass of beer in the bar with the beautiful Indian girl as waitress. I asked her if she was married and she said rather proudly, "No, but I have a baby boy of my own." I learned that the motor bus would not leave the next morning, but would surely leave the following morning, and would connect with the launch at San Lorenso, which meant that I would have another day in this unsatisfactory town. The meals were not bad, except the food was only half cooked. The coffee was very good. Had a long nap and began reading "Options," a collection of charming short stories.

Thursday, 7 Feb.Tecgucigalpa; cold night, hot day. Read with much enjoyment "Options" by O'Henry. After breakfast I walked down to the little river that flows by the town. There I watched a man with a small mule in midstream shovel sand into baskets on the mule's back. Farther down the stream were many women washing clothing. At the hotel did some typing, took a nap, and began rading "Arroz y Terrena" by Ibañez. The agent for the motor bus company called and I paid him sixteen pesos ($8.00) for transportation to San Lorenzo. Before supper I again sat in the bar where the beautiful little "mestiza" presided. She was a picture of voluptuous beauty. She said her baby was six months old and that she had been employed in the bar only two weeks. She appeared to be utterly care free and was all smiles. I regretted that I had no opportunity to take a photograph of this brown venus.

Another striking personality was the chamber maid who looked after the rooms on my floor. The beauty and charm of the little bar maid was due to her voluptuous curves, feminine youth, and smiling, careless good nature, like that of an irresponsible kitten or a flower that laughs in the sunshine. The chamber maid was at least fifty years old and pure Spanish. She was tall and formed like a statue with a nobility of countenance rarely seen. I doubt if in all the world there was a queen who could match her stately dignity. These qualities, nobility of countenance and stately dignity of bearing and grace of movement,are not usually associated with chamber maids, and yet that was my first and last impression of her; and I noticed that every one she met, even though she carried a bundle of soiled clothing or a broom and dust pan, recognized the charater that shone in her face and bearing and

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and treated her with deferential respect. Not only was she statuesque in appearance and bearing but she seemed to be as silent as a statue of bronze or marble and I never heard the sound of her voice.

~~(Mother,7 Feb.Tegucigalpa, salmon folder)~~

Friday, 8 Feb.Tegucigalpa; cold night, hot day. I was up at 3 a.m., as requested the day before by the bus driver, and packed quickly. The proprietor came for the small baggage immediately. At 3.30 a.m. an autobus came, but the driver said my ticket called for passage on the next bus. I tried to get a cup of coffee without success. In lieu of coffee I opened my valise and took a bracer of whiskey pura. A large automobile stopped before the hotel and one of the waiting guests ran to it and was taken in. Two other automobiles passed full of passengers. At 5.30 a bus appeared and my baggage was stowed in it. Then the bus spent half an hour picking up passengers on side streets. It was well after daylight when we left town.

It was still cold and I shivered in my raincoat. Some of the passengers were dressed in palm beach suits and really suffered from the cold. The first two hours of our journey was through a section I had not seen because of the darkness on the trip out. It was a limestone section of open pine woods, but the pines were small, the largest not more than one foot in diameter. After the sun rose above the trees it got very hot and we had a long, dusty, tiresome ride.

We reached San Lorenzo at 12.30 p.m. We had a fairly good luncheon at a Chinese restaurant, which was a tumbledown shanty surrounded by deep, loose, hot sand and no shade, over which the superheated air quivered in waves. After luncheon I went aboard the little launch that was tied to the plank landing. There was no breeze, it was excessively hot, and we had to wait an hour or more for another motor bus from the capital. The launch left at 3.15 p.m., threaded its way through the narrow channels of the great mangrove swamp, crossed one end of the bay, and reached Amapala at 5.15 p.m.

too late to learn from the office of the steamship company whether or not a ship would leave the follwwing day. After much inquiry we found a young man who spoke English who advised us to go to La Union where the chance of catching a ship out were much better that at Amapala. The only definite news he had was that a ship would leave Amapala the next Wednesday. However, a ~~small~~ small group of passengers and I decided that at least we would spend the night in the primitive hotel on the pier, which was a wise decision, inasmuch as there was no means of getting to La Union that night. We had a fairly good supper because the fish were fresh, having been caught off the pier less than an hour before. The passengers were put two in a room and I had as a companion a Norwegian missionary for the Seventh Day Adventist Church, who said he had been in Honduras for five years. The room we occupied was a square wooden structure of rough planks and was furnished with two cots, a washstand, and two plain chairs. After the dust and heat of the long day it was pleasant to sit at a little table on the pier under the starlit night and drink beer, smoke, and listen to the lapping of the water underneath.

Saturday, 9 Feb. Amapala; cloudy, calm, and hot. The night was lovely with a cool breeze and I slept well. I was awakened by the noise of other early rising passengers, every sound being heard through the flimsy open building. I got up and found the bath room. It was simply a closet, a bathtub full of water and a dipper. The electricity was turned off at dawn, so I had to go out on the pier to see to shave. On returning to the room I had a severe shock. In order to minimize the danger of being caught without money among strangers and to safeguard my funds I carried them in three different places about my clothing.

In one pocket I carried an ordinary purse for coins and small bills. With a safety pin I kept some bills of larger denominations in an envelope pinned to my inside coat pocket. My book of travelers checks and bills of large denominations were kept in a leather wallet in a hip pocket with my handkerchief. The wallet was slightly larger than the pocket and could be extracted only with difficulty. Every time I reached for the handkerchief I could feel the presence of the wallet and I knew that no one could take it from me while I was awake without my knowledge. I had formed the habit of putting the purse, the envelope, the wallet, the watch, and a loaded revolver under my pillow at night. On retiring the previous evening, however, I thought of the open doors to the room, the open pier on which it stood, of the rough characters I had seen loafing on the pier, and it occurred to me that the wallet containing $2300 in traveler's checks and a $100 bill would be safer locked in the large suit case and I tucked the wallet under some clothing in this suitcase. By morning I had utterly forgotten this exception to my habit. Imagine my consternation when I dressed and found that the wallet was not under my pillow as usual. "Robbed" was my first thought, and not enough money to continue my trip. All the possibilities of such a loss flashed through my mind instantly, and I began to think of what I should do first. Perspiring freely, I made another thorough search of the bed and of my clothing. And then I went through my suitcases, and the brief case, and the trunk. Should I notify the proprietor and the police? Should I notify the company that had issued the travellers checks? I had a horrible suspicion that perhaps the young missionary in my room might have taken advantage of my absence while I was out of the room shaving. Then I went into the large suitcase looking for a memorandum of the check numbers, when to my astonishment the wallet slipped out from under some clothing.

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Only then did I remember that I had placed it there for safety the night before. I was devoutly thankful that I had said nothing about it to any one, especially the missionary.

A military company was stationed on shore and at 6 a.m. reveille blew. I was informed that a launch would leave for La Union at 9 a.m., ~~and~~ that I could get my passport viseed at 8 a.m., and that no other boat would leave this port until the following Wednesday, five whole days, which was more time than I could afford to lose. Also I wished to to go to La Union because the chance of getting a superior room was better and I very much wished to get a room by myself.

After breakfast I walked ashore. A little park a short distance from the pier was very agreeable. It was laid out in formal style with rows of magnificent royal palms and in the center was an excellent marble bust of the liberator of Central America. On four posts were images of native birds painted in colors.

At 7 a.m. there was much stirring about, especially by a gentleman who had his son and daughter with him and who wished to go to Corinto. After breakfast I listened to him and a young Frenchman discussing ways and means and I heard them decide to telegraph to La Union for a special launch to take them to Tampisque, whence they could go by carriage or muleback to Chemango, spend the night there, and catch the train for Managua the next morning. They invited me to form one of the party, which I agreed to do because I disliked the idea of returning to La Union. The older gentleman agreed to arrange for the launch. The young Frenchman and I walked to the office of the commandant to get our passports. We had to wait until the entire batch taken up the previous day had been examined and stamped.

(1929,Feb.Ampala) E--161?

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I walked across to an office bearing a sign indicating that it was a correspondent of the Bank of Honduras. Here I presented a travellers check and at first it was refused, the cashier saying that recently they had had trouble with travellers checks, the most recent case being that of a woman who represented herself as a correspondent of a British newspaper, and later her checks were returned as forged. However, after talking a few minutes and showing my passport he gave me $100 U.S money which I knew would be accepted anywhere.

Upon returning to the hotel on the pier we learned that the old gentleman who was to arrange for the launch to take us to La Union had been taken suddenly ill and could not leave. The French gentleman and I then decided that we would remain at Amapala at least until Monday and hope to catch a ship either there or at La Union by next Wednesday. We had just reached this decision when a launch arrived from La Union and soon afterward departed for the same place with a number of passengers. After the departure of the launch the pier was very quiet except for the lapping of the water about the piles. I sat on the platform in front of our room with a bottle of beer, cigars, and a copy of "Arroz y Terrana." From time to time I would look up across the bay at the extinct volcano of San Miguel. Off in another direction was another volcano with a canopy of vapor that made it appear as if it were in action. Along the pier toward the town were many signs advertising the virtues of patent medicines. One of the most glaring was labeled "Cafiasperine."

In the afternoon I took a long nap. Then in company with M. Jean Manuel we went to the German banking and shipping agency to inquire about transportation to the south. They had no definite information but assured us that sometime during the following week

a ship would arrive in port. In any event, they said, it would be necessary to go to La Union. I went to the postoffice and the clerk said the only place to buy stamps was at the Depositoria de Rentes, which was in another building on another street. We sat for awhile in the neat little park overlooking the bay. At sundown we returned to the Hotel Venice on the pier. From the pier we had a fine view of the two volcanoes on the other side of the bay with the red glow of the sunset on them, and listened to the musical lapping of the water. The daily tides seemed to vary in height about eight feet.

Sunday, 10 Feb.Amapala; clear, bright and hot. My sleep was disturbed by a bad cold that developed in the night and in the morning I took some medicine. Unable to take a bath because there was no water in the tub. All water used at the hotel was brought in five gallon oil cans from some place in the hills. Because of the heat I dressed in a linen suit and got out my cork helmet. Spent most of the forenoon in a hammock and finished reading "Arroz y Terrena," which I did not like. Began reading "Espagna Vista por los Estranjeros" by J. Garcia Muscadal, a collection of accounts by travellers who visited Spain from the earliest times.

There were still rumors of ships about to come or to go, but nothing definite. Each rumor caused much excitement. The old gentleman with son and daughter was especially active. My French acquaintance ascertained by telegraph that a small German freighter was at La Union and would leave at 2 p.m., which made it impracticable for us to reach her. A launch came over in the afternoon with a number of passengers from La Union, including several Americans and Mexicans. After supper they talked animatedly about Colonel Lindberg, the "bird man" who last week flew over the mail route from the United

States and over the Central American countries. Their admiration for him was unbounded. The day was exceedingly hot and closed with a gorgeous sunset.

Monday, 11 Feb.Amapala; clear and hot with good breese. Slept well ~~be~~ but awakened several times by a high wind. Had whiskey and soda with quinine before going to bed and the same in the morning, for the benefit of my cold. Again there was no fresh water in the bath tub, so I went around to the other side where there were some steps down to the water and took a swim, sharks or no sharks, and felt better for it. While dressing I heard the whistle of a stemer. Unfortunately it was bound for the north. Later we were told that the S.S.Salvador would arrive some time ~~to~~ during the day and leave sometime tomorrow.

After breakfast got out the typewriter and wrote some letters. Got the stamps at the customhouse and mailed the letters at the postoffice, two squares apart. The evening before I got acquainted with a Dr. Meloy of the Rockefeller Institute stationed at Managua. He talked for more than an hour about the corruption of public officials and the tolerance of the people in the Central American countries. He said he had been in Central America fourteen years; that he talked with the former president of Honduras a few days before the change of administration; that this was the first time in the history of the country that an incoming administration found some money in the treasury and was not confronted with a revolution; that he asked the president how he managed it; the president replied that there were six hundred thousand pesos in the treasury, practically all covered by legal obligations, and that a revolution had been prevented by calling in the restless leaders and telling them that in case of a revolution they might expect such and such a job and that it would simplify matters by

giving them an equivalent job without a revolution; salaries ranged from ten to five hundred pesos a month.

The doctor said he saw the new president a few days after his inauguration and asked him how he liked living in the presidential palace. The president replied that he was getting used to it but found very little in it when his family took possession. The doctor said it was the custom on a change of administration to discharge all officials and employes from highest to lowest, including the soldiers and guards, on the day the the change took place, and while the new president is being inaugurated the discharged employes and their friends took everything they fancied, furniture, pictures, rugs, cooking utensils, and any food that might be in the establishment, so that the incoming president and his family found a building stripped from basement to attic.

Dr. Meloy said that a friend of his, a doctor, had a son in the hospital at Taylor on the north coast and was on his way to visit him. He stopped to greet his friend, the president; the president commissioned him to inspect the hospital officially, with salary and travel expenses amounting to three hundred pesos.

Then there was another president who allowed his beautiful wife, Dona Anna, to run the government, at least to the extent that all claims against the government had to pass through her hands. One of these claims was that of the newly established Motor Truck Express Company that operated between Tegucigalpa and San Lorenzo. It carried government freight at the same rate as private but could not collect its bills. Finally a friend told the manager that it might be well to see Donna Anna. He did so. After he had explained his difficulty to the lady she asked "How much." He replied "About 1,800 pesos." "Oh," she exclaimed,"so you have a claim of ℔ 5,000

pesos against the government?" He stammered, "Why, yes, about that, I may have made a little mistake in my figures." She asked him to leave the bills with her. A few days later she called up by telephone and invited him to call. He did so and she said,"It is all right; here is an order for five thousand pesos on the customhouse at San Lorenzo; collect it." He went to the customhouse, got the five thousand pesos, and noticed that the customs official did not ask for a receipt. He returned to Dona Anna and the five thousand pesos were divided equally between them. He mentioned to her that he still had the bills and the uncancelled order on the customshouse. She was delighted and directed him to collect a second time, which he did, and the proceeds were divided as before. When the inevitable revolution came Donna Anna made her way to the American Consulate and under the protection of American sailors made her escape to the north coast where she and her many trunks embarked for Europe. At Paris she adopted the title of "comptesse" and lived in great luxury.

In Salvador, the doctor said, the American financial agent collected the ~~g~~ tariffs, the proceeds to be applied to the public debt, after paying to the government thirty per cent of the proceeds, which was more than the government itself had ever been able to collect when it was supposed to get one hundred per cent.

The doctor said that when he was in the customhouse at Libertad he overheard the official in charge call up by telephone and ask a friend how many cases of wine he could use at two dollars a case, and the reply was sixteen. A man came in to the customhouse and said he wanted a pump and after looking around he saw one that he said would do. This he bought for an insignificant amount. He was told that the customhouse official was making about 50,000 pesos

pesos a year and charged up the missing articles to shortage in shipment. He said also that on the north coast of Honduras it is the custom to ship articles to Ceiba and unload them on an island in the gulf before reaching their destination. Then the captain or agent goes to the customhouse official and gets a certificate to the effect that the goods have been cleared and can be entered free elsewhere. The agent pays half the customs duty and the other half is divided between him and the customs official.

(Wife, 11 Feb. Amapala, salmon folder)

~~(Adriana Zanzetti, same.~~ omit

Tuesday, 12 Feb.,Amapala; clear and bright with lovely breeze and rippling sea. After breakfast Dr. Meloy called at the office of the steamship company and ascertained from the agent that the S.S.Salvador was at La Union and would call at Amapala the following morning for a cargo of hides. Reading "Magic Island" by Seabrook, loaned to me by the doctor. It describes Haitian life in an interesting manner, but the illustrations were impressionistic and utterly abominable. It was very pleasant sitting on the wide platform in front of my room, fanned by a gentle breeze, soothed by the lapping of the water underneath, and looking lazily across the bay to the beautiful mountains and clouds. So long as I knew that nothing I could do would hasten transportation I was quite contented and realized that I was thoroughly enjoying the quiet restful life.

After luncheon I took a long nap and then finished my book. It became very hot in the middle of the afternoon, but a gentle breeze was very refreshing. Across the bay opposite Amapala is an old volcano that itself is an island. It slopes gently on both sides One side looked as if it had been blown off. It looks like an irregular heap of ~~soak~~ clay with little ridges and ravines leading to the top, and in some of the ravines were a few green trees. In the afternoon sun the bare portion of the volcano looks like a golden crown resting on an emerald base. Directly to the west is the high volcano called Conchagna, and to the right of it is San Miguel, both in Salvador.

Wednesday, 13 Feb.,Amapala; clear, bright and hot. The S.S. Salvador came in the evening before, but the agent was informed that it would return to La Union and not leave until Friday. I asked if I could go aboard the ship at Amapala, but the agent said I would

have to wait until the captain came ashore. Then Dr. Meloy proposed that we take a special launch to La Union and from there catch a United Fruit Co.ship that was leaving the same afternoon. He said he had authority from the president to commandeer any government launch that was available and he would do it in this instance, and that I could go with him if I paid the customary rate, to which I agreed. Together we walked to the office of the commandant and had our papers viseed a second time. Then we hunted up the office of the Salvadorean Consul. He had stepped out and after a vain hunt for him in a restaurant and other places where his wife thought he might be, she said she was authorized to act for him and would give us the required visee for the customary fee of five pesos. The government launch was brought around and we got away at 9.30 a.m.

A good breeze was blowing and the water was rather rough. The scenery was beautiful. We arrived at La Union at 11.15 a.m.The tide was out and the launch could not get within several hundred yards of the end of the pier. We were taken off in a wooden dugout canoe that rolled badly in the sea that was running. Some water came in the boat and we were both wet and draggled when we climbed up on the pier. Dr.Meloy was apprehensive that we might have trouble with the authorities of La Union because the visees we obtained at Amapala were not strictly correct and we might have to pay a graft of one hundred pesos for the privilege of proceeding. However, he knew the officials personally and after a little delay our papers were viseed and we were free. Then we rode out to the launch in the same precarious dugout. The launch was headed across one end of the bay. The waves were running high enough to throw spray over the boat. We landed at Cutaco shortly after noon. The pier stood twenty feet out of water and we had to climb a rickety ladder to reach the top.. Porters struggled with our baggage, which had to be left at the

customhouse to be weighed for wharfage charges, and the customhouse was closed for the noon hour. We left the baggage in charge of a porter and the doctor and I went aboard the S.S.Ecuador. The doctor knew the captain and was taken up to one of the officer's cabins. I was assigned to a cabin with a Spanish gentleman who had the only key to the door which he kept in his possession after locking the door, so that every time I wished to enter the cabin I had to find a steward to open it for me. After washing up the doctor and I went to the smoking room and each had a bottle of beer. Then we went to the dining saloon and had a delicious luncheon which we enjoyed greatly after our experiences ashore. Everything tasted good.

The ship was full of passengers. More than forty were booked for Corinto. Next to me sat a gentleman from Sacramento, and opposite us was a gentleman and wife from Duluth.

After luncheon we got our baggage aboard. Then we walked across to a telegraph station and he sent a cablegram to Corinto asking the authorities to pass us through in time to catch the train leaving early in the morning for Managua, thereby saving a whole day. The doctor pointed out to me a little blockhouse on top of a hill on Tigre Island and said that was the scene of on of the few naval battles on land. He related that some years ago Nicaraugua felt that its honor had been insulted by Honduras and sent its one little gunboat to bombard this fortress. The navy ran in close to Amapala, in fact too close, because it went aground on the beach and when the tide went out it was left high and dry. The next morning the navy opened fire on the fort, but as it could not elevate its guns high enough to reach the fort its balls landed on the hill side. The fortress replied, but as it could not depress its guns its balls went across the bay and hit the side of a hill opposite. In this way the navy and the fortress fought a furious and bloodless battle. After

the battle was over the tide came in, the navy floated off, and returned to Nicaragua where a great victory was celebrated and national honor was appeased.

After drinking a bottle of beer together the doctor took me up to the captain's cabin where we spent the rest of the afternoon with the captain and the chief engineer. The conversation drifted around to religion. The doctor related that in the Philippines he and a lieutenant often sat up nights with a priest, smoking and drinking, playing cards and talking. After tiring of this the priest would send out for girls to pleasure them. On one occasion the lieutenant asked for the daughter of one of the leading ~~citizens~~ families in town. The priest hesitated and then said it could be done because there was a skeleton in the family closet which he alone knew through the confessional and that all he had to do was to convince the mother of the girl that the secret had become known to the lieutenant, and that the only way to keep him silent was to send the daughter to him. The lieutenant refused because he knew that if he ~~consented~~ accepted this sacrifice he would at once come under the complete control of the priest.

The doctor also related that in a long talk he once had with a Hindoo priest the priest claimed that the Christian religion was derived from the Hindoo. He pointed out that the wise men came from the east and that from the time Christ was twelve until he returned to Jerusalem many years later no mention is made of him in the Bible except that he grew in stature and wisdom. The priest claimed that Hindoo tradition says that the wise men returned to India and brought Jesus into a monastery where he was taught the Hindoo philosophy until the time came for him to return to his own county

The ship started at 6 p.m. and it was soon dark. The captain

invited us to stand on the bridge with him. Here I was able to watch the manner of maneuvering the ship, hear the signals and the responses, and watch the dials recording the number of revolutions of the propeller and the functioning of other apparatus in the ship.

We had an excellent supper and a pleasant evening. I had to find a steward to unlock the door of the cabin on retiring, my fellow passenger having locked the door and taken the key with ~~hi~~ him.

Thursday, 14 Feb.,Corinto; clear and hot. My fellow passenger kept the lights on all night. I rose at 6 a.m. and saw a range of half a dozen beautiful volcanoes to the east. The ship was in the harbor of Corinto and soon drew up to the wharf. I met Dr.Meloy on deck. When he learned from one of the customs officers that no instructions had been received regarding expediting our landing so as to catch the morning train he went ashore and telephoned to the proper official and the instructions were immediately issued. We and our baggage were immediately passed without inspection and by hurrying to the railway station we succeeded in reaching the train just before it started. We had the parlor car to ourselves For several miles the railway followed the beach and the incoming surf was very beautiful as it broke and thundered on the white sandy beach or dashed high up on rocky cliffs. Then the train headed inland with the range of volcanoes to our left. We crossed a flat plain of considerable extent with rich black looking soil and many sugar plantations and mills. At a little station a fine looking old gentleman came aboard and was introduced as Sr. Du Shon, whose grandfather erected the first sugar mill in Nicaragua. He spoke English fairly well and said he had two daughters in the States.

We passed through Chipenanga and other small towns. At 9.45 a.m. we reached Leon, a town of considerable size in a rich farming country. The doctor talked a good deal, as all Americans are apt to do after a long separation from their fellow countrymen. Among other things he described a meeting of the elite of the capital city that lasted all night at which he was present. Among the topics discussed was the relation of the United States to the Latin American countries. He said it was the concensus of opinion that the Latin and Anglo-Saxon races are fundamentally different and therefore the pan American idea could never succeed; that the Anglo-Saxon is so constituted that he must either rule or quit, and he never quits; that the Latin races admire and envy the Anglo-Saxons for their energy, their initiative, their ~~genni~~ genius for organization, and their efficiency, but to the Latin mind these things are not worth all they cost; that it is only a question of time when the United States will become industrial just as Great Britain ~~has~~ became industrial, and therefore will not produce sufficient food; that to the south of the United States are rich countries, under-populated with people of Indian or Latin blood; that therefore it is inevitable that the United States will dominate and ultimately take possession of the whole American continent, and this in spite of the fact that at the present time no one in the United States dreams of such a thing. Furthermore, Dr.Meloy said, the policy of the United States with respect to Central America, and to Nicaragua in particular, was a serious mistake, because she has ~~interfered with~~ intervened and posted marines in the country and that while they are few in number the people of the country know that there are plenty more where they came from; and at the same time the United States does not take charge and govern as she might, but disclaims any such purpose and permits all sorts of graft, dishonesty, peculation, pilfering, corruption, and

the like, and has to take the blame for it; that if the United States would say openly that they propose to rule this country for the good of the people until such time as the people develop the ability to live together in peace and without cutting each others throats, the people would understand and respect the attitude of the United States and accept their rule, even though many of them would be vociferous in alleging usurpation, dictatorship, and tyrany.

The doctor read to me a memorandum he had prepared for the State Department on the requirements for establishing a public health service in Managua. He said that the country was facing a financial crisis.

We passed a primitive sugar mill and I saw water being raised from a well by means of a five gallan oil can suspened by a rope over a pulley, the other end of the rope being attached to a poney guided by a small boy. We passed occasional small towns, fields of sugar cane, maize, manioc, Para grass, herds of cattle, bananas, and strips of forest jungle, until we came to Lake Managua on our left with a smoking volcano on the other side. We followed the shore of the lake for some miles and could see the surf breaking on the beach. Then the railway left the shore of the lake (because, Dr.Meloy said, the owner refused to sell a right of way) and went up grade through hills for many miles, following a little sierra through a very dry country covered with brush and irregular trees, and then down grade to the shore and the city of Managua on the lake of the same name.

We arrived at Managua at 1.10 p.m., it having taken us six hours to travel ninety miles. The lake is eight or ten miles wide and twice as long, deep enough to be as blue as the sea, with a row of volcanoes, two of which were active, on the other side. It is

said to be an ancient arm of the sea that was cut off by the volcanoes that arose and closed its mouth. .

Just before reaching Managua we passed a beautiful crater lake from which the water supply of the city is drawn. It is smaller than Lake Nemi near Rome and over five hundred feet deep, inclosed by steep precipitous sides, and is at a considerable elevation above the city. Looking across Lake Managua from the city one sees a small lake at the foot of the volcanoes that is like a gem because of its exquisite blue, quite different in color from Lake Managua.

The city of Managua stands back from the shore of the lake about half a mile. In the center are several fine streets, but a short distance on either side the streets are either paved with coblestones or have no paving, with little shacks on either side, One's first impression of Managua is one of disappointment. February falls in the dry season and with a stiff breeze blowing the air was thick with dust and everything was covered with it.

At the station I separated from Dr.Meloy who was met by his family. I accepted the services of a dilapidated horse, carriage, and driver to convey me and the baggage to the Grand Hotel, also known as the Hotel Lupone, which was the name of the proprietor. It was a straggling structure two stories in height on one side, and it was undergoing repair. The hotel had some six dollar rooms on the first floor which were very large, with tiled floor, two beds and several chairs, but they were very dark and some distance from bath and toilet. I took a smaller room on the second floor that was lighter and brighter, but very crude. It had a rough wooden floor, roughly plastered walls, no ceiling but the roof above, and the partitions on both sides were open above so that one could hear the slightest noise by occupants of the adjoining rooms. It contain-

ed a small iron bed with a thin and very dirty mattress, a rickety rocking chair, and enormous wardrobe without any hooks or pegs, a small washstand, ~~and~~ a little pine table, and one electric light. A full length window opened onto the street with an iron railing in front, and the door opened onto a balcony about an interior court. I was very tired and dusty. After washing up I went down stairs for luncheon, which was a disappointment. In the corridor I was hailed by a Mr.Sorensen from Stockholm whom I recognised as having seen on the front seat of the bus from ~~Tegucigalpa~~ Guatemala City to Santa Ana. He was a cheery rolypoly, florid man of middle age, bald, blue eyes, with a squeaky voice and much good nature. He said he represented an insurance company and had visited the Central American countries for many years in succession.

After luncheon I had a shower bath and a change of clothes. My trunk was not delivered until the middle of the afternoon. I had difficulty in finding the American Legation, being directed to three different places. The Minister was out, but I saw the third secretary, Mr.McCafferty, who informed me that there never had been a ministry of agriculture until the new administration took charge within the last three months. He suggested that I call at 8.30 a.m. the next morning and see the Minister. On the way back I bought some cigars, postcards and cough medicine. I tried to find a photographer to develop my accumulation of films and went to five different places. Returned to the hotel and had a bottle of beer at a little table under a tree in the front yard. I was very tired and went to my room to lie down. Supper was a disappointment. I retired early, but not to sleep because of mosquitoes and the squaky strains of a band that made a noise far into the night.

Friday, 15 Feb.Managua; clear cool morning with pleasant breeze and warming up after breakfast. On the way down the street I was

overtaken by Dr.Meloy who accompanied me to the Legation where I met the Minister, Mr. Ehrhardt, who agreed to arrange for an interview with the president. While there a Mr.Lindberg, an American in charge of the customs service, came in. In a general conversation it appeared that the situation in Nicaragua was becoming critical and that the animosity against the Americans was growing stronger day by day.

Dr. Meloy also accompanied me to the Ministry of Agriculture and introduced me to the Minister, Don Jose Antonio Cabrera. He said his department was ~~organized~~ authorized only one month previously and was not yet organized. After I had explained the census project to him he said he would be glad to cooperate so far as possible. At his request I outlined what I thought would be an appropriate organization for his department.

On the way back we stopped to inspect the National Museum. It had relatively small collections of stone implements, images, pottery, natural history specimens, butterflies and beetles..

We stopped in an office in the corner of the hotel and I was introduced to the agent, Mr.Frizzel of Chicago. He said he had a piece of land and had good success raising vegetables and was gettig interested in growing flowers.

At the hotel I sat with Mr.Sorensen in the shade of a tree and had a bottle of beer with him while he related wierd tales of violence and banditry in Honduras within the two previous years. He told of seeing a group of soldiers at the president's house firing into a bus full of people and killing three. Last week and agent for the Ford machine was robbed just before he reached the capital. Mr.Sorensen gave me a box of Havana cigars that had been presented to him.

After a nap in the afternoon I went down to the little park facing the lake and took some pictures, but saw nothing that would look well in a picture, the mountains on the other side of the lake being too far away. The park was a small one and cluttered up with trees. Returned to the hotel and had a small bottle of beer and then went to the phtographers for my prints. The city streets were paved for only one square on each side of the main street, and beyond that was dust and cobblestones. There was nothing of interest to see anywhere, not even a beach on the lakeside. The ground slopes from the city to the lake, was flat, muddy, and grown up with weeds.

Saturday, 16 Feb.Managua; clear and hot. Wrote some letters. At 11.30 a.m. Dr.Meloy came to take me over to the local club on the next corner. There he gave me a visitor's card, we had a whiskey and soda together, and he introduced me to several Americans, all of whom expressed their disapprobation of the country, of the manifest hatred of the people for North Americans, and of their intention to leave the country at the first opportunity.

After luncheon I walked up a long street to the old fort in which were quartered the American marines. The streets were deserted and the city was as quiet and uninteresting as a country town. Reading accounts of Spain by travellers from the earliest times. The description of conditions in Spain in the fifteenth century corresponded closely with conditions prevailing in Central America at the time I saw them. Had supper with the French silk salesman, M.Manuel, whom I met at Amapala.

(Mother 16 Feb.Managua, salmon folder)

Sunday, 17 Feb.Managua; clear and hot. At 8.45 a.m. Dr.Meloy came in a new Ford car for me with his two boys, Larry and Dan, and drove us about twenty-six miles to the Vaughan coffee estate on the hills south of Managua. The road was fairly good. The first few miles after passing the crater lake were through an undulating plain covered with trees and brush. The grade was upward all the way and the soil was clearly volcanic ash. About twenty miles out an elevation of three thousand feet was reached. Many beautiful views were had from the higher elevations. Looking back across the foothills one could see the city of Managua, the Lake of Managua, and the volcanoes. Before reaching the highest point the road winds for several miles up a small cañon with steep sides covered with tropical trees with clean trunks and limbs and a great spread of branches at the top. Underneath the trees were rows of coffee shrubs pruned off at the top a little higher than a man's head. Bananas grew along the edges of these plantations, although some of them had hedges of palms and coconut. Then for some miles the road followed the crest of a narrow ridge, not more than twenty feet wide on top, with steep slopes on the sides. This is the water shed, the rain on one side going to the Atlantic and on the other side to the Pacific. It was called "El Cuchillo," or knife. Looking to the west over a great plain one could see the Pacific shining on the horizon. From this point the road descends for about six miles to a fairly level plateau on which the Vaughan coffee estate is situated. Just before reaching the estate we passed through a zone in which most of the trees were killed by injurious gasses that come periodically every few years from a volcano. Over the higher areas there was nothing but shrubs and coarse grass and weeds.because of the strong winds that sweep across.

About 11 o'clock we turned off the main road into a private road lined with trees, back of which were the coffee plantations. After the ground is cleared of native trees and other growth and the coffee plants are set out, and rapidly growing "madero negro" (black wood) trees are ~~set out~~ planted with them to make shade. By the time the coffee shrubs come into bearing the shade trees are twenty to thirty feet high and in time their branches meet overhead. The coffee plants were given clean cultivation and were pruned like ornamental shrubs, that is, open undrrneath and a rounded top with drooping branches like an umbrella about the height of a man. Mr.Vaughan said that his father always instructed the laborers to prune the coffee plants their own height. The estate contained about two square miles. The farm residence was a two story frame house with metal roof, divided up into rooms twenty feet or more square, with floor, walls, and ceiling finished in hard woods. One end of the wide verada had been partitioned off as a bath room. At the other end a portion had been screened off as a dining room. The house was well furnished with rocking chairs, desks, book cases, and electric fans. On the veranda I was introduced to Mr.Vaughan, a man of medium size and apparently more American than English; Mrs.Vaughan, a large, well developed and gracious woman; a Mr.and Mrs. London, obviously English; a Mr. and Mrs. Rosenthall; and several children. The house was surrounded by a lawn. On one side the coffee plantation came up to the lawn. In the lawn was a grape fruit tree thirty feet high from which it was said four hundred fruits had already been taken, and there appeared to be still another hundred. In front of the house was a field of about twenty acres and in one corner of it were coffee mills and warehouses, and concrete drying yards which were covered with a layer of coffee in different stages of treatment. The eleva-

tion of the estate was over two thousand feet. The green lawn, the beautiful forest trees on all sides, with the glossy green foliage of the coffee shrubs underneath, made a most pleasing picture and with a stiff breeze blowing in from the sea it was quite comfortable. The two boys were soon in the great swimming tank near the factory. Water was obtained from a bored well ninety feet deep.

After drinking a bottle of beer off the ice of a frigidair we were taken on a tour of inspection. The soil is volcanic ash of about the consitency of sandy clay and is covered to a depth of eighteen to twenty-four inches with humus composed of rotting leaves. This layer was so loose and porous, even though it looked solid, that I could easily thrust my cane through it to the hard soil beneath. No road could be constructed until this layer of humus was removed. Clearing off the plantation began about sixty years before. Small clearings were first made and coffee planted. The different plantations ranged in age from fifty years to those set out the current year. No fertilizer was ever used. The plants had never been affected by fungous diseases or attacked by injurious insects, except for an occasional boring insect that kills the shrub. The plantations mostly slope away from the direction of prevailing winds, wind being considered the greatest enemy of the coffee plant, and around each plantation was a hedge to serve as a windbreak. Next to wind direct sunlight is considered the worst adverse condition, and to overcome this native forest trees are left standing, or the seed of the leguminous "madero negro" is planted to produce shade. These trees grow rapidly, make excellent posts, and their leaves act as a sieve through which the rain and the dew fall as a fine mist. Trees with large leaves are not suitable because the rain and the heavy

dew would collect and fall from them in steams that would injure the coffee plants, especially at pollinating time. Most of the newer varieties were Arabic, except one called Maragogipa, the origin of which Mr.Vaughan did not know. This last is a robust and rapid growing plant with leaves almost twice the size of the Arabic varieties, but is a shy bearer because the fruit does not set. However, because of the relative large size of the berries it brings a premium over other varieties.

We inspected a nursery in which 10,000 or more little coffee plants were growing under partial shade. The seed were first planted in a garden and when the young plants are about six inches high thay are transplanted to the nursery. The nursery was a patch of ground cleared from the jungle, dug to a depth of two feet, and the soil carefully sifted to remove roots and other foreign material. It is then a loose black humus. Plants from seed planted a year previously were about two feet high and in another year would be ready for the permanent plantation. Within four years the first crop is expected to pay for all expenses except the original cost of the land. About five hundred laborers were employed for about nine months a year and a thousand during the three months of harvesting. These were obtained locally from near by villages, so that the district was known as "Los Pueblos." A railroad ran within three miles of the estate at a lower level so that the haul is down grade. Ford trucks were used, each truck employing two men replacing ox teams and fourteen men.

Dr. Meloy said that the father of our host established the estate more than half a century before our visit, loved the coffee plant and spent his life experimenting with it, trying to find the best distance apart, the best method of cultivating and pruning, and

the best methods of harvesting and curing the crop. He made a fortune every seven years, each time going to England with the intention of never returning, but spent his fortune lavishly and always returned. He was then a very old man and while he was living in the south of France his son was managing the estate.

After cocktails and Havana cigars and excellent luncheon was served consisting of olives, a gorgeous salad, little hot biscuits, real butter, mince pie, coffee, and a cocktail. Then we sat on the cool veranda, smoked and listened to the murmur of the swaying branches and fluttering leaves in the breeze that blew all the afternoon. Mr. London said that at one time he was vice-consul at Algiers. Mr.Rosenthal was a money lender and said that interest rates ranged from twelve to thirty-six per cent, depending on the risk involved. The boys had another swim in the afternoon. I took a few photographs and we left at 4.30 p.m. The ride back was even more interesting than in the morning because we were facing the low country and Managua Lake. The Pacific Ocean to the west was like a burnished shield. There were beautiful cliffs on the islands, deep shadows in the gorges and ravines, and the trunks of the great tropical trees were lighted up. We saw some large black birds with fan-like tails and some very fine blue jays with crests. There were very few villages or houses en route, but at some of the country cross roads there were gatherings of peasants and small stands where beer and other beverages were sold.

We reached Managua at 6.30 p.m. and stopped at the International Club where the doctor and I had beer and the boys ginger ale. For supper at the hotel we had roast duck, mashed potatoes, and a bottle of beer.

Monday, 18 Feb.,Managua; clear, hot, and dusty. Shortly after 11 a.m. I had a telephone call from Minister Ehrhardt in-

viting me to go with him to see the President. I walked to the legation, in front of which were stationed some marine guards. The minister took me in a large touring car to the presidential office in the center of the city. It was a one story building flush with the sidewalk in Spanish style. Guards were stationed in front of it. The outer door was open with white silk curtains draped across it. We stepped between the curtains and found the President sitting at a large desk in the center of the room. He was a short stout man dressed in white. An officer in full uniform acted as his aide. I was introduced and explained my mission briefly in Spanish, and he promptly said the Internatinnal Institute of Agriculture could count upon the fullest cooperation from his government. I thanked him and stepped back, and when the minister said he would remain to talk over another matter I bid them adios. The minister's chauffer drove me back to the hotel.

After luncheon I read awhile and at 3 p.m. went down to the waiting room, expecting Sr. Cabrera to call for me. Just then Dr. Meloy came in and we stopped to see the agent of the steamship company. He said he had received no answer to his telegram asking for a reservation,but he understood no first class passage could be sold, but I could have a place on deck, sleep on deck, and get my meals in the first class saloon. A messenger came from the hotel saying Sr.Cabrera sent word he could not take me out to his plantation that afternoon because the President had sent for him. I returned to the hotel and read the Teavellers History of Spain. Dr. Meloy came in to say that he had a message from Sr.Cabrera saying he would call for us at the same hour the next day.

At the doctor's invitation I walked with him out to his home on the edge of the city. It was half a mile out and over a very dus-

ty road. In some places there were sidewalks, but only two or three feet wide. The houses were one or two story structures amid vile surroundings. However, the house the doctor was living in was roomy, ~~with 6 large rooms~~ and had tiled floors, broad verandas, and a large yard full of palms and flowers, and beyond the kitchen and laundry in a separate building was another yard in Bermuda grass. In the yard was a lime tree five years old as large as an apple tree twenty years old and it was loaded with fruit. Also there were several mango trees only eight years old that were quite large. Running about the yard was a tame deer that the family had raised from a ~~fawn~~ faun. Mrs. Meloy sat with us for awhile as we drank a bottle of beer on the veranda. The doctor loaned me a copy of "Trader Horn," and one other book which he said I might keep.

The doctor said that the Vaughan estate that we visited the day before contained about two square miles of land and had about 250,000 coffee shrubs of bearing age; that each tree produced two pounds of coffee, which would amount to half a million pounds; that this coffee was of superior quality for blending purposes and always sold for a premium on the British market. Also he said that the Mr.London we had met was the British Consul at Managua and had spent seven years at Geneva. I was sorry that I did not know this when I met him, but with characteristic British modesty or reticence he had listened attentively and said nothing about himself.

Dr. Meloy seemed very ~~grave~~ grave, as I had already noticed in the morning. He said that a colonel who was commissioned a brigadier general by the Nicaraguan government to organize the State militia and had been exceptionally successful, had resigned because he could not get along with the U.S.brigadier general and the U.S.admiral

who were making the mistake of mixing with local politics and had persuaded the President to call for his resignation; also that this brigadier and the admiral were trying to have the American Minister recalled. The doctor thought it was a shame that United States officers in a foreign country that was practically in a state of war and where the feeling of the people was against them, could not get along without fighting among themselves, with which sentiment I heartily agreed.

Upon returning to the hotel I began reading "Trader Horn," which struck me as being a rather remarkable book.

Tuesday, 19 Feb.,Managua; clear and hot. Hearing the noise of a band on the street I looked out and saw it was a military funeral with the stars and stripes draped across the casket. A lone priest followed the hearse. An hour later the band returned playing a lively air. At the Vaughan's Sunday it was mentioned that many of the young American marines had committedd suicide. They lacked amusement of any kind, action of any kind, and life in a hostile country was very trying. Dr.Meloy felt very strongly that the United States should either withdraw immediately or else take over the country and run it as United States territory. He thought there should be no half way measures.

At noon Dr.Meloy called for me at the hotel and drove me out to his house. There we had a whiskey and talked on the veranda until 1 p.m. We had a nice luncheon of ho biscuits, fish and vegetables, ice cream and cake. The cake was for the doctor's birthday.

At 2.30 p.m. we walked back to the hotel and had a lemonade. Shortly after 3 p.m. Sr.Cabrera, Minister of Agriculture, and a French looking gentleman ~~and~~ came aboard drove us out to his coffee estate. Part of the way was over the same road we traveled on Sunday, but

instead of following along the top of the ridge we followed the bottom of a ~~gorge~~ ravine for several miles. The bottom was just wide enough for a single track road and there were many turns. The steep slopes on either side were covered with large forest trees under which were growing the coffee shrubs. The headquarters of the coffee estate was near the head of the ~~gorge~~ ravine and in a natural bowl the buildings were ~~constructed~~ situated. Water came from springs above and was stored in tanks. The dwelling was a three store structure built on the steep slope of the cañon and each floor opened on the ground in the rear. Above the building the ground was terraced and set with flowers. Over one of the verandas was a magnificent specimen of bougainvilla. The house was constructed of unfinished hard woods that resembled walnut and mahogany. We sat on the veranda for awhile and had three cocktails. The factory buildings were rather small. Here the ripe fruit, mixed with many green berries, went through a crushing machine, then into a concrete vat, and then, after setting long enough to ferment, passed directly to the drying yards of concrete. The proprietor showed us his process of manufacturing fertilizer from the dried pulp of the coffee berries by spreading them in alternate layers with dry bones in a deep pit and subjected to the heat of a fire until the mass was reduced to ashes. The coffee pulp contains potash and the bones phosphorus. These ashes were stored in a small warehouse and mixed with animal manure. The mixture was spread about the coffee plants at the beginning of the rainy season. The proprietor said he had been growing coffee for thirty-nine years and he showed me with much pride a testimonial from an employer in 1893. The ride back was pleasant except for the clouds of dust. The surface of the earth and of the roads was a fine dry powder and the strong breeze that

was blowing carried it in clouds long distances. We saw a small cloud of locusts.

Wednesday, 20 Feb.,Managua; clear, hot, strong breeze. After breakfast I sat under a tree in the front yard waiting for Sr. Cabrera, but he failed to keep his appointment. Again I talked with the agent of the steamship company who said he could make no reservation for me and that probably I would have to take deck passage. I went to one bank to cash a travellers check which was refused; but a second bank cashed it without question.

Mr. Cabrera came about 3.45 p.m. to say that he had an important appointment and could not take me out to his livestock farm. I readily acquiesced, but in talking about the development of the Department of Agriculture in the United States he got so interested that he said he would cancel his other appointment because he especially wished me to see the tract of land the President was considering for use as an agricultural experiment station. We drove out about fifteen miles east of the city to a tract of land, an old estate, on the shore of Lake Managua. The place under consideration for an experiment station had about a thousand acres, buildings, a pond, a running stream that could be used for irrigation, some magnificent trees, together with a small herd of scrub cattle. The farm was almost abanadoned and could be had for $40,000.00. The land was fairly level and the soil was dark in color and sandy loam in texture.

Adjoining this tract was the Cabrera livestock farm. It was well kept, meadows were irrigated and green, buildings neat and painted and surrounded by shrubbery. The whole was under a French manager. There were a number of Holstein bulls he had imported from the United States to cross with native cows. The place was run as a dairy and the products found a ready sale in Managua.

We walked leisurely about the place as he gave instructions to his men, which he did in a sharp mandatory manner that made them nervous. I became rather weary, but finally we got away and half a mile out from the houses we found the entrance gate locked with a padlock and no one had the key. We had to return to the house for it. There was a beautiful sunset which we faced on the return trip. It was after dark when we reached the hotel. My troubles were not yet over because the electric light in my room would not work. This was soon remedied with a bulb from another room.

Thursday, 21 Feb.,Managua; clear and hot. Had breakfast, paid bill, and left the hotel at 8.20 a.m. At the railway station I had no trouble getting a ticket, but it took all of twenty minutes to check my baggage. In the chair car the conductor gave me the wrong seat and I had to change later. All available space in the racks and at both ends of the coach were piled high with hand baggage.

The train left at 9.40 a.m. The view across the lake and the range of volcanoes emitting diaphinous vapor was beautiful. We reached Mogarote at 11.15 a.m., a small dirty town with equally dirty looking women and boys selling fruits, fried chicken, beer, coco cola, and other things. Half an hour later the train stopped at a small station where about a hundred laborers crowded about the coach back of us and a large man handed out checks. About half the passengers got off at Leon at 1.15 p.m. It was very hot and dusty, although there was a good breeze..At this station Mr.Sorensen, my Swedish acquaintance, appeared on the train and joined me.

We drew into Corinto at 3.30 p.m. We walked about three squares from the railway station to the hotel Lupone and left our hand baggage. Then to the office of the United Fruit Company where we were told that all cabins were taken and that they could sell only deck

space. Just then the captain of the "San Jose" came in and was very reluctant to take on additional passengers because of the already crowded condition of the small ship. He growled out that the San Jose was a freighter and not a passenger boat. I said I would be willing to sleep on deck if I could have a chair and get meals in the dining room. The captain said there were no chairs and the supply of food was insufficient for the extra passengers that had already been engaged. Then the clerk said we would have to have a visee from the intendente of the port. We walked two squares through the hot sun to a small building in which we found a dignified young man sitting behind a desk on which was a plaster bust of Napoleon and a miniature brass cannon. His clerk called for vaccination certificates. I had to return to the hotel for mine. The visee was granted and a fee of $2.50 charged.

When I returned to the hotel I ascertained that my trunk had not been delivered, although I had engaged a porter to bring it as soon as we arrived. After stopping at the steamship office to get the ticket for deck passage I walked through the loose sand and stifling heat to the railway station. I found my porter leaning sleepily against the wall. When I berated him for not bringing the trunk he replied that the station master was too busy to release it. I asked which of the men at the desks inside was the station master and he was pointed out to me. I stepped up to the station master and with extreme politeness but in a sharp tone of voice asked for an explanation as to why my trunk had not been released to the porter I had engaged to bring it to the hotel. He became quite apologetic, found the necessary paper, and released the trunk. This was more than two hours after the train had left.

At Mr.Sorensen's suggestion we sent a hotel porter over to the ~~boat~~ steward to ascertain whether we could expect to obtain food on the boat, when it would leave, and whether we could get reclining chairs. He returned and said the first officer had said yes. This relieved our minds on the food question; otherwise we would have had to lay in a supply of food. Then Mr.Sorensen suggested that we have our baggage taken out on the pier and pay the wharfage charges so that it would be close at hand when we went aboard. We had the baggage out only to learn that the customs warehouse would not be opn until 7 p.m. Leaving the porter in charge we went aboard to see the purser. He said we could have supper on board, which we did and it was excellent. Then we started out to get the baggage aboard. The wharf master could not change a five dollar bill and we had to wait until the cashier came a half hour later. Finally he came and we got the baggage.

The dining steward found reclining chairs for us, placed them on deck, and piled our hand baggage aroundthem. The boat was not to sail for three hours or more so we went ashore to the hotel where we each had three bottles of beer, after which we felt better. Returned to the boat at 9.30 p.m.. The steward offered to make up beds for us on benches in the dining room, which we accepted. We sat up until 11 p.m. and then went to bed. We found one of the officers very drunk on the bed that had been made for me. I reported the matter to the steward and he brought four sailors who carried ~~him~~ the sleeping man up on deck.

Friday, 22 Feb.,at sea; clear and hot. Up at 6 a.m. and had a sea water bath, dressed, and went on deck at 6.30. The boat was just getting under way and rounded the point at 7 a.m.The sea was as smooth as a river. Old Monotomba, the great active volcano, ~~loomed up in the morning sunlight. Throughout the day the gentle~~

loomed up in the morning sunlight. Throughout the day the gentle breeze of the morning continued to increase in strength until in the afternoon the sea became agitated and splashed over one side of the boat. The meals were quite good, but the accommodations were inadequate for the full list of passengers so that we had to take turns. At 3 o'clock Mr.Sorensen and I went down to the dining room to see if we could get some tea. Just then an officer on the boat came in and announced that inasmuch as we had taken deck passage, no cabins being available, we would have to take our meals with the second class passengers. We asked to be shown the place, but the door was locked. Inasmuch as we had been assured by the clerk at the steamer office and by the purser on the boat that we could eat in the first class dining room, we had known nothing of the rule that the officer now insisted should apply to us. Evidently the officers from the captain down resented the intrusion of passengers into their rather comfortable quarters. Mr.Sorensen and I had supper in the cook's galley, consisting of a plate of meat and vegetables and a cup of coffee. Then we sat in our deck chairs until 10 p.m. when one of the junior officers invited us down to the dining saloon to drink with him and some of his fellow officers. There were four of them about half drunk, and they were very apologetic about the lack of accommodations. A whiskey bottle circulated freely about. From the remarks of the junior officers it appeared that there was much ill feeling among both the officers and the crew. After the party broke up we were again allowed to sleep in the dining room.

Saturday, 23 Feb.Punta Arenas; clear and hot. Up at 5 a.m., dressed, had a drink, and washed my face in the toilet room with water from a bottle I found in the dining room,the only water I could find. Then I went on deck, A nice breeze was blowing and the sea was quiet. The misty mountains of Costa Rica were in sight.

Soon the red sun rose over them, flushing everything with pink. I wasssurprised to see that our course lay to the north. About 7.30 a.m. we rounded a point and headed to the north east. The shore line did not seem far away but we were more than two hours reaching it. However, we got some breakfast after we had given up hope of getting anything to eat that morning on the boat.

The boat anchored some distance out and waited a long time for the port doctor and immigration officials. Even after they came there was another long wait. Finally the boat steamed closer in to shore. At 11 a.m. a launch came out for the passengers, leaving the baggage to come later. The sea was rather choppy and we all got wet. At the pier we were told that the customs office would be open at noon. We walked a few squares over a sandy road to the Imperial Hotel, which proved to be a plank shanty badly in need of repairs amid bare and dirty surroundings. Such as it was it was ~~badly~~ overcrowded and Mr.Sorensen and I had to take a room together. A number of other applicants were turned away. The old landlady was much disturbed at the number of people who asked for rooms, complained of "mucha trabajo"(too much work), and said she wanted to sell out.

We walked over to the railway station and ascertained that a train would leave the following morning at 8.40 a.m., and sent a telegram to a hotel in San Jose asking for two room reservations.

Then to the customhouse for our baggage where we had to pay very high fees for wharfage charges and transfer.

Returning to the hotel we had luncheon. In the afternnon while Mr.Sorensen was canvassing some of the business establishments I typed a report on Nicaragua. I felt much fatigued and developed a headache and some fever and suffered from a swollen gum It was excessively hot and dusty. Punta Arenas was almost as bad as San

Lorenzo, except that it had coconut groves. Across from the hotel were railroad tracks and a branch leading out onto a new pier that was under construction. Switch engines passed continually back and forth and out on the pier and back, and always as the engine passed the hotel, either going or coming, the engineer tooted the whistle and clanged the bell with great industry, like a boy tooting a horn or pounding on a drum. Sleep was impossible and it was maddening to one trying to write or read. Mr. Sorensen and I sat up quite late on a little veranda in front of our room, talking, smoking, and sipping whiskey and white rock water. He was an agreeable companion because of his good nature and philosophic acceptance of things ~~because of~~ resulting from his long and varied travel experience.

~~(Secretary General, 23 Feb.Punta Arenas, salmon folder)~~ omit

Sunday, 24 Feb.,Punta Arenas; clear and hot. Our neighbors in the adjoining room went to bed with a good deal of noise after midnight and were up at 5 a.m. with more noise. I got up at 6 a.m. and sat outside on the veranda with a glass of whiskey and watched the dawn and the sun rise. Back of the hotel was a fine grove of coconut palms. It was very pleasant at this hour. A delicious breeze was blowing, the fronds of the stately palms swayed and rustled, and in the grove were several trees in full flower, one with large pink blossoms like a magnolia, and near it was a tree completely covered with a Bougainvilla vine in full blossom. A flock of repulsive looking vultures roosted on the back fence or walked about in the back yard as tame as chickens. As soon as anything was thrown out from the kitchen they came hopping and flopping or flying awkwardly to sieze a morsel. Few other birds were to be seen, and ~~such as were seen~~ those were silent.

After breakfast our baggage was carried to the station by porters whose charges were excessive. Bought a ticket, checked my baggage, and secured a seat at 8 a.m., although the train was not to leave until 8.40. It was already full ~~and every seat was occupied,~~ and many were standing in the corridor. Apparently every inhabitant in the town was at the station to see the train leave. The seats were small and uncomfortable. The train left at the appointed time and followed a sandbar about two miles. Outside the sandbar was the sea and inside a lagoon. Then the train climbed up into brush covered hills. The soil was a brownish colored clay full of ~~wat~~ water-worn boulders. I saw a few patches of bananas. The remaining country was a wilderness. We passed a hut with about a hundred bee-hives near it. About 9.40 a.m. we came out of the hills and ran along the sea shore. The sea was marvellously blue and there was a

(1929. Feb. Punta Arenas) E--1629

Sunday. 24 Feb. Punta Arenas; clear and hot. Our neighbors in the adjoining room went to bed with a good deal of noise after midnight and were up at 5 a.m. with more noise. I got up at 6 a.m. and sat outside on the veranda with a glass of Chilean and watched the dawn and the sun rise. Back of the hotel was a fine grove of coconut palms. It was very pleasant at this hour. A delicious breeze was blowing, the fronds of the stately palms swayed and rustled, and in the grove were several trees in full flower, one with large pink blossoms like a magnolia, and next it was a tree completely covered with a bougainvillea vine in full bloom. A flock of repulsive looking vultures roosted on the back fence or walked about in the back yard as tame as chickens. As soon as anything was thrown out from the kitchen they came hopping and flopping or flying awkwardly to share a morsel. Few other birds were to be seen, and ~~such~~ were rare.

After breakfast our baggage was carried to the station by porters whose charges were exorbitant. Bought a ticket. Checked my baggage, and secured a seat at 7 a.m., although the train was not to leave until 8.40. It was already full, and every seat was occupied, and many standing in the corridor. Apparently every inhabitant in the town was at the station to see the train leave. The seats were small and uncomfortable. The train left at the appointed time and followed a boulder about two miles. Outside the boulder was the sea and inside a lagoon. Then the train climbed up into brush covered hills. The soil was brownish colored clay full of water-worn boulders. I saw a few patches of bananas. The remaining country was a wilderness. We passed a hut with about a hundred Indians near it. About 9.30 a.m. we came out of the hills and ran along the sea shore. The sea was marvellously blue and there was a

fine beach with magnificent surf. At 10.59 we came to Orotina, a place with a substantial railway station. All the other stations we had seen were little frame structures no more than twenty feet square and covered with corrugated iron. This one was made of concrete and had attached to it a municipal laundry. To one side of the train were dozens of women and girls with fruit, prickly pears, peppers, egg plant, and other things in little home made crates. In another hour we again came up into the hill country, passing through one tunnel. Most of the country was simply a wilderness of trees and brush. The only agriculture seen were a few patches of bananas. At one of the stations was a huge pile of mahogany logs. At each little station was a group of people to see the train pass and a favorite diversion of the boys and girls was to walk through the length of the train pushing each other and giggling. They seemed to get three thrills out of it: first, they gave the impression that they were passengers and about to take a trip; second, as they passed down the corridor they gazed into the faces of the passengers with a blasé look as if they were seasoned travellers; and third, when they got off they gave the impression that they had come from somewhere in the great outer world. Some of the girls were rather pretty. A woman passenger sat opposite to and facing me with a girl child about two years old dressed only in a little slip. After an hour or two the little one lay sprawled out in her mothers lap with legs apart and slip drawn up. For the first time in my life I got more than a fleeting glimpse of the beautiful anatomy of a female child. To me it had always seemed a singular thing that so much care is taken in the United States to prevent men and boys from seeing female children exposed, whereas nothing like the universal and systematic care is taken to prevent women and girls from seeing naked male infants. At one point we passed a hill ~~will~~ with good black

soil and some small banana and sugar plantations. A number of fires were burning in the woods in different directions, making the air quite smoky. Then we began to see coffee plantations, some scrub cattle, and razor back pigs. At 11.45 we were passing through a broken mountainous country with coffee plantations and a small stream at the bottom of a gorge. In several places the roadbed had been cut in the side of a steep slope with a drop of more than a thousand feet to the stream bed. We came into a great circular valley surrounded by mountains. Then through some mountains and out on an elevated, undulating, broken plateau also surrounded by mountains. The soil appeared to be of volcanic origin and covered with stones. A little stream flowed over a rocky bed. Occasionally coffee and sugar plantations were seen, all small and not more than an acre in extent. The last part of the journey was through coffee plantations, the plants being rather tall and slender. We crossed a gulch along side of which was a canal of concrete and later on a dam. New steel posts had been set up along the railway, indicating that the road was to be electrified.

We arrived at San Jose at 3 p.m., nearly seven hours after leaving Punta Arenas, a distance of about seventy miles. We went to the Hotel Europa and were pleased to find that two rooms had been reserved. They were moderately large with good beds,running water, electric light, shower bath, and rocking chair. It seemed mighty good to sit in a comfortable chair again. After a sandwich and a bottle of beer I walked around the plaza. Nearly all business houses were closed but I succeeded in finding a small Italian grocery on a side street and purchased his entire stock of twenty cigars. A little boy polished my shoes for five cents. The city was very quiet at that hour. The sky was cloudy and the air quite cool. Mr.Sorensen carried an anemometer which showed the elevation

to be 3,800 feet above sea level. I had a nap in my room. Mr. Sorensen was quite ill after his trip.

Monday, 25 Feb.San Jose; clear and pleasant. Slept so soundly in a comfortable bed that I did not feel like getting up. I called first at the office of the steamship company and ascertained that the S.S.Venezuela would arrive at Punta Arenas on the 28th of February or March first and would leave the next day. I left my card with instructions to engage passage to Panama for me on the first boat to leave. I could find no place to buy new batteries for my flash light. I was somewhat worried because the trunk did not come until noon.

I called at the American Consulate and met the Vice-Consul, Mr.Uncles, who said he had been in Central America more than forty years. He said the director of agriculture was educated in Louisiana and was then in the United States, and that the agricultural bureau was on the edge of the city where there was an agricultural school and experiment station. Then I met the Consul General, Mr.Caffery, who remembered meeting me in Havana two years previously. He said he would have Mr.Uncles look after me and asked that I report what I learned to him before leaving the city. Mr.Uncles at once made an appointment by telephone with the director general of statistics for the ~~following~~ afternoon.

I had luncheon with Mr.Sorensen at the hotel. At 1.30 p.m. Mr.Uncles and I called at the Central Bureau of Statistics and were told that the director was away. The Assistant Director, Sr.Horacio Parra came in and Mr.Uncles left immediately. Sr.Parra was very cordial, promised cooperation, and talked freely about the work of the statistical bureau.

After resting awhile at the hotel I sallied forth to visit the National Museum, which was directly opposite the great opera house.

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dial, promised cooperation, and talked freely about the work of the
statistical bureau.

After leaving cards at the hotel I called forth to visit the
National Museum, which was directly opposite the great opera house.

There I was told that the museum was open only on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays. I stepped into a curio shop near the museum in charge of a mother and daughter, both of whom became much interested when it appeared that I was about to leave without buying anything. They almost held me until the proprietor could come down stairs. He was very courteous. After leaving this place I noticed that a young man was following me. He kept saying "You are from the Hotel Europa; you want to see the museum; the patrone sent me to show you the way," but I was suspicious and in no humor to be followed about by a young man. I walked a few squares farther to a little ~~ark~~ park with a gray temple in the center surrounded by heavy concrete walls. Here the nuisance left me, evidently discouraged.

At the hotel I looked over the information sheet obtained at the Consulate It showed that Costa Rica had an area of 18,400 square miles and a population in 1927 of 472,000, and that San Jose had a population of 51,000, and much other information of a statistical nature. Mr.Uncles said the Costa Rican people would be prosperous if they did not buy luxuries beyond their means.

Had supper with Mr.Sorensen and we sat and talked until 9 p.m. He was exceptionally well informed and full of good natured sarcasm with respect to the people of Central America.

Tuesday, 26 Feb.,San Jose; clear and hot. After breakfst I was joined by the vice-consul and together we went to the San Pedro church on the outskirts of the city near which was the agricultural school and experiment station. The Director, Dr. Iglesias, was then in the United States. We were shown about the place by his secretary, Sr. Calso, a very intelligent young man. We inspected the class rooms, dormitory, library, laboratory,

and the experimental plantings, all on a very small and modest scale. Near the school and the church was a neat pavilion in a little park ~~near~~ by the road.

At luncheon ~~with~~ Mr.Sorensen ~~he~~ told me of friction he was having with a local representative of sawmill outfits and a former preacher from the Canal Zone who objected to Mr.Sorensen's visiting any of his customers. Mr. Sorensen simply smiles, purrs, and goes on his way cutting prices and taking orders, which I suppose is "good business" because ~~it~~ competitive business is simply a form of warfare.

Had a delightful nap in the afternoon and then typed some ~~it~~ letters. Mr.Sorensen and I had supper and spent the evening together very agreeably.

(Wife, 27 Feb.,San Jose, ✓salmon folder)

Wednesday, 27 Feb. San Jose; clear, hot, still day. After breakfast I walked with Mr.Sorensen to the steamship agency. The agent had no information except that the "Venezuela" was expected at Punta Arenas Friday afternoon. Next we went to the governor of San Jose to get a permit to leave for which we paid fifty cents. I stopped at the Canadian bank and cashed a travellers check; also at the cable office to send a message to the Rome office. Then I bought some native cigars at a cent apiece; imported cigars cost from ten cents up and often were no better than the native ones. Finished some letters. I walked over to the consulate. Mr.Uncles reminded me that the Consul wanted a written report. This struck me as being rather singular and a few discreet questions brought out the fact that old Mr.Uncles wanted an expression of appreciation of his services. On returning to the hotel I wrote such a letter. My laundry was returned and I immediately decided to proceed to Punta Arenas and there await the arrival of a southward bound ship. Sent a telegram to the Imperial Hotel asking for a room. Began reading "La Horda" by Ibañez.

Thursday, 28 Feb.San Jose; clear and hot. Had breakfast and bid good bye to Mr.Sorensen. Had the hotel make up a luncheon to take along with me. I succeeded in getting a seat on the crowded train and had a young woman sitting in the seat with me, a seat two small for two persons, which made the ride uncomfortable. It was a long, tiresome, hot, dusty ride. We reached Punta Arenas at 3 p.m..

En route I got acquainted with a young man from Prague named Bik. We got off the train together and had our baggage sent directly to the customhouse because he had been informed that a German ship was in port and we could sail in the afternoon. Upon inquiry of

the agent however we learned that the ship expected was the "Venezuela" and she would not come until the following day. Then we walked through the hot sunshine and sand to the Imperial Hotel where I was fortunate in getting a little room facing the sea. The agent said a visee for Panama was necessary, so Mr. Bik and I called on the Consul of Panama. He was a little man and said condescendingly that as I was an American Citizen I would not need a visee, but Mr.Bik had to have one for which he paid five dollars. We stopped at the customhouse to have our baggage sent to the hotel. Then went out to a pavilion and bathing beach and had a bottle of beer together. In due time our baggage was delivered at the hotel. It was quite pleasant sitting on the veranda overlooking the bay with a breeze blowing. Far to the west were some beautiful mountains covered with delicate blue mist. Anchored in the bay were two American cruisers and five or six submarines and the town was full of men on shore leave. My new acquaintance, Mr.Bik, had a room in the rear, but came through my room and occupied the only rocking chair until 6 p.m. He certainly made himself at home. We had supper together, after which we took a walk. It was 8 pm. when we separated. I had wanted to be alone all the afternoon but could not bring myself to repel this young man who seemed lonely. Near the hotel I found a small shop open and bought a pint of whiskey and a bottle of mineral water. In spite of the fact that the Imperial Hotel was a dilapidated shack I found it very pleasant sitting in a rocking chair on the veranda overlooking the bay, listening to the sound of the surf on the beach, enjoying the cool breeze, and watching the electric lights and signals of the cruisers and submarines strung out on the bay for half a mile.

Mr.Bik said he was in Costa Rica to buy up land on the theory that land values would rise rapidly whenever the United States under-

took to construct the Nicaraguan canal.

For two hours I sat in the rocking chair, smoking, sipping whiskey, and dreaming of home and friends and what I would do when I returned home. The sound of the surf and of the rustling of the fronds of the coconut palms was pleasant, the stars overhead were brilliant, and occasionally voluptuous looking females could be seen in the semidarkness below with men trailing along furtively behind. The eternal comedy. Yes, the same comedy goes on in every city and town in the world--women out on the streets and byways to attract men; men out looking for women; both sexes keeping their distance, until one wonders why after all the uncounted centuries of evolutionary experience the men do not simply walk up to the women, take possession of them and play the comedy out without such a tremendous waste of time, energy, uncertainty, and suspense, in trying to screw their courage up to the point of boldly stepping up to the women, speaking a few words of greeting, linking arms, and enjoying themselves in the way both want to do. Why does society frown upon such amatory encounters and force them to take place in dim darkness, semi-secrecy, and often amid unsanitary surroundings, when all experience shows that such frownings, religious anathemas, and the enforcement of stern laws are futile.

Friday, 1 March, Punta Arena; clear and hot. Up early enough to see the sun rise. It rose red over the mountains to the east. The bay was as smooth as glass and turned to burnished silver after the sun rose.

After breakfast Mr.Bik and I walked to the shipping office and ascertained that the Venezuela was not expected to arrive until the following morning. I returned to the hotel and spent most of the day typing letters, a report on Costa Rica, and my expense account.

After 4 p.m. Mr.Bik and I walked to the bathing pavilion

and found it full of sailors drinking and having a good time. Many of the women and girls of the town were on the beach bathing in the space inclosed by wire netting to keep out the sharks. On the way back we again stopped at the shipping office and were told that the Venezuela was full and could take on no more passengers. The agent had therefore booked us for the "City of Panama" due to arrive between the 6th and the 8th. My companion was very impatient. He heard that an American freighter was to leave in the evening and he proposed to try to get deck passage on her. We then walked across town to a lagoon on the other side where there was a nice little park, and back by way of the Panama Consulate where Mr.Bik got his visee. The sun was extremely hot, but there was a nice breeze. The bay was rippling and sparkling and launches full of sailors in white uniforms were plying back and forth. Groups of these clean looking young men were parading back and forth through the town filling up with drinks and looking for girls, apparently without much success.

At the hotel we sat on my balcony until supper time, had supper together, and again called at the shipping office only to learn that they knew nothing of any boat to leave that night. Mr. Bik was bitterly disappointed. He was with me all day, almost from the time of rising until we went to bed. He said he was studying law and that he would prefer commercial life. I sat up late watching the signal lights on the warships in the harbor.

~~(Secretary General, 2 March, Punta Arenas, salmon folder)~~ omit

Saturday, 2 March,Punta Arenas; hot with light breeze. It was excessively hot in the forenoon. I began reading a book by Ibañez. At 10 a.m. the Venezuela entered the harbor. Mr. Bik went at once to the shipping office and came back highly elated, saying that we could have second class passage on the Venezuela and take our meals in the first class dining room; that we should buy our tickets at 2 p.m., the porters would get our baggage at 4 p.m., and we could go aboard at 6 p.m. Later we walked across town to take some photographs. We had a bottle of beer and I bought a Spanish book to read on the voyage. After luncheon we walked to the shipping office and bought steerage passage to Balboa. There I met a Mr.Anderson from California who had come down from San Jose the day before. At 4 o'clock the porters came for the baggage and we walked through the hot sun to the customhouse to have the baggage passed and pay the wharfage fees. The ticket for steerage passage, two nights and one day, cost me $44.00, and I am quite sure that the steamship company did not carry me at a loss.

These preliminaries settled we walked to the bathing pavilion and had a bottle of beer. The place was full of officers and men from the warships, all drinking and very red in the face. One of them paraded back and forth with a bottle of beer hugged to his bosom and it was obvious that he was both drunk and happy.

We had supper and walked out on the pier at 7 o'clock where there was a long wait for the launch to take us off. Meanwhile many sailors landed, including a brass band. The water was quite rough and we were splashed with spray. We were conducted to berths in the stern one deck below the main deck. After fixing in mind the devious route between these quarters and the upper deck we went up to the smoking lounge and had whiskey and soda, and lemonade. Had a long talk with Mr.Anderson who said he was interested in estab-

lishing a coffee plantation in northern Panama at an elevation of 4,000 feet. While talking I was recognized by a member of a party of tourists from California and they came over and I was introduced. We sat up talking until after midnight. Down in the steerage it was very hot and close. Also the space between the ~~oo~~ cots was so narrow that only one passenger could undress at a time. My sleep was troubled and broken by the oppressive heat.

Sunday, 3 March, to Panama; clear, hazy, and hot. Spent a hot disagreeable night in the crowded steerage. Went up on deck early, found a steward and had a bath and shaved in the wash room, and back to steerage quarters to dress. Then back to the deck where I smoked and dodged the cleaners until the breakfast gong sounded. The steward sat me at a table with one of the officers and several ladies. The ship had a third more passengers than it was supposed to accommodate. The sea was calm and beautiful with many soft lights reflected in its surface. To the east one could see a range of blue mountains.covered with pearly mist. The ship proceeded slowly, there was scarcely any breeze, and the day was oppressively hot. I finished reading "La Horda" and began "Great Voyages of Celebrated Travellers," which was very interesting. We passed several schools of porpoises, some of them leaping higher than a man's head above the water in graceful curves and hitting the water with a splash. Mr. Anderson said that porpoises kill sharks by diving under them and cutting them with their dorsal fins. We passed several islands. The ship was very quiet during the heat of the day, but in the evening there was music and dancing.

Monday, 4 March, to Panama; clear and hot, but with pleasant breeze. I sat up late last night. Many passengers were drinking freely. I was up at 6 a.m., but the ship's time had been set ahead

one hour and I was late for breakfast. There is a difference in ~~tim~~ time of three hours between San Francisco and Panama. The forenoon was very pleasant, with a calm sea, a cool breeze, and the mountains of Panama in sight to the east.

At 2 p.m. we came within sight of Panama Bay and an aeroplane with pilot and mechanic came out and circled close to the ship. At 3 o'clock we passed through the harbor full of U.S. warships and nearly a dozen merchant ships, many of them loaded with lumber. The air was hazy so that not much could be seen of the hills around Balboa and Panama.

I passed through customs quickly, got my baggage trucked through the long shed on the pier to the street, and found a taxi. We drove several miles over hills, good roads, past neat buildings that were evidently used for quarters for officiers and civilian employes; then through the irregular but clean streets of the city of Panama. I went to the Central Hotel facing the park opposite the cathedral. A room had been reserved and as soon as my baggage was delivered I had a shower bath and changed to white duck. I was out of steerage and into clean clothing and felt better. Discovered that a small box containing shirt studs and cuff button was missing. Also some ties were gone. I walked down the street and bought a new tie and some inexpensive buttons. I found that cigars were expensive, about three times the price in the United States. Returned to the hotel and read some newspapers to catch up with the news. Had an excellent supper which I thoroughly enjoyed, and then to my room to sit in pyjamas, smoke and read.

The hotel was full of guests. The city of Panama seemed to be prospering. Nearly every one spoke English. Just after I reached my room a circus parade passed along the street below my window.

There were actors in costume, men and women in carriages, a baby elephant, two babboons as large as an eight yaar old boy, fully dressed in pants, shirts, and caps, and sitting in state in a small carriage with some fifty or more colored boys following them.

Tuesday, 5 March, Panama; clear and hot. I sat up late the night before reading and drafting letters, and then slept well. After breakfast I went to the National City Bank of New York and cashed a check. Learned that a ship would leave next Sunday for Guyaquil, but a reservation could not be made until Thursday. Then to the American Consulate and got a batch of mail. Sister Nellie's letter of February 4th contained a newspaper clipping announcing the marriage of our adopted daughter Thelma to a Mr. Clyde C. Price, chauffer, on January 15 at Baltimore. In other words, she married the day I left Washington without saying a word about it to her foster parents.

After luncheon I took a nap. I was awakened by the telephone from Mr.Anderson asking if I would meet a committee the following morning. Later he rang up to say that he was in the lobby of the hotel. He said that the committee was a commission from Washington composed of Mr.Roberts of the U.S.Mint, Mr.Herbert Brown of the Efficiency Board, and a few others, to study the economic situation of Panama and to recommend legislation that would encourage agriculture. At 4.30 p.m. I called at the Department of Agriculture and Public Works. All the officials I wished to see were out of town.

Wednesday, 6 March, Panama; clear and hot, but with pleasant breeze. Heard mosquitoes in my room during the night. At 10 o'clock I went to the National City Bank and met with the economic commission that was drafting a program for the Panama Government, consist-

ing of Messrs.North and Brown and several members of the staff of the bank. The commission met in a large room on the second floor of the bank. The members asked many questions about the organization of agriculture in other countries, especially Peru, and I suggested that they should get in touch with Dr. W.A.Orton of the Tropical Research Foundation in Washington. Mr.Brown said he had already talked with Mr.Orton and that they had in mind recommending an appropriation of thirty thousand dollars a year with which to make a detailed soil, climatic, and vegetative survey of Panama. Mr. Anderson was present at the hearing and I learned that he was trustee for the Chiriqui Commercial Company of Panama. He talked intelligently of the possibilities of coffee culture in Northern Panama. I suggested the opportunities for truck farming and diversification not only to make Panama selfsustaining agriculturally but to supply the shipping that passed through the canal. The commission invited me to accompany them on a two weeks tour of the country, but I felt that I could not spare the time.

After luncheon I took a nap in a rocking chair. At 3 o'clock I visited the Department of Agriculture and Public Works and saw Sr. Don Antonio Diez. His office was in some disorder because it was being remodelled. He expessed a great desire to cooperate in the census which he said was badly needed, but he was very pessimistic because of failure to secure additional funds for his bureau. I learned incidentally that his salary was $275 per month and that he cleared $1,200 a month additional from his bakery business and his dairy and poultry farm. After our interview he took me into the adjoining office and introduced me to Sr. Don Carlos Quintero, Assistant Secretary of the Department, a young man of good appearance who graduated as an agricultural engineer in the University of Louisiana. He said that under the law of Panama a census was to be

taken in 1930 and that it would include agriculture; also that his department had submitted a project for a soil survey.

At the hotel I wrote some letters home. After supper I went out to mail the letters. Then walked down the central avenue almost to the end and part way back. I stepped into a cabaret and had a bottle of beer. The place was full of sailors from the fleet. There were several good looking girls and some of the sailors danced with them. However, most of the sailors were very quiet, as though they had come in to rest rather than dance or carouse. At 11 p.m. I walked back to the hotel through deserted streets. The city was very quiet.

(Wife, March 6, Panama, salmon folder)

(Thelma, same.

(Mother, same.

Thursday, 7 March, Panama; clear and hot. After breakfast I went to the office of the North German Lloyd Steamship Company and purchased passage to Guyaquil on the S.S.Manizales, leaving the next Sunday, for which I paid $85.00. This was the only ship bound for that ~~pr~~ port in the near future. Stopped at the Information Bureau of the National City Bank to ask how to go to the Canal Zone Agricultural Experiment Station and the lady in charge, Mrs. Reynolds, promised to find out. Got prints of my photographs which were fairly satisfactory. Bought some powder with which to whiten my Panama hat. Upon inquiry I ascertained that each one of the gentlemen whom the Pan American Union wished me to interview was out of the city.

After luncheon took a nap. Oppressively hot inside and outside the hotel. Called at the Information Bureau and was told that Summit, the railway station near the experimental farm, was about twelve miles from the city. I walked out to Ancon and saw some pretty villas and a large school. Then to a cabaret and had a bottle of beer and watched the sailors dressed in white file in by the dozen, sit awhile, and go out. They were spending very little money and were very quiet. Spent the rest of the afternoon drafting reports. Had a telephone message from Mr.Higgins, in charge of the experiment station, saying he would call for me the following morning.

Friday, 8 March, Panama; bright forenoon with lovely breeze, turning hot in afternoon, followed by heavy rain. After breakfast Mr.Edward Higgins, agronomist in charge of the work agricultural work in the Canal Zone, a former professor of agronomy at the University of Manilla, called and took me in his car over a good road to the plant gardens at Summit. The road followed the canal and the railway through several villages with large school houses with broad

verandas inclosed by mosquito netting. The country is broken into a wilderness of little mountains, some of them wooded and others covered with coarse grass, and a few of them had been burned over recently. The canal itself was interesting, especially when great ocean liners were passing through.

Summit was simply a stopping place on the railway. The gardens contained one hundred acres of hill land of hard red clay that in the dry season is crisscrossed with wide deep cracks. The office building was a one story wooden structure that stood high on posts with a screened veranda in front. It was surrounded with ornamental plantings. Masses of gorgeous hibiscus and Bougainvilla were in full bloom. We spent about two hours walking about the grounds and inspeting the experimental plantings which were very interesting.

I spent the afternoon writing letters.

(Editor,Grocery and Provision Merchants,8 Mch.Panama,salmon fldr.

~~(J.K.Montgomery, same.~~ omit

~~(Longobardi, same.~~ "

~~(Orton, same.~~ "

~~(Secretary General, same.~~ "

(Mother, same

"Panama City, Paama, 8 March 1929.

"The Editor,
Grocery and Provision Merchant,
Regent House and Kingsway,
London, W.C.2, England.

"Dear Sir:

"Your letter of January 14 was forwarded from my Rome office and has just reached me. I am interested primarily in promoting the taking of a world agricultural census in 1930 for the International Institute of Agriculture, and only incidentally in the problem your letter suggests as to whether the world's food resources are increasing in proportion to the growth of population.

"May I suggest that before that problem is seriously considered there are two other much more pressing problems that should first be solved, namely, (1) better methods and means of distribution, consumption, and prices for the burdensome agricultural production and surpluses in most countries of the world; and (2) population and development of continental wildernesses such as exist in South America, South Africa, Siberia, and Australia, Borneo, etc.

"Personally I am convinced that the average available food supply per capita is greater now than it has ever been in the past and that it will continue to increase indefinitely in the future. For this reason I would commend the two problems I have mentioned to the earnest and concentrated attention of economists and people who suffer from Malthusian food shortage nightmares.

Very truly yours,

"Leon M. Estabrook,

"Director, World Agricultural
"Census Project.

Saturday, 9 March, Panama; clear and hot. I called at the office of the steamship company to find out when the ship would arrive and depart and was told to come the next morning. I went to the consulate and found a letter from mother saying that wife had been ill. Visited Mr.Peck, the Commercial Attache, who said that the best part of Panama is in the Province of Chiriqui, and that the development in that province is by the English, Norwegians, and Americans, and that the ignorant natives have raised the cry that the foreigners were taking their land away from them. The result was that the foreigners were harassed in various ways in the courts. Called at a cigar store where the proprietor had promissed to have one hundred cigars of a certain make ready for me, but the clerk knew nothing about it.

After luncheon and a nap I was interviewed by a reporter from the Star and ~~Household~~ Herald. He said he was from Rome, Georgia, and had traveled about the last two or three years, including a visit to Australia and Siam. After he left I started out to find some cheap cigars and bought the entire stock of a dealer.

After supper I visited a cabaret and drank a bottle of beer while listening to some atrocious jazz and watching the dancing. There were several good looking women present who danced well. One of them played a large accordion and danced to her own music and was much applauded. A young man gave an exhibition of fancy dancing. The place was full of naval officers and men from the fleet. One couple attracted much attention, a handsome naval officer of middle age and a very beautiful woman of about forty, who danced the length of the floor and back in a sort of gallop, like a pair of pure bred horses, keeping perfect time to the music. It was the most spirited dance I ever ~~saw~~ saw. I returned to the hotel at 10.30 p.m.

Sunday, 10 March,Panama; clear and hot. After breakfast I packed up my things. Read the result of my interview of yesterday in the Star and Herald wherein I was referred to as the "savant." Visited the ship agency and was told the Manisales had entered the harbor in the early morning and would probably reach Balboa late in the afternoon, and that I should call about noon to find out when I could go aboard. I did so and was asked to call between 5 and 6 o'clock.

After a nap in the afternoon I walked across to a cabaret. The beautiful woman who danced the evening before was present and dancing occasionally. She seemed even more beautiful than when I first saw her, and evidently she was somewhat fastidious because she declined many invitations to dance. Between dances she walked slowly about as if on an inspection tour. She stopped for a moment near my table and when I looked up she smiled and asked if she might sit at my table. As she sank into a chair she said she was very tired. I asked if she would have something to drink and she said "A punch, please." She was a woman of perfect form and lovely curves which were half revealed by thin garments, a beautiful face, large dark eyes, and a shock of black curley hair. She said she was dead tired because she had only two hours sleep in the twenty-four since the arrival of the fleet; that she never wanted to see a sailor again as long as she lived; that she had come to Panama nine months before from Los Angeles; and that after the fleet left the following day she proposed to sleep straight through until she was rested even if it took a solid week.

Again I tried to find some small cheap cigars, but without success. I noted that the prices of all things in Panama were very high, probably because it had become a tourist city and tourists

spend money freely in a desperate ~~t~~ attempt to get souvenirs in a short space of time.

At 6 o'clock I telephoned the shipping agency but could get no reply. However, the hotel clerk said the ship would leave about 9 p.m. and that passengers should be on the dock at 8.30. After supper I took a taxi with my baggage and reached the dock at Balboa at 8 p.m. There I and other passengers waited until 9.30 for the launch to transfer us to the ship which was anchored well ~~at~~ out in the harbor.

While waiting I had a curious experience: After the baggage had been weighed, tagged, and various charges paid, it was carried down some steps to what appeared to be a solid concrete platform. For awhile I walked up and down this platform, watching the lights in the harbor and occasionally talking to other waiting passengers. A large ocean going tug passed near that sent a series of waves against the ~~pa~~ platform. Suddenly I had a queer sensation. The pier and the buildings seemed to waver before my eyes and to change their position and I felt unsteady on my legs. Could it be possible that the glass of beer I had drank half an hour before had gone to my head? Incredible, and yet there was no question about it, the buildings were actually moving and my legs were unsteady and my body was swaying. Then I noticed that what I had assumed was a solid concrete wharf was simply a floating dock covered with a concrete surface and that it rose and fell with the swell of the harbor. Before I made this discovery I felt as a person would who thought he was standing on a concrete sidewalk and suddenly saw the buildings on both sides of the street begin to rise and fall and sway in a sort of rythmic motion. All of which goes to illustrate Einstein's theory of relativity.

At last the launch came and we were transferred across the bay to the Manazelas, which was moving slowly through the harbor. Climbing up the gang plank I was conducted to cabin No.11 on the little top deck that was reached by a step ladder. There were only two porters and the passengers had to pick out their own baggage from a pile of trunks and suitcases on the forward deck. The ship was a small one and the cabins were arranged in the form of a square. Only one toilet was available for the whole ship. The dining room was about twenty feet square and the passengers had to take turns in being served. I quickly ascertained that there were no cigars or tobacco on board. The ship did not pause in its slow movement across the harbor and was soon under full steam. It was very dark and the lights of the great American fleet were very pretty. I had as a fellow passenger in my cabin a boy about ten years old whose parents, Mr.and Mrs.McCullough of Washington, occupied the adjoining cabin. Mr. McCullough was with an oil company operating in Colombia. After getting settled I joined a group of passengers in the dining room who were all drinking beer at fifty cents a bottle. It was an interesting group, most of them having traveled extensively, and we sat up until after midnight.

Monday, 11 March, to Guyaquil; fair and hazy with slightly agitated sea. All day we were out of sight of land. I elected to join a group of construction men in the first service for meals. The food was plentiful but poor. The beer was excellent. The deck space was so small that there was no place to walk. All cabins were full and all berths occupied. Reading in a desultory way "Great voyages of Celebrated Travellers" by Jules Vern. The group of engineers talked enthusiastically about the opportunities in the mines of Colombia, about the emerald mines and the strict measures taken to prevent smuggling, the high tariffs, and the harsh measures of the customs

They said that practically all the food in Colombia is imported from the United States. I saw little of the McCulloughs from Washington as they kept strictly to themselves. One of the officers said some of the passengers would leave the ship at Buena Ventura and relieve the congestion somewhat.

Tuesday, 12 March,Buenaventura; partly cloudy and threatening rain. Early in the morning we drew in sight of the mountains of Colombia. As we gradually approached the coast we could see that the mountains were green with verdure, and finally a beach became visible. The sea was as smooth as a mirror river. At 10 a.m. we entered a long harbor about a mile wide in which were several ships and many boats. The port officials came aboard and passports were viseed. On the main deck a group of British and Americans got into an argument about the relations of the United States and Europe. I settled the argument by challenging any one present or absent to state a single feature of culture or civilization in which Europeans take such pride that did not belong to Americans by common heritage quite as much as to Europeans.

We had luncheon on the ship. The captain sat at the same table and when I asked him why it was his ship went on rather long voyages without tobacco, especially cigars, instead of explaining he said he could let me have some cherroots. I bought a box of one hundred from him. I went ashore with a party of three others. The town of Buenaventura is on an island and was becoming quite a business center. Near the wharf and customhouse was an ornate hotel painted white and a single long unpaved street went through the center of town. We walked up this street and perspired freely from the exertion and heat. I bought some postcards and another supply of cigars. Then we stopped in a hotel saloon and had several bottles of beer.

Although it was excessively hot in town it was comparatively

pleasant in the harbor. I had hoped to have the cabin to myself when the McCøulloughs and about twenty other passengers left, but instead a Mr.Smullens from California joined me. He was a young, florid, good natured giant of German-Irish parentage from Pennsylvania, but had lived in California many years and came to South America as a representative of the Standard Oil Co. Among the passengers was a Colombian lady with a child and a pet monkey or marmoset not more than four inches long with a cunning little face and a long tail with white and black bars across it. It seemed to be very affectionate. I sat up rather late with Mr.Smullens enjoying the coolness of the night in the harbor.

Wednesday, 13 March, to Guyaquil; cloudy, cool breeze, springlike, and sea slightly agitated. Woke up at 6 a.m. Saw an immense school of small black fish. Breakfast at 8.30. Continued reading "Celebrated Voyages." Later reading a copy of the Saturday Evening Post loaned by Mr.Smullens. At noon we passed through a channel bordered on both side by mangrove jungle, swamps, and white beaches exposed by the receding tide. At 1.30 p.m. we reached Tunaco and anchored in midchannel. The light was too poor for a photograph of the place. A port doctor came out in a row boat followed by half a dozen dug out canoes. A hydroplane zoomed over the little town, landed in the still harbor, remained for an hour, and resumed its flight. The town straggles along a beach on an island covered with coconut palms at one end with the town at the other. It was said to have four thousand inhabitants, which was hard to believe. There were several two story buildings, a church, a public building of some sort, and the rest seemed to be huts set on piles. Looking down the channel one saw a light house on a spit of sand, gleaming waters, palm groves, dugout canoes mounted by Indians or haldbreeds. Many of the canoes were full of bananas and green colored

oranges. All oranges in this section were green in color, even when ripe. The tide raced out and then raced back again, flowing through the channel as swiftly as a river, with a difference of level of nearly eighteen feet. The town on one side and the light house on the other with stately palm groves on both sides and the harbor between was a pretty sight in the afternoon sunlight. Half a mile out one could see where the swell of the ocean struck a sand bar and dashed over it with a great roar and spouting of surf. Our ship was of 650 net tonnage and discharged more than one hundred tons at this little place, mostly gasolene and kerosene.

Mr. Smullens told many interesting things about the oil business and the mechanics of drilling the wells, the fortunes made and lost, and of fakirs and the various devices for discovering oil. After dark a pilot steered the ship through the channel and then the captain took charge. We seemed to circle the island and for more than an hour we could see the lights of the town.

Thursday, 14 March, to Guyaquil; partly cloudy. Did not sleep well because of the irritation caused by an attack of eczema. Got up twice and stood on the little deck to smoke. Got up early and while shaving saw a whale spouting about a quarter of a mile away. For a quarter of an hour it swam parallel with the ship and from time to time its black bulk rose high out of the water. I lost sight of him when he dived head down and his tail raised straight out of the water. It was quite cool and the little clouds overhead had a wintry look. We gradually approached the mountainous coast and beyond the first range we could occasionally glimpse the towering Andes.

About 9 a.m. we reached the harbor of Esmeralda. It is an open harbor at the mouth of a river about two miles wide where

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About 9 a.m. we reached the harbor of Samanilla. It is an open harbor at the mouth of a river about two miles wide where

the ship came to anchor over the ~~cone~~ crater of a submerged volcano. It is surrounded by hills and mountains covered with tropical verdure, with a border of low land along the beach and beautiful groves of stately palms. On one side were a few small bamboo huts and on the other the town of Esmeralda, a hospital, a concrete cable station, and about a mile away the little Indian village of La Palmas. The harbor was said to be over the crater of a volcano ~~and~~ of great depth with steep sides. The ship dropped her anchor the full length of the chain without touching bottom and continued to drift until the anchor caught on the side of the crater. A muddy river discolored the water far out into the ocean. Silt had filled up the mouth of the river ~~with sand bars~~. The river flows across the crater and deposits silt on the outer rim making sand bars. The sand bars, the poor anchorage, and the exposed position, made the harbor a dangerous one. An eighteen foot tide rushes in and out with the speed of a mill race.

A launch came out and Mr.Smullens, a quiet English commercial traveller, and I went ashore in it, the captain cautioning us to be back before 1 p.m. Heading against the swift current of the river and the outgoing tide the launch made slow headway. When finally we reached the little plank landing extending only a few feet into the muddy river and were about to leave the launch we learned from the pilot for the first time that it would not return until 4 p.m. because of the tide and dangerous currents. He suggested that if our ship was to leave at 1 p.m. we had best walk to Las Palmas and hire a canoe to take us out. We walked down the wide street to a shipping agency and bought some cigars at five to the dollar. Then we followed the central avenue through the town. Except for a concrete walk in the middle it was unpaved and grown up to weeds and grass. The houses along this avenue were two story in height, the second story

projecting beyond the first, the front made of planks painted, the sides made of split bamboo, and the roofs of palm fronds or tin. Many of the smaller houses were covered with thatch made of palm leaves that were thin and dry and very inflamable. On the hills above the town were patches of maize in the roasting ear stage, and some of the houses on the outskirts had little vegetable gardens. The ~~town~~ town had the appearance of once having had a boom that had subsided and left it without much business. We were told that this was due to the fact that some years ago Esmeralda was the principal port for the export of vegetable ivory nuts that come from the Tiquia palm and from which buttons are made. The nuts are about the size of a black walnut before the shell is removed. We saw a ton or more of cocoa beans drying on tarpaulins in the middle of one of the streets, and several carloads of the Tiquia nuts in a vacant lot being sorted by black Indian or negroe women. A large percentage of the inhabitants were black or almost black. We stopped at a small restaurant and had a half bottle of warm beer apiece. The town was without ice. The proprietor wound up a wheezy phonograph for our benefit.

We followed the concrete walk in the middle of the avenue, passed a small park with a band stand and a grove of coconut palms, passed a little wooden church, out beyond the outskirts of the town and across a ravine that was a tangle of tropical growth and woods, to avoid which we followed a dirt road. The soil was black muck baked hard as stone and very rough. The road followed the general direction of the beach. Much of the wilderness had been cleared off for a banana plantation. We saw some wild rubber trees. Most of the trees were covered with parasitic plants of many species. I saw an ants nest as big as a bushel basket and as black as ink on a tree. It was very hot on the road until we came to the top of a small hill and caught a breath of the sea breeze. We passed through the little

village of Las Palmas where I took some pictures. I tried to get a snap shot of a little Indian girl that was nearly naked but she caught sight of me and ran away. On the beach were two schooner rigged boats that looked as if they were a hundred years old, but we learned that they were only eight years old. They looked old because they had never been painted and the climate and insects were hard on them. They were undergoing repairs and I asked one of the workmen if we could hire some one to take us out to the ship. He told one of his helpers and a boy to take us out. He led us to a small dugout canoe twelve or fourteen feet long, about eighteen inches wide, and twelve inches deep, with a round smooth bottom. I asked if it was safe and the young man replied that it was. Mr. Smullens,the large man, sat in the middle, I sat in front of him, and the Englishman behind, with the boy at the prow and the young man at the stern. Thus loaded the canoe had a clearance of only a few inches above the water line. We sat flat on the bottom. When we swung out into the current of the outgoing tide the canoe gathered speed and the crew simply guided it in the right direction with their paddles. We had not gone a hundred yards before we wished we had not ventured. We discovered that the outgoing tide and river were met by a strong current from the opposite direction which resulted in a great whirlpool and choppy waves. Every instant the waves splashed over the low sides of the canoe and we were soon wet through. We did not dare move and had to sit still while the water ran down into our shoes. The swirling whirlpool was full of floating logs, sticks, palms, braches, and other debris brought down by the river. We held our breath many times and Smullens and I made facetious remarks to relieve the nervous tension, but our English companion said not a word. The great whirlpool was at least half a mile across,

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swirling rapidly and with fury, and its center seemed to be much lower than the surrounding flood so that it was like looking down hill and I could not help but wonder what would happen if the canoe was farther down the slope. However the pilot kept the canoe near the outer edge. ~~Now~~ At last we drew alongside the ship. Because of the cargo discharged the previous day the ship stood high out of the water and to reach the foot of the ~~xxxx~~ ladder we had to stand upright in the precarious canoe. This was not an easy task for landsmen in a choppy sea. However, each of us succeeded in standing up, laying hold of the little platform at the bottom of the ladder, laying over it and carefully crawling up without tipping the canoe over. Our white suits that were so fresh and immaculate in the morning were a sad sight, wet and dripping when we reached the deck. Our progress and boarding were watched with much interest by the captain, the crew and the passengers. The captain said it was a very dangerous trip to make in a canoe, especially as the harbor was infested with sharks. He said that only recently a steward had fallen overboard and although he was a strong swimmer he never reappeared.

We changed clothing and went down to the dining room to celebrate our adventure with a bottle of beer. After luncheon we sat on the little deck space and watched the swirling waters and drift wood floating by. At 3 o'clock the captain of the port came out in a launch with a few passengers. The ship got under way at 3.50 p.m. and after turning around headed directly out to sea. Blue water could just be seen on the horizon. The mountains back of Esmeralda showed soft ~~colors~~ shades of green with darker shades in the ravines and ~~gulch~~ gulches. The sun was shining and there was a good breeze. We saw many schools of fish which the captain said were driven to the surface by larger fish from below. The temperature fell constantly so that

we were chilly. I got out a jacket which I wore with comfort until evening. We had an exceptionally good dinner and when I remarked about it the captain said it was because Thursday is the sailors Sunday. There was a good salad, fried chicken, fried potatoes, asparagus, ~~choc~~ chesse, pudding, coffee, and wine. In addition most of the passengers ordered a bottle of beer.

Friday, 15 March, Bahia de Caroguez; hot in the forenoon and heavy showers. Awoke early because of the whistle, talking in Spanish, and pounding on the deck overhead. We were anchored in a bay at least a mile from the mountainous shore. Evidently there was a river coming out between the hills because the water was discolored for a considerable distance. Only a few houses were visible. The ship was to be here so short a time there was no opportunity to go ashore. We were at this port several hours and it was beastly hot.

About noon the ship left and headed for the near by port of Manta where we arrived at 2.30 p.m. The place is on a long shallow bay with a beach of yellow sand and a flat plain running back about ten miles to the mountains. A great mountain serves as a backgrouhd to the little town scattered along the beach. I felt much indisposed by the extreme heat and a complication of symptoms. Ate no supper and retired early.

Saturday, 16 March, Bolivar; a lovely forenoon with pleasant temperature, a nice breeze, and a smooth sea. Overhead the sky was decorated with thin fleecy white clouds. Far off we could see some bluish green islands under great masses of cumulous clouds. The glassy surface of the silvery sea was broken in many places by leaping fish that rose and splashed in graceful curves above the surface and when they disappeared wavelets would spread in ever widening circles. Thousands of waterfowl flew in long lines so low that their wings almost seemed to touch the water. I watched them closely and for a

long time and never saw one catch a fish. A large sea turtle stuck his head out of the water and looked calmly about as he slowly swam away. A few logs and pieces of wood were floating about and occasionally sea gulls would rest on them. Feeling much better with the change in temperature.

At 11 o'clock we could distinguish the little town of Bolivar in the distance. We were in a great bay all the forenoon. On the others side were several islands and on the land side was a low wooded country, and beyond the Andes lifted their blue peaks high above the cumulous clouds. As we proceeded farther into the bay the water became muddy in color, showing that a river emptied into it. The coast was a most attractive one. We reached Bolivar about noon. I was told that it contained about two thousand inhabitants, but I could count only twenty houses. There was a small steel pier to which was tied a tug boat. This little port exports cocoa brought in from the interior. Back of the town was a mangrove swamp. The Andes rise about twenty miles from the town. Here, as with many other Pacific coast ports, there is great variation in the tides and when the tide is out a great expanse of mud flats is exposed. Our ship anchored well out in the bay and a tub of a sailing boat came out for some freight. The little freighter was manned by a villainous looking crew and the captain warned us to keep our cabin doors closed and locked because if any of the crew came on board he would help himself to anything he saw. After luncheon a boat load of young people, including several very pretty young women, came out to inspect our diminutive ship.

We left Bolivar at 3.30 p.m. and took a northeast course. At dusk we entered a small river and anchored for the night. Our party sat up late, drank beer and cherry brandy, smoked, and told stories. Mr.Smullens said it was his birthday and there were more

drinks to his health and happiness. The little English commercial traveler who sold silks had with him a demure looking French girl whom he introduced as his secretary. They occupied the same cabin. Usally she was very reserved in her attitude toward the other passengers and kept in the background, but this evening she sat with her man and tried to restrain him from drinking too much. It was evident that he was in a fair way to become very drunk. It was long after midnight when we retired.

Sunday, 17 March,Guyaquil; hot. I awoke at 7 a.m. and found that the ship was going up a river about as wide as the Potomac at Washington, muddy and full of floating water hyacinths. The banks on both sides were flat and green with vegetation.

We reached Guyaquil at 11 a.m.While waiting for the port officials to come out the captain treated us all to beer. At the customhouse the inspector proposed to tax my cheap Ecuadorean cigars that I purchased at Buenaventura more than their original cost. To avoid vexatious delay and the payment of an exorbitant duty I offerred to present the box to the inspector, which he accepted gracefully and promptly passed my baggage without inspection. Porters carried the baggage to the Tivoli Hotel on the main street.

Guyaquil has a long water front of two story buildings facing the river. Through the center of the city at right angles to the river is a broad avenue, well paved and lighted, that ends in a small ornamental park. The side streets were not paved, were exceedingly rough, and sidewalks were either broken or nonexistent. Many of the houses were of split bamboo and tilted over in various directions. The lower stories were indescribably dirty. There seemed to be a surprisingly large number of señoritas on the streets.

At the hotel Mr.Smullens and I had to take a room together.

The luncheon was fairly good. After luncheon we took a much needed nap, followed by a shower bath. When I returned from the bath I found the door locked, Mr.Smullens having stepped out, closed the door, which had a spring lock. It was opened for me by a waiter. I sent the porter out to buy a railway ticket for me to QÜito, and then walked up the central avenue to the park. It was decorated with ornamental plants and shrubs, and a great monument to the "Fathers of Liberty, 1920." I walked back through some of the side streets, which were in bad condition and the houses very dirty. In some places in the street there were ponds and mud covered with a thick putrid green scum. The heat was great. One did not feel it so much sitting or standing still but the slightest exercise brought perspiration in copious streams. The men and women on the streets were somewhat undersized, but appeared to be good natured. Their dress was much like that seen in American cities.

Near the hotel I met our English fellow passenger and his French secretary, looking just a little touseled. He was obviously tipsy. She said they had gone directly from the landing to the hotel without their baggage and when they returned two hours later for it they found the customhouse closed until the following day, until which time they would have to get along with the clothes they were wearing. It was Sunday and all shops were closed so they could buy nothing.

Monday, 18 March, Guyaquil; cloudy and threatening rain. Up at 5 a.m. While dressing porters came for the baggage. Had a light breakfast and Smullens and I walked to the wharf. The baggage of passengers had been piled in a miscellaneous heap on the deck of an old wheezy steamboat. Our hotel porter was trying to find our baggage. He announced that my trunk could not go because of a landslide up the line and the railway had announced they would accept nothing

(1929. March. Guayaquil.)

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Over the hotel I met our fellow passenger and his French secretary. Looking just a little toasted. He was cheerful enough. He said they had come directly from the landing to the hotel without their baggage and when they returned two hours later for it they found the customhouse closed until the following day. Until which time they would have to get along with the clothes they were wearing. It was dreary and all shops were closed so they could buy nothing.

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weighing more than one hundred pounds, ~~should be accepted~~. The boat chugged slowly up and across the river. At the railway station on the other side it developed that the train was full and our porter had not reserved seats for us; also that my large canvas roll that I had bought in India for bedding and in which I had two weeks laundry and a lot of spare clothing, including an expensive steamer rug and vicuna pyjamas, was missing. At least it could not be found. A young Scotch employe, Mr.Dunn, born in Ecuador ~~of Scotch parentage~~, helped us out by getting reserved seats; also when he saw that I was leaving my trunk and clothing roll behind and was dressed only in thin linen, he rushed into his office and came back with a heavy woolen sweater that he insisted I should take along with me, saying I could return it on the trip back. Fortunately also I had removed my overcoat from the missing dunnage bag as a precaution against lower temperatures higher up.

The train left at 7.30 a.m. and for more than an hour went through a swamp half submerged and full of all kinds of aquatic ~~water~~ plants. The hybiscus and water lilies were in bloom. Next we passed through a flat section, mostly in sugar cane, and we saw ~~passed~~ several sugar mills. Near one of the mills were gardens full of ornamental plants, including roses. We passed through several towns with houses made of split bamboo and resting ~~sitting~~ on posts ten to fifteen feet above the ground The streets were muddy, with water, mud, and green scum standing under the houses on stilts. We crossed several streams that were muddy and overflowing their banks. The country was attractive because of the luxurious vegetation and greenness. We saw some coconut groves, as well as banana and cocoa plantations. The cocoa trees had recently been attacked by a disease called "witch's broom" which had greatly reduced production and many of the trees looked as if they were dying.

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The train left at 7.30 a.m. and for more than an hour went through a swamp held submerged and full of all kinds of native plants. The hyacinths and water lilies were in bloom. Next we passed through a flat section, mostly in sugar cane, and saw several sugar mills. Near one of the mills were gardens full of ornamental plants, including roses. We passed through several towns with houses made of split bamboo and thatch on posts ten to fifteen feet above the ground. The streets were muddy, with water, mud, and green scum standing under the houses on stilts. We crossed several streams that were muddy and overflowing their banks. The country was attractive because of the luxuriant vegetation and greenness. We saw some coconut groves, as well as banana and cocoa plantations. The cocoa trees had recently been attacked by a disease called Witch's Broom, which has greatly reduced production and many of the trees looked as if they were dying

The coconut palms had been attacked by an insect that bores through the crown and kills the top. The bananas were subject to the "Panama disease."

At 9 a.m. we passed through Venesia near which I saw a herd of long horned cattle. Gradually the road began to ascend into the mountains. The land was covered with rank vegetation and there were thousands of the beautiful travellers palms that look like enormous fans. The small towns and villages were rather close together and all much dilapidated. We were at the base of the Andes but their summits could not be seen because of the mists. At 10.30 a.m. the train stopped at Busoy, a little village with some railroad shops. Here it was announced we would wait until 1 p.m. because a crew of four hundred men were trying to clear out a landslide farther on. We got out and had a miserable luncheon of rice soup, a piece of boiled meat that was so like rubber that I could not cut it with a knife, and no desert but essense of coffee--coffee boiled to a paste at some past time and served by diluting it with hot water. We walked up and down the track until we were tired. The houses were made of split bamboo, some of which were eighteen inches wide.

The train left at 12.20 p.m. and for some miles followed a small mountain torrent of muddy water and steep slopes on both sides covered with a great variety of vegetation, but there was no sign of bird or other form of animal life. At 1 p.m. the train stopped in a deep gorge at the side of the tumultuous mountain brook. Just ahead was where the landslide had occurred and burried the track with many tons of rock and earth. As fast as the earth was removed fresh earth slid down to replace it. After waiting an hour at this point the train got past the obstruction and proceeded slowly and with difficulty. The grade was steep, the rails slippery and wet,

and from time to time the drive wheels of the engine spun round and round without gripping the rails. Occasionally the train even slid backward. In this way the train gradually worked its way up the gulch. At one point we were stalled for half an hour. At 3.20 p.m., after slipping back many times, we reached Huigra, a little village in an opening between steep mountain slopes. Here were many little, squat, meek looking Indians with coal black hair. At 4.10 p.m. the train stopped on a bridge across a roaring torrent and it was reported that there was another landslide ahead. It began to get dark and cold and I put on the heavy sweater and overcoat. At 7.30 p.m. we were still at the same spot. The walls of the cañon rose almost perpendicularly and it was so dark in the cañon that the narrow strip of night sky above looked light by comparison. The air quivered with the continuous roar of the torrent. Fireflies flitted about in the shrubs on the steep slopes. We heard many explosions and understood that the crew was blasting away rock and earth that had fallen on the track. ~~After remaining in one spot~~ Many hours after dark the train advanced a few miles and ran into another slide. This one had big boulders in it which took much digging and several charges of dynamite to remove. It was a long drawn out night. We passed the highest point at about 11,000 feet elevation. After passing this point I was conscious of a rush of blood to the head and a tickling in the skin.

Tuesday, 19 March, Riobamba. We arrived at Riobamba at 4 a.m. instead of 6 p.m. the previous evening as per schedule. We had had ~~no~~ nothing to eat since the scrappy luncheon the previous day and were very stiff and cold. There was some confusion at the station, but the hotel porter said our baggage might remain in the coach. However, this was too much risk, so we took our hand baggage with us and walked

across the plaza to the Metropolitan Hotel. Although we had telegraphed for reservations the previous day all room s were occupied. We went into the washroom, changed some of our clothing, washed up, and had a breakfast of ham and eggs, rolls and coffee. It was quite cold, but in the lobby of the hotel was a wood burning stove where we managed to keep warm. We hugged the stove until 6.30 a.m. when we returned to the cold coach.

The train left at 6.40 a.m. and was soon out over an undulating ~~plain~~ plateau of gardens planted with vegetables, maize, wheat, alfalfa, eucalyptus and fruit trees. As we proceeded the country became more broken, with volcanic sandy soil of a dark brown color, with high hills and rounded mountains showing through the clouds. At 7.30 a.m. we had a magnificent view of Chimborazo towering high and snow white ~~and high~~ into the sky. Near it were several rounded mountains cultivated to their summits and looking like brown checkerboards. There were many wild flowers. The country looked very dry.

At 10.15 a.m. we came to Ambata in the same undulating volcanic country that was terraced and irrigated in many places. Eucalyptus trees had been planted and added much to the appearance of the landscape. Many of the small fields were separated by rows of hennequin. Some of the farms had small flocks of sheep in pens, and occasionally a few pigs and geese were to be seen. Instead of horses one saw a few donkeys and llamas. The Indian laborers lived in little mud or straw huts without windows or furniture. They were a thick set people and many of them wore red shawls or ponchos. The women carried their babies slung in a piece of cloth across their backs. Both men and women were barefooted and they passed along the country roads in groups in a sort of dog trot that took them over

the ground quickly. At each station was a crowd of Indians and half bloods. The crops looked very poor. Apparently neither maize nor wheat would make as much as ten bushels per acre. Some horse-beans and lupinss were seen. It wasá a strange looking country of vast distances and elevated heights. One of the passengers, an old man from Cuba, said there had been an uprising of Indians the week before. A band surrounded a troop of police which had to shoot its way out, killing over three hundred of the Indians. Also he said the conductors and ticket agents of the railway got rich by cheating the company. A rule of the company required that tickets should not be put on sale until thirty minutes before train time. The ticket agent would keep the window closed so that passengers could not purchase tickets and would have to pay cash fares on the train. The conductor on the train would overcharge some passengers and fail to report others and divide the proceeds with the ticket agent. He told of a brakesman who made a fortune by getting an option on land in the only valley through the railway could pass and then sold out to the company at a handsome profit. At one of the stations where the train stopped were many women with fruit for sale, peaches, apricots, apples, tangerines, and oranges, all inferior in size and appearance. Such fruit would scarcely sell for any price in the United States.

We continued to cross a high plateau, a rolling open country, with a deep gorge or valley in the center and rounded, green, treeless mountains on all sides. The high mountains beyond were partially covered with clouds. From time to time we had glimpses of Cotopaxi as the clouds opened for a moment and then closed again. The valley appeared to be about twenty miles wide and was attractive because of green fields of wheat, maize, potatoes, and

meadows. As we approached Quito small flocks of sheep became more numerous, together with larger farms and herds of long horned cattle. It was a pleasing sweeping landscape. Very few people were to be seen except at the little railway stations. We learned later that it was a fiesta day.

In the same coach was an ex-Cuban commissioner who talked without interruption in a squeaky voice for hours and hours. Also there were two Ecuadorean girls who were very pretty, very animated, and very talkative.

We reached Quito at 5 p.m., having been nearly thirty-six hours on the train without sleep. The approach to the city was attractive. It is up in a valley between low hills, grass covered and green, with rows of stately eucalyptus trees scattered about. The railway station was in a hollow and the taxi had to climb hills for a considerable distance before reaching the business section. Many native Indians wearing red shawls were to be seen on the streets. The streets were narrow, but there was a pretty public plaza and many picturesque cathedrals.

We went first to the Metropolitan Hotel to which we had telegraphed in advance for reservations, but all rooms were taken. Then we went to the Savoy Hotel, with the same unsatisfactory result. We were referred to the Royal Hotel, a modest place about like a run-down boarding house on a back street. Here we obtained two rooms, one large and one small. Mr.Smullens volunteered to take the small room. I accepted the larger room on condition that he use the private bath attached to it. We had to wait a long time for our baggage. In the meantime we explored some of the streets for cigars. Most of the stores were closed at that hour, but we found one dealer who had seven cigars and I bought them all.

We walked back to the Metropolitan Hotel to change a $20 bill and cash a travellers check. The hotel clerk said he had no change. We tried a drug store with no better success. We were both about out of Ecuadorean money and felt rather depressed. Then we caught sight of a Ford agency and saw that it was still open. We went in and the manager promptly and obligingly changed the bill and cashed the check. Mr.Smullens had run out of ℄ change Sunday morning and I had financed him since.

A barber followed us into our hotel and shaved us in turn. On examining my baggage I found a clean linen suit to which I immediately changed, because the one I was wearing was in a disgraceful state. Then we went to the Metropolitan Hotel and had a rather poor supper, but amid cheerful surroundings. We retired very early because both were extremely tired.

Wednesday, 20 March, Quito; a beautiful, clear, cool day. Mr.Smullens and I had breakfast, after which we walked to a bank where he cashed a check. The bank was very deliberate about it. Then I drove in a taxi to the residence of the American Minister, Mr.G.Badnig, and met him, his secretary, and a newspaper correspondent, Sr. Valencia. The minister was an elderly man of medium height and a smooth face. He seemed to be unusually well informed concerning Ecuador and the organization and personnel of the government. Among other things he said that the eastern part of Ecuador was a wilderness inhabited only by a few Indians, that Ecuador had a boundary dispute with Peru, that Ecuador had broken off diplomatic relations with Colombia because Colombia by secret treaty ceded to Brazil some territory that Ecuador had formerly ceeded to Colombia with the express stipulation that it should never be transferred to any other country; that Ecuador was a land of laws and was then engaged in formulating her thirteenth constitution; that her finances

were in good condition since their reorganization by an American commission; that several Americans headed up different departments, such as customs, accounts, and the like, but the Ecuadoreans resented having Americans in charge and proposed to change their laws so as to put them in advisory positions, except the man in charge of the customs, because he was too valuable to dispense with inasmuch as he insured a revenue to the government; that Ecuador had little to export, but continued to import beyond her means, and that it was only a question of time when she would be in difficulties; that the Ecuadoreans have all the characteristics of their Spanish ancestors in that they do not like to work, all try to get on the government pay roll, and are envious of foreigners who come in and succeed where they have failed; that there was no immigration from Italy, Japan, or other countries, and that a few years previously a colony of Austrians were brought over, but were then leaving; that there was no botanical garden, museum, or art gallery in Quito. Before I left the minister showed me his collection of antiques, including a number of paintings with carved and gilded frames, several fine and beautifully carved wooden chests, some chairs with tooled leather backs, some carved and gilded wooden statues, and some fine native rugs.

After luncheon with Mr.Smullens I walked to the postoffice but found it closed. Bought some postcards and cigars and had a new crystal put in my watch.

I called on the Minister of Agriculture, Sr. Dr. Pedro Pablo Eguez Baquerizo, who received me cordially and promissed the cooperation of his department. He sent for the Director General of Agriculture, Sr. Don Luciano Andrade Marin,who said he had spent four years in California. He gave me a rather complete outline of the history, organization and work of the Department of Agriculture. Before I left he gave me some publications of his department and

invited me to call the following afternoon to inspect the agricultural experiment station on the outskirts of the city.

At the hotel I began drafting correspondence. Mr.Smullens and I had supper at the Metropolitan Hotel.

Thursday, 21 March, Quito; cloudy forenoon and bright afternoon. After breakfast Mr.Smullens and I walked about the business section trying to find some photographic films, but without success. Returning to the hotel a guide offerred to show us where we could get films. We got them at a place on a side street. Then he conducted us to a railway ticket office where we bought transportation back to Guyaquil. At the hotel we met a Spanish photographer who specialized on taking photographs of picturesque scenes and persons in Ecuador and other South American countries, selling both negatives and prints. He was a real artist and had some excellent photographs.

Then Mr.Smullens and I took the guide and hired an automobile to do some sight seeing. We called first at the American Legation for mail; then passed the new municipal hospital, a college for girls, some parks, and back across the city where we stopped to inspect several cathedrals. One with spiral columns in front had wonderful wooden carvings, twisted columns, beautiful and intricate designs for the alters, and the columns and ceiling were covered with pure gold that looked as bright and untarnished as if it had been laid on the day before. Of all the cathedrals and temples I have seen the interior of this one was the most pleasing. It is called La Iglesia de la Compania. Next we inspected the Monastery of San Francisco, which is a large building facing a park. It had a large interior court with colonades on the four sides and with palms and flowers in the center. Around the walls were old paintings of the saints and

biblical scenes, some of which were very good. The same was true of the "Compania." Both buildings dated back to 1534. Near this cathedral we inspected a large market, which was a large open structure with a platform at one end from which one could look over the entire range of stalls with their displays of fruits and vegetables. They contained practically all the common vegetables, citrus and other tropical fruits. The cabbages were especially large. Outside the market the streets were crowded with native vendors and their produce.

Next we went up a long hill to the foot of a small mountain and ascended nearly to the top by a narrow dirt road, from which point we had a fine panoramic view of the city of Quito. From this point the city appears as a compact mass of buildings with brown tiled roofs, with churches and public buildings standing out prominently at various points, the whole surrounded by high, green, cultivated mountains. At the upper end one could see the water works and a stream flowing from near the top of a mountain and falling as a cascade; also the cemetery and the state penitentiary. The guide said the top of this little mountain was the stronghold of the last Inca king.

Returning to the hotel we had a whiskey and soda and then inspected various articles the guide had for sale. We had luncheon at the Royal Hotel and then waited until 2 p.m. for our railway tickets. Then we walked up to the central park and sat awhile in the sunshine.

At 2.30 p.m. I called at the Department of Agriculture and Sr. Marin took me out to the agricultural experiment station on the outskirts of the city and near the American Legation. There were about ten acres at the station, one half devoted to horticulture

and the other half to animal industry. The buildings were small and the equipment meager. The director and his few assistants were very enthusiastic. To me the most interesting feature was the manual training school for native boys and girls. A class of Indian girls were engaged in weaving rugs. The buildings were surrounded by a brick wall covered with vines, including several varieties of the passion vine. Several plots of alfalfa, wheat, red and white clovers were flourishigg. A few peach trees were badly infected with leaf curl. The little station was in a beautiful location on a slope opposite the city and from it one had a fine view of the city, the valley, and the mountains back of the city.

From the expriment station we drove to the Department of Agriculture. The director said that the road between Quito and Riobamba was constructed more than seventy years previously; also that he had never seen any trace of the Inca road that connected Quito with Cuzco. He said that the Incas overran Ecuador only a short time before the Spanish conquest and did not have time to construct roads and buildings of their own. He said that the descendants of the Inca Indians hold themselves aloof to this day as superior to the Ecuadorean Indians; that they are more intelligent and cleaner than the common Indians, have better houses, and usually live in towns; that they have certain specialties that they monopolise and will kill the common Indians if they attemp to engage in the same business; for example, the Inca Indians of one town search the mountains for herbs and natural remedies; another town has a monopoly of gathering wild cacao, ivory nuts, fruits, and the like; another the making of leather goods, and another the weaving of rugs; and one had the contract with the municipality of Quito to sweep the streets and remove garbage. These last work in shifts of one week, returning to their villages at the end of the week and remaining there for three

or four weeks. On the return trip to their homes they march to the beat of their drums. The director said that the most efficient of his assistants at the Cotopaxi experiment station was one of these Inca Indians. He could neither read nor write, although he had learned to write his name; was a fine gardener and good with animals and very dependable with details. He was paid one and a half sucres (about thirty cents) a day. He was worth much more but the director did not dare pay him more because it would spoil him--he would take to drink and become untrustworthy. I asked if the Indians ever revolted. The director said no, the common Indians were too ignorant and lazy, and the Inca Indians always sided with the whites against the common Indians. I asked the guide at the hotel if the Indians of the country were allowed to vote. He said no, the alcaldes voted for them.

After bidding adieu to the director I returned to the hotel, stopping to get my photographs and a supply of cigars. Also I sent telegrams to the hotels at Riobamba and Quyaquil for reservations.

Friday, 22 March, to Riobamba; cloudy, unsettled weather and cold. We reached the train at 7.30 a.m. and were pleased to find that it was not overcrowded. Among the passengers was the ex-Cuban ex-commissioner whom I had dubbed the human phonograph on the trip up. However, he appeared to be much depressed,as if his mission had not been successful, and he seemed downhearted; in fact, a broken down old man, so that I felt sorry for him. For an hour or more out of Quito the country seemed beautiful in the morning light, a cultivated valley and mountain slopes cultivated high up. At @ 10.30 a.m. the train stopped at a little shed station near the agricultural experiment station of Cotopaxi, which was simply a small building painted red, a few acres of cultivated ground, and

a few adobe mud sheds. It is at the edge of a rolling plain covered with bunch grass and not far from it is the giant Ø volcano Cotopaxi, partially obscured by clouds. On the whole it was an attractive country we were travelling through with a little afternoon sunshine to light it up, an undulating valley floor covered with little farms separated by hedges of trees or henequin, & fields of green wheat and maize, small herds of cattle, flocks of sheep, and mountains in every direction. There was no sign of human beings outside the villages, nor did I see a single farm implement and not a single wagon.

We reached Riobamba after dark and had to fight our way thru a dense crowd at the station. This time rooms were reserved for us. After supper we walked through a portion of the town. The streets were paved with cobblestones, were fairly clean, and there were several creditable public buildings and a park with flowers, statues, and a bronze fountain.

Saturday, 23 March, to Guyaquil; cloudy and some rain. We were up at 5 a.m. There was lively competition among the boys at the hotel to carry our baggage and at the station many hands were held out for tips. The train left at 6.40 a.m. For two hours perhaps the train crossed a well cultivated plain and entered a ravine between semiarid mountains, with small side valleys opening up at intervals, most of which were in cultivation with wheat, maize, potatoes and horsebeans. The train stopped at a small station on the edge of a swamp. After passing the swamp we again entered the ravine in which was a mountain brook. This brook we followed between towering steep mountain slopes most of the day. Along these slopes were paths that may have been used for centuries. Every patch of arable land was in cultivation. Very little sunshine reach-

(1913, Lenin, to Riobamba) 4--4.99

a few adobe mud shacks. It is at the edge of a rolling plain
covered with bunch grass and not far from it is the cluster
volcano Cotopaxi, partially obscured by clouds. On the whole it
was an attractive country we were traveling through with a little
afternoon sunshine to light it up. An undulating valley floor
covered with little farms separated by hedges of trees or bamboo,
& fields of green wheat and maize, small herds of cattle, flocks of
sheep, and mountains in every direction. There was no sign of human
beings outside the villages, nor did I see a single farm implement
and not a single wagon.

We reached Riobamba after dark and had to fight our way thru
a dense crowd at the station. Two fine rooms were reserved for
us. After supper we walked through a portion of the town. The streets
were paved with cobblestones, were fairly clean, and there were
several creditable public buildings and a park with flowers, statues,
and a bronze fountain.

Saturday, 25 March. To Guayaquil; cloudy and some rain. We
were up at 5 a.m. There was a lively competition among the boys
at the hotel to carry our baggage and at the station many hands were
held out for tips. The train left at 6.40 a.m. For two hours perhaps
the train crossed a well cultivated plain and entered a roving bo-
tween semiarid mountains, with small side valleys opening up at
intervals, most of which were in cultivation with wheat, maize,
potatoes and horsebeans. The train stopped at a small station on
the edge of a swamp. After passing the swamp we again entered the
region in which was a mountain park brook. This brook we followed
between towering steep mountain slopes most of the day. Along these
slopes were paths that may have been used for centuries. Every
patch of arable land was in cultivation. Very little grazing

ed the bottom of the ravine and it was very cold. All passengers wore overcoats. At a small opening in the ravince I saw more than an acre of calla lilies growing wild. . Along the railway were hundreds of little yellow blossoms with fringed petals and a brown center on shrubs growing on the rocks. At each little station were usually to be seen groups of Indians carrying brush burdens and wearing red or gray ponchos.

At 10:30 a.m. we reached Huigra and had a very poor luncheon. Before reaching this station the train backed into a "devil's switch," that is, instead of rounding a curve to descend to a lower level it backed into a tunnel and on coming out switched to another track at a sharp angle.

At 2.30 p.m. the train emerged from the gorge into the open swamp country near sea level and covered with tropical vegetation. At a little station fifty miles from Guyaquil the porter who took my baggage out of the hotel came into the coach and assured me that both my trunk and the steamer roll were at the hotel, which was good news to me. As we approached the river the heat became oppressive. It was 5 p.m. when we reached Doran, the terminus of the railway. At the station I left the sweater belonging to Mr.Dunn with my card attached and a note thanking him.

On the wheezy old river steamer Mr.Smullens and I went into the inclosed portion on the upper deck because it was raining and did not notice that we were next to the smokestack until it became unbearably hot. The smokestack was like a stove on a hot day. The boat was an hour crossing the river and tying up to the wharf at Guyaquil. At the hotel we found rooms waiting for us. My trunk was brought up, but now the porter of the hotel professed to know nothing of the roll canvas roll. Fortunately I still had a change

of clothing in the large suitcase. After a bath and change of clothing Mr.Smullens and I indulged in a bottle of beer and a whiskey and soda. Then supper, a walk up the principal street to the park and back, and to bed early.

Sunday, 24 March, Guyaquil; clear and hot. Spent most of the day writing letters. Had a short nap late in the afternoon. In the evening I went with Messrs.Smullens and Taylor to see a Charlie Chaplin picture show which I did not like because of the slapstick buffoonery. The show lasted from 9.20 to 11.30 p.m., after which we had a bottle of beer and talked over our experiences on the trip to Quito.

~~(Secretary General, 24 March, Guyaquil, salmon folder)~~ omit

(Wife, same.

Monday, 25 March,Guyaquil; cloudy, trying to rain, very hot. So hot and steamy was it that the slightest exercise caused perspiration to drip from one's skin and soak his clothing sopping wet. After breakfast I did some shopping to replace some of the things lost with the canvas roll or "balsa."

At the consulate I found three letters, one from a high school student in Tennessee asked for pointers on "Resolved, That industrialism has helped the farmer," and another from a man with a Scandinavian name from South Dakota asking for a job as census enumerator. I left my papers with the consul who volunteered to get a permit to leave the city and a visee for Colombia in addition to the one I already had from the Colombian Minister at Washington. I accompanied Mr.Smullens to the Peruvian Consulate where he paid six dollars for a visee to Peru, and then to the city government where he applied for a permit to leave the condemned city.

We had seen an American ship, the "Buenaventura," in the harbor and therefore called at the office of the Panama Railway Co. to see if I could get passage on her to Colombia, but was told that it was a freighter and did not carry passengers, but that Mr.Smullens could get passage on a Dutch boat leaving for Lima the same day. This being settled we returned to the hotel and had a bottle of beer together.

Then I went out on another shopping tour to replace articles of clothing lost with the dunnage bag, and bought a bottle of whiskey and one of mineral water to go with it. I inquired in several shops for a shawl strap and for a ready made Panama suit, but without success. I had just laid down for a nap in the afternoon when the viceconsul called up to say that before I could get a visee to Colombia I would have to be vaccinated for the bubonic plague and furnish a

medical certificate of good health. I immediately went around to the Consulate and got my passports and a permit to leave the city. With the Vice Consul I then called on the Colombian Consul. The Consul was away and I talked with his secretary. He was adamant in insisting that the regulations would have to be complied with. I said I would not be vaccinated for the plague just for the privilege of entering Colombia for a few days; that I would go directly to Panama where the visee of the Colombian Minister in Washington would be recognized and honored, or else I would omit Colombia altogether and report to the International Institute of Agriculture at Rome that because of unneccessary restrictions imposed on travellers by the Colombian Consul at Guyaquil, who ~~would~~ would not honor the visee of his Minister to the United States, Colombia would have to be handled at long range by correspondence and would lose the benefit of my expert advice in census matters. I asked him how many cases of bubonic plague there were in Guyaquil. He produced an official report showing that during January there were 24 cases, of which eleven had died, and that 6,000 rats had been killed, of which twelve and one half ~~pr~~ per cent were infected. In view of these facts I decided to enter Colombia from the north at Barranquilla by way of Panama.

In the afternoon I typed a report to Dr.Orton. From Mr.Smullens I borrowed a small bottle of oil for the hinges of my trunk and suitcases that were rusted nearly solid. After supper we sat in chairs on the sidewalk in front of the hotel enjoying the breeze.

~~(Orton, 25 March, Guyaquil, salmon folder.~~ omit

(Mother, same. ✓

Tuesday, 26 March,Guyaquil; clear and hot. After breakfast Mr. ~~Sm~~ Smullens and I cashed checks at a bank and purchased steamer tickets, I to Christobal and he to Callao. Then we sat at a little table in front of the hotel and had a bottle of beer and watched the life on the street. ~~Then~~ I made a round of the shops trying to find a night-shirt and a shawl strap, without success. Bought four books by Ibañez to read on the voyage. Sent a cablegram to the Institute. Called at the Consulate to leave a forwarding adress. ~~He~~ The Consul agreed to notify me if my canvas dunnage bag was recovered.

In the afternoon Mr.Smullens and I rode about the city in the tram cars. Outside of a few well paved streets conditions were horrible. The city seems to have been built in a swamp. The un-paved streets were quagmires of black soft mud with ditches and pools of stagnant water covered with green scum in front of and under houses, and the whole smelled like an abandoned pig pen. Except in the business section the houses were mostly made of split bamboo and tilted in various directions as if they were about to fall down. At last I procured a shawl strap in a general merchandize store and learned that it was called "correo," which I had always understood to mean the post, mail, or mail carrier.

After returning to the hotel I tried to sleep but could not because of the heat and noise. Then I packed up. Mr.Smullens came in and we had a whiskey and soda and sat talking until supper time. In the dining room we were joined by ~~a~~ two young Englishmen who made themselves agreeable. After supper we walked up to the park at the end of the main street, watched the people promenade, and reminesced about the United States by way of contrast. We were joined by Mr. Taylor, the young commercial traveller with the French secretary, and walked back together to a restaurant where we had a bottle of beer. At the hotel Mr.Smullens and I sat up until after midnight.

He seemed loath to leave.

Wednesday, 27 March,Guyaquil; raining steadily and very hot. I was called at 5.15 a.m. and saw that my watch showed 6.15, and did not discover my mistake until after I had dressed and shaved hurriedly. The porter thought I wanted to catch the 6 o'clock train for Quito. Porters kept calling at my room every ten minutes for the baggage. Mr.Smullens came down at 6.15. Together we had coffee, a roll, and a pineapple. At 7 a.m. porters came for the baggage and I followed them down to the pier where a launch was waiting. I would not let them get out of my sight lest some more of my baggage should disappear. At the pier Mr.Smullens and I separated. The big Californian was young, good natured, and smiling. I had enjoyed his companionship, although there were times when I wished I might have more time to myself. From the time we first met at Balboa he had been my constant companion.

A launch took me out to a little old Dutch steamer, the S.S. Baralt, and I was assigned to a small cabin. The elderly Cuban, the "human phonograph," who went to Quito and returned on the same trains with me, was a fellow passenger. He said that formerly he was the Cuban Minister to Ecuador, and that on this visit to Quito he fell ill. I could readily believe it because he seemed quite changed, much depressed, and very quiet. There were two other passengers, a Canadian and a German. It rained steadily for several hours.

The ship got away at 9.30 a.m. We had a very good luncheon. When the ship passed out of the muddy river and into the open sea the weather became quite cold in contrast with the tropical heat of Guyaquil. After supper we sat with the captain, an American representative of the Pillsbury Flour Mills, a young German agent of an exporting firm, and one other American. We had whiskeys and sodas

and discussed the shortcomings and peculiarities of Ecuador from a traveller's point of view. Then I sat up in my cabin until after midnight reading.

Thursday, 28 March,to Colombia; cloudy, pleasantly cool; raining forenoon, clear afternoon. Had a whiskey and soday, a smoke, dressed, and breakfasted at 8 a.m. The sea was as smooth as a river. To the east one could see green hills and mountains of Ecuador. Several fishing boats were in sight.

At 10 a.m. the ship anchored before the open harbor of Manta with its wooden church surrounded by a wooden wall. There was a long wait for the port doctor to come out in a launch. A few men came out in small boats to sell Panama hats. We lost one passenger and gained three. There was a cool breeze blowing and it was very cool and pleasant. I spent the afternoon and evening reading. Sat up until after 10 o'clock talking with the Pillsbury man.

Friday, 29 March, to Colombia; fair, pleasant breeze, and smooth sea. Awakened by noise and singing in the adjoining cabin. It was occupied by a plump young woman, said to be a school teacher, and two young men who claimed to be her brothers. There was no family resemblance between them and usually brothers and sisters are not quite so hilarious during the night as these three.

At 10.30 a.m. our little ship anchored at the mouth of the river below Esmeralda. The river and bay were calm and smooth and discolored far out, There were splashes of color, pink and green and gray, separated by sinuous lines of silver due to the currents caused by the outgoing river and the incoming tide, but no sign of the whirlpool that we crossed in a canoe on the previous voyage. The señorita and her two "brothers" left shortly before noon. Only four first class passengers remained, the Cuban, myself, the Pillsbury agent, and a Scotchman suffering from rheumatism.

All day we shifted positions on deck trying to find a little breeze. The ship discharged some cargo and took on ivory nuts, cacao, and some pigs. In the late afternoon the sea was pink with ripples. The hills of the coast country showed many ravines and several beautiful shades of green. Half a mile away was a great sandbar swept by waves and surf that fell with a continuous roar. A customs officer remained on board to check the outgoing and incoming cargo. In the afternoon he asked if I had a cigar and I gave him one from my small stock. Then he wanted to know if it was Cuban and where I got it and how much I paid for it. Evidently down east Yankees are not the only ones who ask questions of this nature. In the evening there was lovely moonlight over the sea with great banks of cumulus clouds.

Saturday, 30 March, Esmeralda; cloudy, threatening rain, pleasantly cool. At 8.30 a.m. the ship hauled up her anchor that was down forty fathoms with an eighty fathom chain weighing about five tons. She had given the parting signal and started to move out to sea, and then turned around and came back on receiving a signal from the agency ashore that there was another hundred tons of ivory nuts to be taken on board. At 11 a.m. a launch came out and soon afterwards a sailboat with a group of laborers. When the sailboat was with hailing distance a man called out in Spanish "Comida para nueve hombres" (Eats for nine men.) The nine men came aboard and squatted on deck without stirring a hand until dinner was served at 12.30. My fellow passengers were greatly disturbed at the delay because they had to make connections, but I was not worrying. It was nice and quiet on the boat, the meals were good, I had a cabin to myself, and the coast landscape was varied and beautiful, tropical in appearance, with banks of clouds hovering over it, and occasionally one had glimpses of the towering Andes. We were over the crater of a submerged volcano

with whirlpools caused by the opposing currents of the river and the tides. The roar of the surf on the great sandbar was constant, as was the lapping of waves against the sides of the ship. Occasionally sharks were to be seen, and cormorants flying low. I had books to read, cigars to smoke, and whiskey and mineral water to drink. I was in excellent health and good spirits, and knowing that nothing I could say or do could possibly shorten the time of arrival at my destination I was philosophically resigned to enjoy my pleasant situation. Had a long nap in the afternoon. It was rather hot in the cabin, but an electric fan gave relief. The sun set in splendor behind a great bank of clouds. The ~~sail~~ sailboat and crew finished unloading its cargo of ivory nuts at sundown. It was an old rotten tub of a boat. It set all sail and in half an hour was only a few hundred yards distant. The tide was in and the equilibrium between the tide and the river was established, and the surface of the water was like glass. At last, to the great relief of the passengers, the ship got under way and out into the open sea. Reading "El Conte Garcia Fernandez," a romance by Ibañez.

Sunday, 31 March, Tumaca; clear and hot. After a bath and dressing I went on deck. We were anchored in the bay of Tumaca, the town of the same name being on the other side of the island. It is a pretty island, with cliffs, green trees and other vegetation, and a long row of stately coconut palms along the beach. At 9 a.m. a tug brought out a barge loaded with cacao, ivory nuts, and other freight. The ship finished loading at noon, but could not leave until 3 p.m. because of the tide. The bay was so shallow that the ship had to proceed slowly and take soundings. The island was picturesque because of its cliffs and many caves.

Monday, 1 April, Buenaventura; showers and hot. When I awoke we were steaming up a bay. Near the harbor were the remains of a ship said to have been loaded with dynamite that exploded a few weeks before. We were approaching Buenaventura, the only port on the Pacific coast from which a railway ran part way to the capital of Colombia. By this time the captain and I were good friends. I had related to him the difficulty I had with the consul of Colombia at Guyaquil, and he expressed the opinion that I would be permitted to land at Buenaventura even without a visee or vaccination certificate from Guyaquil. For this reason I packed up and the baggage was set out on deck. There were several ships in the harbor. Back of the straggling town was a magnificent range of majestic mountains that rose dark and blue into the sky and on the tops of which floated white fleecy clouds.

When the port doctor and immigration officials came aboard and looked at me with questioning eyes, I bowed and handed to them my passport with the remark "C'est diplomatique." They understood and promptly stamped the visee of the Colombian Minister at Washington which the consul at Guyaquil had refused to recognize and handed it back with courteous formality. That settled I bid good bye to the captain and my fellow passengers and went ashore.

I went to the Estacion Hotel, near the customhouse, an ornamental affair outside, but with gloomy rooms and old dilapidated furniture inside. My baggage reached the customhouse at 11 a.m. just as it closed not to open until 1 p.m. I called again at that hour and after waiting about for half an hour in the hot sun I slipped a tip to one of the officials and the baggage was promptly released. While waiting for the baggage I called on the American Vice-Consul, Mr.Yeager, a mild mannered young man who could give me no information about trains. I arranged with the manager of the hotel to have

a ticket ready for me the following morning. He informed me that my large baggage would have to be checked the afternoon before leaving.

Had luncheon with the Vice-Consul and a representative of the local bank. In the afternoon I wrote some letters and then strolled up the one street of the town. Changed some money and bought some cigars. I spent more than an hour getting my trunk checked at the railway station across from the hotel. Then walked up the main street to a point above the town where I had a good view of the ~~bay~~ river and bay. The tide was out and great mud flats were exposed and many small boats and canoes were resting on the mud. The buildings of the main street were flimsy. The street was paved only one block from the hotel at the foot of the hill. Near the town were several ridges stretching from the water front up into the hills. I explored some of the side streets and found them almost as dirty and unsanitary as those in Guyaquil. Apparently most of the population were poor negroes. Many of the shopkeepers were Chinese. I stopped at a small restaurant to have a bottle of beer and to rest. Then returned to the hotel.

I had nothing to read and apparently nothing to do but sit and muse in the deserted hotel lobby. Before supper a gentleman approached and introduced himself as Sr.Don Rafael R. Comacho, Director General of Agriculture at Bogota, whom I welcomed cordially. He spoke English quite well. He said he had just returned from a trip to Panama, Venezuela, Santo Domingo, Porto Rico, and Cuba, and expected to return to Bogota the following Monday. He said his department would be glad to cooperate in the world census of agriculture.

There was a glorious sunset in the evening. There were no electric lights in the hotel. A large beacon light was placed at the head of the dining room, but it was difficult to see to eat.

(1929,April,Buenaventura) E--3710

My large room was supplied with a single candle. Of course, there was no electric fan. The door to my room had no lock, and there was practically no service. The hotel was practically deserted and in darkness ~~by~~ at an early hour.

(Wife, 1 April, Buenaventura, salmon folder)

Tuesday,2 April,Buenaventura to Cali; cloudy and warm. I was awakened by a negro servants at 5 a.m. They cackled as negroes always do. Shaved and dressed by dim candle-light and had breakfast at 6 a.m. In order to get boiled eggs instead of warmed over raw ones I asked for hard boiled eggs and got them as I wanted them, soft boiled. I waited until 6.30 a.m. for the hotel clerk to appear and then got my hand baggage across to the train.

The train left at 7 a.m. The first few miles were through broken country of low hills, mangrove swamps and lagoons. The first twelve kilometers brought us to the little station of Campamento through a section of tropical vegetation more luxurious than I had ever seen, a jungle of bamboos, ferns, palms, trees, and shrubs that was impenetrable to anything but reptiles and rodents. The soil was chalky white and without humous. The Andes rose before us, sharp, clear, and solid blue with a flush of fleecy white clouds just ahead.

At the railway station in Buenaventura a most voluptuous and alluring girl in all the pride of feminine youth and beauty sat beside me in the coach. She appeared to be about eighteen with protuberant and conspicuous curves, a smiling face, large eyes, long black hair, and a rich complexion. So beautiful was she that all eyes were turned on her, and the conductor could scarcely tear himself away from her. All the male passengers who paused to look at her were rewarded with a warm smile and greeting. At this station, however, she was joined by a big black negro and together they went forward into another coach to drink beer.

At 8.40 a.m. we were climbing up into the foothills. The soil had changed to a hard red clay and some rock. The train followed a clear dashing mountain stream. On each side of the railay was a

jungle of plants seen in the United States only in tropical greenhouses, a real wild botanical gardnn. By 9.30 we had ascended into the treeless uplands covered with dryland plants and cacti with no sign of agriculture. Many butterflies and a few birds were to be seen. At 10.10 a.m. we came to Dague, a small tonm with railway yards. Some of the passengers got off here and took automobiles to Cali. The soil was red clay. The town was surrounded by rounded mountains which were badly eroded and covered with gullies. a few patches of banana plants, manioc, and coffee were to be senn

At 11.15 we reached a station at kilometer 108, where we seemed to be at the top of the world. We had been climbing steadily. In some places we could see the railway we had traversed at five diferent levels below. The mountains were almost barren to their tops. The higher country was much broken, consisted of red clay, and there were numerous small banana and coffee plantations.

At noon we came to El Cumbre, the highest point, with small plantings of bananas, coffee, pineapples, and dasheens. This station was at kilometer 129, about 90 miles from Buenaventura and at an altitude of 1581 meters, or about 5,000 feet.

By 1;30 p.m. we had descended the mountain and came out on a great valley plain. We had a wonderful view from the mountain side over a baautiful country, the famous Cauca Valley, with a river winding through it, a country of rich meadows and magnificent groves of giant bamboo and other tropical trees. The soil changed from red to black, with yellow or red subsoil. The eastern slope of the mountain was rocky. Near the foot of the mountain were enormous quantities of stone ranging in size from that of a walnut to that of a house. From the mountain side the floor of the valley seemed flat, but on reaching the the level of the valley it seemed to be undulating in character and to be divided up into great cattle ranches. The pasturage

was good and there was plenty of water. There was much Bermuda grass which extended up into the mountains. In a swamp I saw a large flock of pink flamingoes.

The train reached Cali at 2.15 pm. I had to wait some time to get my baggage released. The man in charge at the station seemed to be much confused. I took a taxi and was driven to the Majestic Hotel and was given a small room at the far end of a corridor on the ground floor. There was a bath tub up stairs, but no toilet conveniences. I had my trunk and large suitcase sent back to the railway station to be checked through to the next stopping point, Armenia, because in these backward countries where employes never seem to learn their duties it is necessary to check baggage the day before the train leaves. My collar had melted down, so I went out on the street and bought three more and some handkerchiefs and a supply of cigars. The town resembled all other Latin American towns, narrow streets, a few paved but many unpaved, a central plaza, a cathedral and one story houses of adobe brick.

In the afternoon I walked to the stream that flows through the town. The shallow stream was lined with women washing clothes. Across a bridge on the other side of the stream was a small park with some enormous kapok trees, some of them at least eight feet in diameter. The streets and sidewalks were very narrow. Many new buildings were going up. Many of the young women seen on the streets were plump and attractive, but the older women were fat and stolid looking.

In the evening there was nothing to do but sit in the park or walk about the deserted streets. Everything was quiet at night except a few cheap bars. I returned to the hotel at 9 p.m. and left word to be called early in the morning.

Wednesday, 3 April, Cali; cloudy and cold. I was up and dressed by 5 a.m. and had to wait for coffee and eggs. Had to send

a messenger for the manager to make up my account. He prefessed to know nothing about having checked my baggage, but when I insisted ~~and~~ and threatened he produced the receipt. He became greatly confused and presented the account of another guest. Finally I got the account settled and was transferred to the train, which left at 6 a.m.

At 7.45 we were at Guacari, kilometer 226 from Buenaventura and 980 meters elevation, something over 3,000 feet. We came through a flat country of rich black soil, mostly in meadows of tall grass and many long horned cattle, and many magnificent groves of giant bamboo. I saw some sugar cane, coffee, and cacao plantations. There were many water fowl, ducks, cranes, egrets, and terns; also a little bird with a flaming red breast, one scissor tail, and some long tailed blackbirds or magpies. We crossed a number of small streams. At one place I asked the price of some small apples, two inches in diameter and very hard, and was told it was twenty cents apiece.

At 9 a.m. we reached Tulua, kilometer 265 and altitude about 3,500 feet. We were still in the Cauca valley with the richest black soil I had ever seen. The only agriculture was range cattle and small patches of sugar cane, cacao, coffee, and tobacco. There were many birds, more than I had seen in all Central America.

At 10.20 we reached a small station where some of the passengers changed for Manizalas. The country had become more undulating and the mountains seemed not so high, perhaps because we were higher up. The soil was still a rich black loam. The train was headed north. The mountains to the east resembled the Blue Ridge of Virginia. Those to the west were very much higher and apparently from twenty to thirty miles away. After leaving this point the train turned more to the east and entered a hill country and the soil gradually became red. The vegetation was tropical in character, the country broken, and there was less cultivation. By 11.20 a.m. we were up in the mountains

with broken steep peaks of sedimentary sandstone strata and water worn pebbles in layers. At 12.15 p.m. we came up into a little valley, crossed a small river, and followed it for some miles. Here was a small station named Ortogarduz at kilometer 341 and 1190 meters elevation. For the last half hour we had traversed an undulating floor of alternating meadows, woods, bamboo groves, banana and coffee plantations. One large coffee plantation had an excellent stand of plants pruned to the shape of an umbrella and as high as a man's head ~~I turned my trunk check over to an agent of a transfer company that came aboard with instructions to check it through to Bogota~~ Interplanted trees provided shade for the coffee plants.

The beautiful country through which we were passing continued until we reached Armenia at 2.15 p.m. I turned my check over to an agent of a transfer company with instructions to check it through to Bogota. He failed to tell me that the next stage of the journey would be by automobile and that the trunk would have to follow in a truck.

In accordance with the recommendation of the proprietor of the hotel in Cali I asked to be taken to the Pension Alamana, which turned out to be a most dilapidated place on a side street. The only room available was a bare inside one with an electric light that could be used only after 6 p.m. After setting my hand baggage down I stepped into the dining room and there met Mr.Felix Stein of New York who was on the steamer from San Juan to La Guayra in July, 1927. He recognized me at once and was very cordial. We had luncheon together. The agent of the transfer company came in to say that he had brought my large suitcase to the room and had taken the trunk to the warehouse of the company. I paid the porter. Then the agent said he had paid for the transfer of the trunk out of his own pocket. I said the charge should be included in the bill of the com-

pany which I would pay. He insisted on being reimbursed on the spot. Mr.Stein intervened and said I should not pay him until I had seen the trunk with my own eyes. The man said he was ~~not~~ nor returning to the company; also that the charge for truck transfer of the trunk would be eight cents per kilo. Mr.Stein said the customary rate was only six cents. Then the agent said the rate was ten cents and he got argumentative. Together we walked to the office of the agency, which we found to be in exactly the opposite direction from what the agent had indicated. The manager took us around to the warehouse on a side street and there I saw my trunk on a truck which he said would go forward the same afternoon to Ibeguay where he said I could check it to Bogota the following day.

Mr. Stein and I stopped at a little restaurant and had a cup of coffee; then returned to the agency and paid for our tickets and baggage transfer. On returning to the hotel we had a glass of milk and sat and talked for quite awhile. He said the country was fairly prosperous. While we were talking an officer, two young men and several boys came in to question the employes of the hotel about a suitcase that was missing. Mr.Stein and I took another walk about the town. We stepped inside a small ~~cathedral~~ church on a public square. It was made of sheet metal and only partly painted.. The public square was bare and without a blade of grass, tree or bush. The streets were narrow and unpaved. The houses were small, one story in height, made of split bamboo plastered over. We saw several new automobiles. We heard many phonographs in the houses. This was partly accounted for by a sign I saw in a shop window to the effect that phonographs could be purchased for an initial payment of one dollar and twenty-five cents a week thereafter. I asked the price of a quart of whiskey and was told that it was the equivalent of eleven dollars. The town was ugly in appearance,

but the surrounding country was attractive; low hills, high mountains covered with verdure, and beautiful trees and meadows. At sundown it began to rain.

Thursday, 4 April, Armenia to Girardot; raining hard all night and part of forenoon. Up at 4.30 a.m. and had a small cup of black coffee at 5.15. At 6 a.m. we had coffee, eggs,and fruit, when the lights went out, although it was still dark and raining. Then the automobile came for Mr.Stein and I. We drove through the town, picking up more passengers and baggage as we went along. Then out over a country road to the next little town which we reached in twenty minutes. Here we picked up a young man and his pretty bride and the baggage was rearranged. The car was crowded with seven passengers, and as each insisted on keeping some of his smaller pieces of baggage with him we were badly crowded and cramped.

For nearly four hours the car climbed steadily up grade to the top of the mountain range over ten thousand feet high. In many places the road was still under construction with gangs of laborers working on it, and some of the places were rough and dangerous. The road ran through a wilderness with no houses or cultivated ground. The slopes of the mountains were very steep, almost perpendicular in places. Very little could be seen at the top because of the rain, fog, and clouds. As we descended the mountain on the eastern slope the atmosphere cleared. The road we were traversing was cut in the steep slope of the mountainside about half way up, so that one could look down one or two thousand feet to a narrow ravine at the bottom and up one or two thousand feet to where the summit was hidden in the clouds. The western slope of the mountain range was of clay with some boulders and wooded; the eastern slope appeared to be of sandstone shale with strata that were twisted in every direction and where there was any soil it was covered

with sparse grass and trees, and occasionally shrubs but no trees. The new road under construction was full of dangerous curves, some of which we had difficulty in passing becuse of the broken condition of the road bed and trucks used in road work were hidden behind jutting rock. When we crossed the boundary between two provinces we were required to get out, undo and open our baggage for customs inspection. This was not a ~~p~~ pleasnt ceremony when the baggage was spattered with soft mud a soft rain was falling and it was all done in the middle of the road, because there was no customhouse, simply a shed to shelter the inspector.

We reached Ibeguay at 12.30 p.m. It is a pretty town spread out along the lower slope of a mountain that rises high and green behind it. We first drove to the office of the transfer company and left our small baggage. Then we had luncheon at a near by hotel, the Lusitania, but I could eat nothing set before me except some bread, two glasses of milk, and a custard, for which I paid $1.50. We hurried back to the office of the transfer company because we were told that the baggage would have to be opened for customs inspection. We could check it through only to Flandez, a little station across the river from Girardot, the operation taking thirty minutes. Then to the railway station to purchase tickets and waited fifteen minutes for the doors of the first class coach to be unlocked.

The train left at 2.30 p.m. and rolld out among low hills into a great plain covered with stones and a thing layer of humus and grass. Apparently the whole valley was used for pasture because no cultivated land was to be seen. Ranges of blue mountains could be seen in all directions. The train was more than an hour crossing this valley plain and then descended into a deep narrow cañon and up one side around the head of a gorge and down the other side at the foot of red and white cliffs. The train crossed the cañon on a

bridge and then out across a broken country covered with tropical semiarid vegetation, sparse and mostly cacti and acacia trees. I began to see small patches of manioc and tobacco. It grew very hot and the passengers had to shed their outer heavy ~~clothing.~~ garments. At Chicoral we had to wait nearly an hour for a train from Girardot to pass. While waiting I walked up and down the siding and saw many bright patches of lantana in bloom. At 5.30 p.m. there was another long wait. We were still in a flat section with occasional small fields of maize, manioc, and tobacco.

It was after dark when we disembarked at Flanez and there we were stopped by customs officers for inspection of baggage and passports, it being the custom in Colombia for each province to have its own customs and immigration service with all the formality of crossing an international boundary. I hired a large automobile and with my bagage was driven across the river to Girardot. I went to the St. Germain Hotel. It was badly crowded and I had to wait some minutes for a waiter to find the manager and get a room. It was a poor one and the supper was even poorer.

At the supper table I got acquainted with a representative of the International Harvester Company. He said that his local agent had sold about 250 plows the preceding year and that in order to sell them in Colombia they had to be equipped with one handle only because it is the custom to use oxen and one hand of the driver must be free. At Cali and Armenia and much of the distance en route it was cold because of the altitude, but in Girardot the heat was tropical.

Friday, 5 April,Girardot to Bogota; cloudy and warm. A young man knocked at my door at 5 a.m., the same young man who had proffered his service to look after my baggage at Ibague the previous day. He came on the same train and I had seen him at Flandez and he had offered to look after the baggage in the morning. After

dressing I let him take the baggage across the street to the train and gave him the money with which to buy my ticket to Bogota. After an unsatisfactory breakfast I walked across to the waiting train. Then my volunteer porter from Ibaguay demanded ten dollars for his services, claiming that it included his round trip ticket from Ibaguay. I handed him five dollars, called him a robber, and a liar, and threatened to turn him over to the police. The rascal knew very well that I could not afford to take the time to report him to the police and lose my seat in the train and spend another twenty-four hours in Girardot. He was persistent and remained in the corridor pleading for the wages--more than he could earn in a month in his home town. I felt a strong impulse to take him by the collar and kick him off the coach, but restrained myself and looked out of the window instead.

The train left Girardot at 7 a.m. and passed out into a hill country with poor looking sandy soil and scattering acacias, palms and cacti, with occasional tracts devoted to pasture, but no land was in cultivation. Some wild lantana and tradescantia were in bloom. The undulating floor of the valley through which we were passing appeared to be about twelve miles wide, with high mountains on both sides. At 8.10 a.m. we stopped at Portillo, a small station near a small river running over rocks, a bridge, and some very fine specimens of kapok trees. At 8.20 we were at Palo, 39 kilometers from Girardot and 133 kilometers from Bogota. A clean well shaded street ran through the town. Much Bougainvilla was in bloom. Then the train gradually ascended into low mountains with black soil forty feet deep in the cuts, and small patches of maize growing on slopes so steep that only cats or goats could hang on. San Javier was a pretty place, 100 kilometers from Bogota, high up on a mountain side and overlooking a valley and a wide scope of

dressing I let him take what baggage across the street to the train and gave him the money with which to buy my ticket to Bogota. After an unsatisfactory breakfast I walked across to the waiting train. Then my volunteer porter from Ibagray demanded ten dollars for his services, claiming that it included his round trip ticket from Ibagray. I bested him five dollars, called him a robber and a liar, and threatened to turn him over to the police. The rascal knew very well that I could not afford to take the time to report him to the police and lose my seat in the train and remain another twenty-four hours in Girardot. He was persistent and remained in the corridor I pleading for the wages--more than he could earn in a month in his home town. I felt a strong impulse to take him by the collar and kick him off the coach, but restrained myself and looked out of the window instead.

The train left Girardot at 7 a.m. and passed out into a hilly country with bare poor looking sandy soil and scattering ceibas, palms and cacti, with occasional tracts devoted to pasture, but no land was in cultivation. Some with lantana and trumpetia were in bloom. The undulating floor of the valley through which we were passing appeared to be about two-five miles wide, with high mountains on both sides. At 8.10 a.m. we stopped at Portillo, a small station near a small river running over rocks, a bridge, and some very fine specimens of kapok trees. At 8.30 we were at Tolo, 39 kilometers from Girardot and 133 kilometers from Bogota. A clean well shaded street ran through the town. Many Bougainvillia was in bloom. Then the train gradually ascended into low mountains with black soil forty feet deep in the cuts, and small patches of maize growing on slopes so steep that only cats or goats could work on. Then Javier was a pretty place, 100 kilometers from Bogota. High up on a mountain side and overlooking a valley and a wide scope of

mountains, the slopes of many of them planted to sugar cane almost to their tops. Soon after 10 a.m. we entered the coffee region with very fine plants fully set with fruit. At 10.30 we were at Capilla, which seemed high up and afforded a fine view over a great stretch of valley and mountain country. Some fine eucalyptus trees were growing about the place, the first I had seen in Colombia. We were still in the coffee country with bananas growing in many of the coffee plantations. I saw some beautiful evening primroses in bloom. The temperature was springlike. I indulged in a bottle of Colombian beer and it was so thin and weak that it might have been readily sold at sodawater fountains in the United States. A bottle held one glass full and sold for twenty-five cents, which was five times too much.

By 1.20 p.m. we were at Corso, 37 kilometers from Bogota, in a fairly level valley of rich black loam soil. Most of the land was in a good state of cultivation and there were some flourishing fields of wheat, potatoes, and peas. There were many groves of eucalyptus trees. Were it not for the eucalyptus the country would closely resemble some of the valleys of central and western Maryland.

At 2.30 p.m. we reahed Bogota. One's first impression of Bogota is that it is a city in a hollow with a parallel barren mountain on one side with great white blotches above the town where building and road material had been blasted and cut away. It was the largest city I had seen in Colombia, but the streets were narrow and the shops small.

I went to the Hotel Imperial, which was a considerable distance from the railway station and several blocks from the business section. It took some time for the manager to wake up and have my hand baggage brought in. I was given a small room on the third

floor for which the price was $8.50 a day. I gave my trunk check to the manager and asked that a bottle of whiskey be sent up. When it was delivered I noted that the price was $14.00, as high as the altitude of the city.

After washing up I went out on the street and inquired of a policeman and inquired for a bank and was directed to the Colombian Bank, left some films to be developed, and bought some cheap cigars for a very high rice. The shops seemed very poor. Several streets squares in the business section were crowded with idle men standing on the sidewalks and in the middle of the street making it difficult for pedestrians to get through. I stepped into a large cathedral near the government building and found it to be a plain, almost empty, barn like structure.

At 6 p.m. my trunk not having come I went down stairs to stir up the dumb clerk at the desk. He professed to know nothing about it, but just then it came. Just to restore my self respect, after weeks of tousled living, I put on my dress suit for supper. When I took my seat in the dining room there was competition among the waiters to see who should wait on me and get the expected tip. I was a center of attraction for the other guests. When the manager brought the register for me to sign and noted the place where one was supposed to record his religion, I drew a circle with a cross instead, leaving it to the police department to decide what those hieroglyphics meant.

Saturday, 6 April, Bogota; a clear pleasant day. After a good noght's sleep, a bath, and dressing in winter clothing, I made up the laundry, and had breakfast in my room. At 9 a.m. I took a walk around the square and entered a very old looking church, square and plain outside but very ornamental within. Bought a local paper and had my shoes polished. Then took a taxi to the American

Legation. At 9.40 a.m. the place was open but for a quarter of an hour it appeared to be completely deserted. I walked from room to room and rang bells on the first floor and not a soul was in sight. Then a young man named Dickson came down stairs from above and found one letter for me. Because of the deadly quietness of the place I did not ask to see the minister who, like other employes of Uncle Sam in Bogota, was probably still asleep from overwork, official dignity, and diplomatic responsibility.

I walked back many squares to the Bank of Colombia and found the office of the American Commercial Attache, Mr.Donnelly, on the fourth floor. He had a visitor and while waiting for him to go four others came in. When he was free and I introduced myself he said he had been in Colombia only two months and knew but little of the country. I asked him where I could make reservations for Barranquilla. He gave me the names and adresses of two men, one representing the United Fruit Company and the other the Pacific Mail Company, both at the Hotel Regina. I walked several squares to this hotel and was informed that both gentlemen were out. Then I walked back to the business section and inquired from shop to shop for typewriting paper, without success. Seeing the sign of the Hamburg American Line I made inquiry and was told they would have a ship sailing from Puerto Colombo on April 22 for La Guayra. The clerk ~~s~~ gave me the address of the company operating the government mail steamers down the Magdalina River to Barranquilla. He said it was in the same building as the American Cable Company. A walk of several squares brought me to the office of the cable company but none of the employes could tell me where I would find the office of the steamship company, and I walked through all the corridors of the building without seeing any sign or finding any one who knew the address of the company. I walked back to the Hotel Regina.

The clerk said I would find the office I was looking for two blocks down the main street and one block to the right. I went to the place indicated and found a livery stable. I walked entirely around the square and each of the adjoining squares and inquired of various people, but no one could tell me where to find that steamship office. It seemed to me that the people of Bogota knew less about their city than any place I had ever been. Here was a company that operated river steamers periodically every week or ten days, carrying the government mail and passengers, and no one seemed to know where one could buy a ticket and find out times of departure and arrival. Even the policemen could not tell me how to find the addresses that had been given to me. By this time I was thoroughly disgusted and in very bad humor, but more than ever determined to find the office I was looking for. I returned to the business section. I saw the sign "Bank of London" and stepped inside and asked for the manager. He was a tall dignified young man with a severe countenance, but with twinkling eyes. I handed him my card. He looked at me inquiringly. I said "I have ventured in here to take up your time with a perfectly ridiculous question, and I do it because I have walked my legs off trying to find will-o-the-wisp addresses given me by people who ought to know. Even the American Commercial Attache does not seem to know, but there is some excuse for him because he has been here only a few weeks. I want you to tell me where you would go for a steamer ticket if an employe of your bank wanted to go to Barranquilla by the river boat. I understand that a private company operates steamers and has a government contract to carry mail and passengers, but no one seems able to tell me where the company has an office. Surely employes of your bank must go back and forth from time to time and some one here can tell me where to go for information." He looked

at me steadily and then his eyes twinkled. "Surely" he said "we can fix you up in a jiffy." He sent a messenger for the telephone directory. I had already examined it. He did the same, growing more puzzled as he searched. He called up two numbers without getting the information he was after. His jaw set with determination. He sent for his principal assistant and general factotem and put the question to him. The general factotem consulted with his collaagues, how did one get from Bogota to Barranquilla? They all looked puzzled, although it was by the Magdalena River that all goods and persons entered or left Colombia for or from Bogota. The ~~manag~~ manager looked at me grimly, but still with the twinkle in his eye. I said, "Well, do you see my difficulty? I just arrived last evening and am planning to leave this dumb country as soon as I can. I came in from the west coast and I want to leave by the north coast. I have heard of the Magdalina River. I believe that there is such a river because I have seen it. It seems reasonable to suppose that boats navigate it. I have heard that they navigate it and I saw some boats on the river. Now, those boats belong to companies and those companies have offices in this city. I am quite sure that you yourself made the trip on a steamer up the river from Barranquilla to Bogota. Is it not so?" He grinned and said, yes, he had made the trip, and there was no doubt whatever about there being a river and boats on the river, but he got his ticket at an office in Barranquilla and had never had occasion yet to get one in Bogota. Meanwhile the council of war was going on in an adjoining room to the rear. There was much telephoning and an exasperating wait, but I could see that the manager was in the same mood I was, that office of the steamboat company had to be found. It was found. The factotem came in with a look of triumph and said I would find the office at such an address, so many blocks in one direction

(1929, April, Bogota) B--1929

and so many in another direction. The Colombia Railway and Navigation Company was its name. I looked at the manager and said, "What kind of a city is this anyway; don't any of the natives know anything?" "No," he replied sarcastically, "Nobody knows anything, and is not supposed to know anything; things just happen or they don't happen; it's no place for an Anglo-Saxon if he expects to retain his mental faculties; I suppose my clerical force is quite proud of their achievement this morning and utterly exhausted mentally from the effort. It's a damnable situation." "It must be," I said, "but many thanks for the help you have given me."

Following the directions given I went so many squares in one direction and so many in another and finally found the office of the Colombia Railway and Navigation Company in an inconspicuous private dwelling on a side street. The offices were bare, partly furnished rooms on the second floor. Only one clerk was visible. She readily took my name for a reservation, said the fare down would be $75.00, but could not sell me a ticket until the following Friday afternoon at 3 p.m.

On the street I ran into another piece of good luck. I had walked a mile or more through the business section looking for a stationery store, without success, and here on a side street I found one and was able to buy a supply of typewriting paper. The clerk who took my order did not seem to know how to wrap it up, as if he had never tied up a parcel before. After watching his clumsy and futile efforts, I said in Spanish, "Pardon me, señor, let me do it." I took the ream of paper and a sheet of wrapping paper and quickly wrapped and tied the package. The clerk watched me and when I had finished remarked, "Marivilloso, señor." Yes, wonderful indeed, when a customer has to show a shop clerk how to wrap and tie a small package.

Having made the reservation for Barranquilla I returned to the office of the Hamburg and American Line and made a reservation on the "Orinoco" from Barranquilla to La Guayra. Having thus provided for my getaway from the city that knows nothing I returned to the hotel.

Had a distressingly poor luncheon. Meats were served less than half cooked and fruits were green and hard and sour. I could not eat them. I sent an order back for hardboiled eggs, knowing they would be soft boiled, and a bottle of Chianti red wine. The wine cost $2.50 that sold in Rome for twenty cents. After luncheon I took a long nap and slept profoundly. After waking I began typing my March expense account. For supper had roast beef, potatoes and carrots, a banana and coffee for desert. Then took a walk. Men were standing on the corners, but not a woman was in sight. All shops were closed with metal shutters. Not a theater, saloon, or cabaret to be seen. The city was "triste, muy triste" (sad, very sad) after dark.

(Olsen, 6 April, Bogotá, salmon folder)

Extract from letter of April 6 at Bogota to Chief of Bureau in Washington regarding expense account for March, 1929:

x x x x

"The same day I saw the American Vice-Consul, Mr.Rowe, who said that in addition to my visee from the Colombian Minister at Washington I would need a visee from the Colombian Consul at Guyaquil, and that if I would leave my passport with him he would get the visee for me. Later he called up and said that the Colombian Consul would not give a visee without a certificate of vaccination against the bubonic plague and a certificate of health, both to be obtained from local physicians, but that I could enter Colombia from the Atlantic side without such certificates. I verified these statements by calling in person at the Colombian Consulate, but as I refused to be pumped full of bubonic germs and pay two doctor's fees, the Consul was obdurate and refused to give me a visee, without which I could not enter Colombia from the Pacific side. Therefore I paid $75.00 (plus one per cent tax) for passage to Cristobal, where I planned to catch a steamer for Barranquilla.

"However, after learning that the Magdalena River (the route from Barranquilla on the north coast to Bogata) was dry and some sixty river boats were stranded for an indefinite period, and that the aeroplane fare part way to Girardot was $250.00 each way, and $2.15 per pound for baggage, I bluffed my way through as a diplomat at Buenaventura and was permitted to land. By doing this I will save perhaps two weeks time and several hundred dollars, but the Department will lose the unused portion of the steamer ticket Buenaventura to Cristobal amounting to $25.00 unless steps are taken to collect the difference from the steamship company. The detached portion of the ticket is with the account as a subvoucher. I presume the company has and office in New York.

x x x x

Extract from letter of April 6 at Bogota to Chief of Bureau in Washington regarding expense account for March, 1929:

x x x

"The same day I saw the American Vice-Consul, Mr. Howe, who said that in addition to my visas from the Colombian Minister at Washington I would need a visa from the Colombian Consul at Barranquil, and that if I would leave my passport with him he would get the visas for me. Later he called up and said that the Colombian Consul would not give a visa without a certificate of vaccination against the bubonic plague and a certificate of health, both to be obtained from local physicians, but that I could enter Colombia from the Atlantic side without such certificates. I verified these statements by calling in person at the Colombian Consulate, but as I refused to be pumped full of bubonic germs and pay two doctor's fees, the Consul was obdurate and refused to give me a visa, without which I could not enter Colombia from the Pacific side. Therefore I paid $75.00 (plus one per cent tax) for passage to Cristobal, where I planned to catch a steamer for Barranquilla.

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x x x

Sunday, 7 April, Bogota; cloudy forenoon, sunshine afternoon, and cold. While the maid was setting my room in order I took a walk. I first went to the postoffice only to find it closed. In front of a cathedral near by was a squad of policemen and a regiment of ~~colored~~ choire boys. A little later a procession with bands came down the street and turned at the corner where I was standing. The procession was headed by a company of soldiers, followed by a company of school boys, a group of ~~ec~~ teachers, a regiment of choir boys in black with white linen shirts, some more soldiers, a band, a procession of priests, and in the center of their column a canopy was held over a group of ecclesiastics wearing gold surplices, followed by another procession of priests swinging censors, another band, and more soldiers.

Directly opposite the Hotel Imperial was the White House of Colombia, the residence of the President of the republic. It was a plain building and in front of it day and night stood four soldiers like statues in gorgeous uniforms. Every afternoon about 4 o'clock a military band marched down the street and turned in at the arched entrance to the presidential mansion and for half an hour played the national hymn.

A walk of five or six blocks from the hotel brought me to the municipal market. It covered an entire city block. In it were many varieties of potatoes of different colors and sizes, some as small as marbles and others as larges as apples, some round and some long and slender like a small banana, and they were of different colors from bright red to dark green. The tomatoes were of primitive type, ribbed and corrugated and small with hard green centers. The bananas looked good. The oranges were about half the normal size. Apples were the poorest I had ever seen, poorer than

the cider apples of France and Italy, some of them no larger than a walnut, green, hard as a turnip, and distorted in shape. Many of the tropical fruits were strange to me, but all were unattractive. The meats were cut up into chunks and hung up in the open, exposed to dust and flies, and repulsive in appearance. The walls of the market buildings and of the houses on the opposite side of the street were covered with black crawling flies.

On returning to my room after luncheon I found that ~~my room~~ it had not been set in order. I spent the rest of the day in writing. Before supper I had a short nap. The meals were almost inedible. The bread was dark in color with an elastic crust like rubber. Meats were served half cooked and saturated with olive oil. Only the potatoes tasted good. The soups were the thinest and poorest I had ever encountered. Strange dishes were served that were unattractive in appearance and insipid to the taste. Except bananas all fruits were inedible. The "dulce" consisted of a little hard peach no bigger than a plum and was served with pink syrup. The coffee was excellent. After supper I again ventured on the streets; and again saw men standing on street corners, but no women in sight; shops all closed and sealed with metal shutters, and no place of amusement; "triste, muy triste."

(Mother, 7 April, Bogota, salmon folder)

Monday, 8 April, Bogota; clear, bright and cool. Had a short interview with Minister Caffery who seemed greatly preoccupied. He said the Colombian government was in financial difficulties; that about ninety-two separate public projects were under way and so far advanced that if not completed it would entail great loss; that the government had just met with a refusal of its application for a loan of $35,000,000; that the government had taken about $Ø 60,000,000 frmm the farms, raised wages, and added to the cost of living; that other contributing causes were excessive duties and high cost of transportation; that there was but little immigration into the country; that the country was not selfsustaining, importing cattle from Venezuela, and wheat, corn, rice, and even potatoes from the United States; and that coffee constituted about sixty-five per cent of the total income, with petroleum as next most important; and that the great llanos on the south and east are great prairies that could be utilized for livestock.

Tuesday, 9 April, Bogota; clear forenoon, cloudy and raining in the afternoon. After breakfast read some local papers with long articles about the financial crisis in the city and throughout the country. Walked down the street, bought some picture postcards, and inspected two churches that were much alike, with many wood carvings and paintings, and altars covered with gold leaf. At the office of the Director of Agriculture I was informed that the director was expected back in the afternoon and would be at his office the following morning. Spent several hours pasting photographs taken on this trip. They made nineteen pages, four to six to a page. Did some reading. The military band played nearly an hour this afternoon at the presidential mansion. As many times as I looked across from my window I never saw a man not dressed in uniform enter or leave the building. Sat up late reading "Courtesans of Paris" by Richebourg.

Wednesday, 10 April, Bogota; bright and hot. I called several times at the office of the Director of Agriculture, but the doors were locked and the curtains down. In the afternoon I was more successful and was admitted to the office of the statistician, Sr. Fonseca, in the Agricultural Division of theDepartment of Industries. Sr. Fonseca explained the work of his office and the methods used. Shortly afterwards the Director, Sr. Comacho, whom I had met at Buenaventura, came in and introduced me to a number of employes, each of whom explained his work. Sr. Fonseca again promised co-operation in the census project. He gave me copies of a report by a Canadian expert, Mr.Clarence Ferguson, who had submitted a plan for the reorganization of the department, and other reports that had been made to the Colombian congress. I spent the evening reading a Spanish novel.

Thursday, 11 April, Bogota; cloudy and warm. After breakfast I spent an hour or more trying to find the headquarters of the Agricultural Society of Colombia. The address given in the telephone directory was No.83 14th Street "near 7th." I succeeded in finding the number, but it was four squares from 7th Street, and the "No.83 14th Street" was over the door of a small shop in which the proprietor said he had never heard of the agricultural society.

Upon returning to the hotel I made extracts from the reports obtained the previous day. At 3 p.m. I went to the Division of Agriculture and found it closed. The messenger said it would open at 3.30 p.m., so I had to make a second trip to return the reports that had been loaned to me. I asked the director about the agricultural survey of Colombia that was mentioned in El Debate of the day before and he confessed he had not heard of it. He promised to arrange for an interview with the Minister of Industries at the first opportunity. Sr.Fonseca, the statistician, had loaned

me a copy of a scheme he had prepared for the reorganization of the statistical service which I read and concerning which I expressed a favorable opinion. On leaving the building he followed me out into the street and asked that in my forthcoming interview with the Minister I mention his project. He thought a word from me would be of much assistance.

Friday, 12 April, Bogota; clear and warm. After breakfast I cashed a check at the Bank of Canada and then called at the headquarters of the National Federation of Coffee Growers and discused with the officials their ~~plan~~ "program de accion." While reading the documents they gave me at the hotel I had a telephone message from the American Legation that some letters had arrived for me. Thinking there should be a letter from my wife I took a taxi and rode to the legation only to find one letter, and it was from a correspondent in Haiti that had been forwarded from Washington. I was keenly disappointed, for I had not received a single letter from my wife since leaving home the middle of January.

In the afternoon I succeeded in finding the headquarters of the agricultural society, but all the officers were away. However, a member of the society, a distinguished looking old gentleman, welcomed me, showed me over the rooms, and gave me a copy of a pamphlet outlining the history and achievements of the society, and a copy of a periodical issued by it entitled "Revista Nacional de Agricultura."

The regular afternoon rain came and for awhile it was very gloomy and cold both outside and inside the hotel. Directly ~~af~~ after supper I went to bed to keep warm, where I read and smoked until after midnight.

Saturday, 13 April, Bogota; cloudy and cold. After breakfast I called at the Division of Agriculture and found only three

employes present. They said the department was closed on Saturdays. I called at the office of the Commercial Attache and he was out, so I would not wait. Then I telegraphed to the hotel in Girardot for a room reservation Monday.

I took a walk about the city. Each street was like every other, little one story houses with projecting tile roofs, little shops with a miscellaneous assortment of cheap wares, streets and sidewalks crowded with people, mostly Indian or halfbreeds with short bodies and broad shoulders, dark brown faces, flat noses, and black hair.

Returned to the hotel at 11.30 a.m. feeling very tired. Luncheon very unsatisfactory. Slept most of the afternoon and took a walk before supper. Supper was even worse than the luncheon. I asked the waiter to please tell the cook that he surpassed all other cooks in the world for poor cooking. I took another walk after supper, but the streets were deserted, silent, and sad. My desire to leave Bogota became stronger and more fervid each day.

Sunday, 14 April,Bogota; fair and warm. Had breakfast in my room and packed most of my things. Porters called for my trunk and large suitcase at 10 a.m., it being the custom to take baggage to the railway station and check it the day before the train is to leave so as not to disturb the leisurely and deliberate routine and habits of the employes charged with such matters.

I took a long walk up hill to the edge of the city at the foot of the mountain from which point I had a good view of the tiled roofed city, the plain beyond, the numerous stately eucalyptus groves, and of the encircling mountains. I felt my heart beat, my breath get short, and was very tired when I returned, which I attributed to the altitude and the rarified atmosphere.

(1939, April, Bogota)

employee present. They said the department was closed on Saturdays.
I called at the office of the Commercial Attache and he was out.
so I would not wait. Then I telegraphed to the Hotel Continental
for a room reservation today.

I took a walk about the city. Each street was like every
other. Little one story houses with projecting tile roofs, little
shops with a miscellaneous assortment of cheap wares, streets
and sidewalks crowded with people, mostly Indian or half-breeds
with short bodies and broad shoulders, dark brown faces, flat noses,
and black hair.

Returned to the hotel at 11.30 a.m. feeling very tired.
Luncheon very unsatisfactory. Slept most of the afternoon and
took a walk before supper. Supper was even worse than the lunch-
eon. I asked the waiter to please tell the cook that he surpass-
ed all other cooks in the world for poor cooking. I took another
walk after supper, but the streets were deserted, silent, and sad.
My desire to leave Bogota became stronger and more fervid ~~as~~ each
day.

Sunday, 14 April, Bogota: Fair and warm. Had breakfast in my
room and packed most of my things. Porters called for my trunk
and large suitcase at 12 a.m., it being the custom to take baggage
to the railway station and check it the day before the train is
to leave so as not to disturb the leisurely and deliberate routine
and habits of the employes charged with such matters.

I took a long walk up hill to the edge of the city at the
foot of the mountain from which point I had a good view of the tiled
roofed city, the plain beyond, the numerous stately eucalyptus
groves, and of the encircling mountains. I felt my heart beat, my
breath get short, and was very tired when I returned, which I at-
tributed to the altitude and the rarified atmosphere.

When I entered the room I found a good looking mature maid setting it in order. She saw my preparations for leaving and wanted to know what present I intended to give her. I ~~si si~~ smiled and avoided a direct answer, but she was persistent. I said I could tell better after I had hugged and kissed her. She smiled and shied away, saying that it was not permitted and that the hotel was "muy delicado." This struck me as amusing becuse I had seen nothing in the hotel that suggested the idea of "delicado." I spent the afternoon reading the "History of a Courtesan" by Dumas, which is an interesting romance. To avoid delay the following morning I settled the hotel bill in the evening.

(Wife, 14 April, Bogota, salmon folder)

Monday, 15 April,Bogota to Girardot; cloudy and raining. I slep soundly and had to hurry to dress, get a cup of coffee, tip the servants, and send a boy out on the streets for a taxi. There was considerable delay and I became a little nervous. However a quick drive across the city brought me to the train before it left at 7 a.m. There were three other passengers in the small compartment with me, a big German, an attractive young woman who spoke both German and English, and a priest who sat next to me and tried to carry on a conversation with the young lady in German. The country was beautiful in the alternating sunshine and showers. At certain vantage points one could look out over a sea of mountain tops. The coffee plants were dropping with ripening fruit as red as cranberries.

We reached Girardot at 2 p.m. Although I had telegraphed in advance for a room I was told at the hotel that the message was received too late, that no rooms were available, and that I should have telegraphed a week or more in advance.

I got acquainted with a tall Englishman, Captain Davis, who had been to Bogota on some sort of mission for the Federal Reserve Bank of New York. He was in the same predicament. Leaving our hand baggage with the express company that was looking after our trunks we spent the afternoon walking about the streets, resting in restaurants, drinking beer, smoking, and getting acquainted. At 6 p.m. we took a taxi and were driven to the wharf and saw our baggage brought aboard the river steamer "Eugenia." We had supper at the hotel and then walked the streets until we found a little cabaret where there were several very pretty girls. One of them was especially pretty. She was young, small, slender, perfectly formed, firm fleshed, well rounded limbs, protruberant breasts, graceful

curves, rich complexion, black eyes, curley black hair, vivacious manners, and was altogether lovely. The captain and I took turns ~~hol~~ holding her in our arms and carressing her. The establishment was presided over by a large and very dignified Colombian woman and a pale young man with a wheezy accordion supplied the music. Several couples would dance from time to time in a half-hearted way and it was evident that the men had very little money to spend, which effectually restrained their enthusiasm.

About midnight we returned to the steamer and slept on separate cots in the same cabin, said by the captain of the boat to be the best available. The only furniture was the two cots, there being no chairs, no pillows, no towels, no water, and no electric light.

Tuesday, 16 April, to Barranquilla; cold and rainy. We were awakened at 6.30 a.m. by the noise of the boat getting under way. We sat each on his own cot and had a smoke and went down to the dining room at 7 a.m. for breakfast. The river was narrow, swift, muddy, and crooked, flowing between high mud banks over which could be seen hills and mountains. We met several small stern wheel river boats that made a great noise of escaping steam and clanking machinery.

At 10 o'clock our boat tied up ~~at~~ to a wharf at Beltran on the left bank of the river. I was a small, straggling, unlovely village of one story houses surrounded by soft black mud. We explored the place and found a little restaurant kept by an old woman, her pretty daughter, and a little boy. Here we obtained a whiskey and soda as ~~a~~ an antidote for the general dreariness outside. We returned to the boat at 11 a.m. and had luncheon. At noon we observed other passengers carrying their hand baggage to some empty railway coaches that stood on the track near an oil tank a quarter of a mile away, probably with a view to securing seats before the engine brought the

(1925, April, Ulverton)

curves, rich complexion, black eyes, curly black hair, vivacious manners, and was altogether lovely. The captain and I took turns holding her in our arms and caressing her. The refreshment was presided over by a large and very dignified Colombian woman and a pale young man with a wheezy accordion supplied the music. Several couples would dance from time to time in a half-hearted way and it was evident that the men had very little money to spend, which effectually restricted their enthusiasm.

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At 10 o'clock our boat tied up at a small settlement on the left bank of the river. I was a small, straggling, unlovely village of one story houses surrounded by soft black mud. We explored the place and found a little restaurant kept by an old woman, her pretty daughter, and a little boy. Here we obtained a whiskey and soda as a remedy or antidote for the general dreariness outside. We returned to the boat at 11 a.m. and had luncheon. At noon we observed other passengers carrying their hand baggage to some muddy railway coaches that stood on the track near an oil tank a quarter of a mile away, probably with a view to securing seats before the coaches brought

coaches down to the station. Their example caused us to do likewise. My two suitcases were rather heavy and I was out of breath when we reached the coaches, which by that time were nearly full of passengers. We were soon installed very comfortably in two first class coaches. Then it was reported that these coaches would not be attached to the outgoing train. ~~Then~~ There was consternation among the passengers and many of them began to flock back to the station. There was not a single railway employe visible from whom definite information could be obtained. One of the passengers near us volunteered the ~~information~~ statement that these coaches would be attached to a second train that would get us to the steamer landing in time that evening. Captain Davis was not satisfied and, leaving me to guard the luggage, he ~~rat~~ went to the station and returned with the information that these coaches were sidetracked and would not go out that day. So we had to carry our baggage back to the station. The train was due to leave at 1.30 p.m. but did not actually reach the station until 2 pm. The moment it stopped and before the passengers inside could leave it there was a mad rush and scramble for seats. The seats were small and the four passengers facing each other had difficulty in finding space for their bags and feet.

It was a most uncomfortable ride, but through a beautiful country. We passed through a small railway town that was remarkable for the neatness of the cottage dwellings. Upon inquiry I learned that they were erected and occupied by American employes of the railway company. After passing some remarkable sandstone cliffs we came to the town of ~~Honda~~ Honda at 4.20 p.m. From this point the train followed the river valley and the vegetation was tropical.

We reached our destination, El Dorado, at dusk. We walked across from the railway to the steamer that was to take us down the river. The boat was a long flat bottomed affair with a three-story

wooden superstructure. Captain Davis and I had both engaged cabins de luxe, paying $12.50 extra for the privilege. These were on the top deck, were about eight feet square, and furnished with a single iron cot with a woven wire web in lieu of mattress, over which was spread a piece of grass matting, but there were no sheets or pillows. In addition there was a chair, a wash basin, and a small mirror, but there was no water or towel or soap. With some difficulty we found the stewardess, a decrepit old woman. She brought us a can of water. She said we could rent a pillow and two sheets by depositing five dollars with the purser, but we would have to supply our own soap and towels. We made the required deposit which the purser said was necessary to prevent passengers from taking the pillows and sheets with them. Then we proceeded to the one business street in the little town to buy soap and towels. We visited four shops in succession and at the last one we found some small, thin towels at fifty cents each, the kind sold in the ten cent stores in the United States.

The boat moved into midstream at 8 pm. and all passengers were routed out of their cabins and told to be in the dining room promptly on hearing the gong. At the supper table we sat next to the little German lady whom I had seen on the train from Bogota. She spoke English and was very agreeable. The agent in charge of the checked baggage was on board. After supper he asked us to go down to the lower deck and help identify the baggage. I readily found mine and the agent soon had them delivered to my cabin. Captain Davis was not so fortunate. His baggage could not be found and all he had was the clothes he was wearing.

Outside it was dark and the banks of the river were dimly visible. Following us was another long low steamer distinguishable in the darkness only by her electric lights.

Sunday, 17 April, to Barranquilla; fair with hot sun and cool breezem. I did not sleep well because of the noise and the coolness and awoke early. The boat was tied up at a small river landing.Because of the heat I changed from winter to summer clothing. All day there was bright sunshine, a blue sky and white clouds, with a cool breeze from the north. The country along the river was generally low and heavily wooded with ranges of blue mountains on the sky line on both sides. We passed several small river landings and at least a dozen river boats heavily loaded with merchandize and some of them were towing one or two scows. The river towns were small and far apart with nothing between but a tropical wilderness. The river was about as broad as the Mississippi. The water was muddy, the current swift, the channel meandered from side to side, and there were many small islands. I saw one aligator, several cranes, two macaws, several pigeons, and many smaller birds.

As usual the passengers gradually formed small groups. Our group was made up of Captain Davis, Mrs. Kramer, the German lady, and a young German named Brodhut, who was returning to Germany by way of China. Mrs.Kramer was the center of attraction to the gentlemen, who were assiduous in their attentions. She was a young looking widow with a grown daughter. She was fair, plump, shapely, agreeable, and very attractive. She said she had lost everything during the war and had found employment with a corporation that sent her to Colombia to look into a stock raising scheme. Mr.Brodhut had lived in Colombia several years, married a Colombian woman who was unfaithful to him, and he was leaving the country in disgust. Because of the vibration of the boat I found it difficult to write either with pen or typewriter. Our party sat up rather late to drink beer, smoke, and talk economics. Captain Davis said he was employed for awhile by the economist,Dr.

Irving Fisher to travel in the United States to promote his theory of stabilizing the dollar.

Thursday, 18 April, to Barranquilla; bright and hot with ~~god~~ good breeze. Again I had difficulty in sleeping because of the noise. Evidently the temperature fell sharply after dark and the single sheet was insufficient covering. Up at 6.45 a.m. Breakfast was very poor. The meat was inedible and there were no eggs. I had to be satisfied with a hard roll and a cup of stale coffee. We learned that the boat was making remarkable progress because of the swiftness of the current. We were now in the lower third of the river. The stops at the few landings were very short. The river was broad, the banks low, and mountains were no longer in sight. We had passed the forested region and the country alongside was covered mainly with coarse grass and some bananas and sugar cane. The luncheon was inedible and there was a chorus of complaints. The passengers were routed out of their cabins for supper at 5 p.m., long before the usual time. Then when they were all seated there was a long wait and the passengers became impatient. Thoughtlessly I began tapping the floor with my feet. My neighbors took it up and soon there was a steady rythmical tramp of feet at the long table. I spoke up to my companions, "We paid for our passage and de luxe prices for service; we have had abominable service, the worst in all the world; the servants on this boat seem to think the passengess are a nuisance and they have routed us out time and time again and insisted that we should be seated at the table on the minute or forfeit out right to eat what we have paid for; we are here now at their behest, and they are keeping us waiting; let us insist on immediate service." There was applause. With that I called out in a loud voice, "Comida, comida pronto, pronto, prontissimo!"

Instantly the cry was taken up in full throated chorous and we pounded on the table with our fists and stamped on the floor with our feet. The chef and some of his assistants appeared at the door between the dining room and the kitchen with started faces. I rose and advanced toward them and said in Spanish: "Señor servant, and you other servants, listen; at every meal on this boat you have insisted that the passengers be in their seats at the table on the minute or lose our opportunity to get something to eat for which we have paid a high price; we do not like it; you had no right to do it; you are our paid servants, understand, paid to serve us. Now, this time every passenger was in his seat at the time set by you; we have waited five minutes, ten minutes, almost fifteen minutes, and the dinner is not served; we demand that the dinner be served this instant; don't stand there gaping, get busy; if it is not served at once, and if you dare to disturb the passengers again for your convenience not one of you will get a tip, and a committee of the passengers will call on the management at Barranquilla and have every one of you discharged. Hurry, be quick, we will not tolerate any delay, go." There was an uproar of approval from the passengers. The chef and his assistants disappeared behind the door. I stepped to the door, threw it open, and looked into the kitchen and there I saw the chef and his waiters huddled together. I yelled at them "Pronto, pronto, not another minute; bring in that food; there is a revolt of passengers and unless you serve them promptly they will throw you overboard and help themselves." There was no more hesitation. The chef started his servitors to bringing in the bread and soup. It was an abject and apologetic set of waiters that served us that night to our last meal on the boat, and a hilarious group of passengers that got much satisfaction from telling the waiters what they thought of them and of the abominable service to which we had been

subjected ~~to~~. We had made a record trip because of the especially favorable condition of the river and we drew into the harbor of Barranquilla at 8 p.m. Here the river had broadened out into an estuary of the sea and the waves were running. For the last hour I watched with fascinated eyes the undulations of the prow of our boat, which seemed to have a flexible bottom and to go over the waves like a serpent.

At the wharf Mrs.Kramer was met by an agent of the corporation by which she was employed and was conducted by him to a hotel. Most of the passengers quickly disembarked. Captain Davis and I and a few other passengers elected to remain on the boat for the night rather than look for hotel accommodations at such a late hour. The water front was deserted and very quiet. After arranging with the purser for the extra night, Capt. Davis, a young German, and I went ashore, took a taxi and were driven through the dark and deserted streets to a small restaurant where we had sandwiches, beer, and smokes. My companions related many amusing and interesting stories, mostly about adventures with women. For example, the young German told about renting a large well furnished room in a hotel in Bucharest and at night having a beautiful woman, entirely naked but for beautiful hair streaming down to her waist, standing by his bedside, ~~an~~ and of the lovely night they had together. Captain Davis told of seeing soldiers standing in line before the doors of prostitutes in small French villages during the war; and of a beautiful young girl who followed him to his hotel and spent the night with him, wrote affectionate letters to him from time to time after he left, and upon his return to London came to the home of his mother and became a friend of the family and entertained him on his visits. Both spoke of the universal emancipation of women from the former restrictions of home. We each brought back a bottle of beer to

the boat with us.

Friday, 19 April,Barranquilla; cloudy and warm. I was awakened by Captain Davis and dressed and packed up hurriedly. The passenger in the cabin next to me had two women with him all night. The old stewardess had her entire family with her. Two voluptuous Colombian women came to the door of my cabin and asked me the name of the hotel to which the young German, our companion of the night before, had gone. They proposed to stop at the same hotel. At 7 a.m. we drove to the express office. Captain Davis wished to check his baggage, but could not because it had been locked up in the custom house which would not be open until after 8 a.m.. We stopped for a few minutes at a little restaurant and had a cup of coffee. Then we proceeded to the office of the steamship company and from there to the Hotel Moderno where I got a room and left my hand baggage. Next we drove back to the customhouse, but my trunk and large suitcase had not yet been transferred from the boat. Captain Davis and I spent about an hour going from one office to another until we found the particular officer who had charge of a British service revolver that the captain had surrendered on entering the country. It was a 44 caliber, whereas the Colombian government permits entry of nothing over 32 caliber. Upon his statement that he was a captain of reserves the revolver was handed back to him. Then he got his baggage weighed and passed without examination. Returning to the steamer we succeeded in finding the purser who refunded the five dollars we had deposited as a guarantee that we would not steal the bedding. He said a deposit was necessary because the first class passengers invariably took the bedding with them unless they had a forfeit. Next we visited the office of the Panama Mail and were told that steamer tickets could not be sold to us until we had procured an identification card and visee. It made no differ-

ence that I had been admitted to the country without such a card, they said my passport with visee of the Colombian Minister at Washington was useless; I must get an identification card duplicating my passport, and have it duly viseed, and get a permit to leave the country. By this time Captain Davis and I were getting exasperated and sarcastic and to quiet our nerves stepped into a restaurant and had a whiskey and soda. We went to the American Consulate where Captain Davis had to fill out an application for a "non-quota" visee to enable him to enter the United States on his return to New York. The clerk who took the application was occupied and we decided to return in the afternoon. On our return Ð Captain Davis got out at the steamship office and I returned to the hotel.

Shortly after 11 a.m. Captain Davis rejoined me at the hotel and after having a drink I took him to my room to wash up. We had luncheon together, went to a photographer's for the photographs required by the government officials, and then to the Americn Consulate where he got his papers and I had my income tax return certified. There we separated and I repaired to the office of the Alcalde for my identification card. I was required to make three copies of an application and submit three photographs. The Alcalde had not returned from luncheon so the certificate could not be ~~sg~~ signed.

Shortly after 3 o'clock I went to a restaurant and was soon joined by Captain Davis and we had a whiskey and soda together. This was our last meeting and he expressed sincere regret at parting. I had enjoyed his company, but after he left I had a sense of relief at being again footloose and free.

Again I went to the office of the Alcalde where I obtained the precious identification card upon payment of $1.25. Then to the office of the steamship company where I was informed that in

addition to the visee of the Venezuelan Minister at Washington I must have a visee from the local Venezuelan Consul. Returning to the hotel I had the girl in charge telephone to the office of the Venezuelan Consul, but she could get no response. Nor did she meet with better success later. I then went to the "Gobernacion" and got a visee on my identification card permitting me to leave the condemned city. I walked several squares to a market and bought a supply of cigars and a bottle of whiskey. At 8 p.m. had a poor excuse for supper and ate scarcely anything. Then took a walk through the dark streets that were mostly deserted. I did not see a single theater or other place of amusement. I returned to my room, thankful for a good electric light and fan, because it was hot and my clothing was saturated with perspiration.

Saturday, 20 April, Barranquilla; fair and hot. I drove out to the office of the Venezuelan Consul and after exhibiting my identification card and passport got a visee. ~~on my passport.~~ Then to the office of the steamship company for my ticket and to the Canadian Bank for some money. I walked to the market and then to my room. The expressman came for my trunk and large suitcase and said I would have to go to the customhouse. I did so, but the baggage was not examined. In the afternoon I wrote some letters and sent a cablegram to the Rome office. I spent nearly an hour trying to find the telegraph office. The streets were extremely dusty, many of them very narrow, and in places the sidewalks were two to four feet above the street level. As in all Latin American towns the streets were deserted after dark and all shop windows closed with tight metal shutters.

(Mother,20 April,Barranquilla, salmon folder)

Sunday, 21 April, Barranquilla; bright and hot. After an abominable breakfast I took a walk through the market. It was crowded with poor people. The meats and fruits on display were not attractive. Below the market was a broad branch of the river with a beach on which were many women with baskets of fish and produce for sale. I stood for awhile on the outer edge of a crowd gathered about a peddler of patent medicines who gave a demonstration of painless tooth pulling. The victim was a stolid looking Indian woman with a swollen face. The fakir kept her waiting ~~quite awhile~~ some time while he extolled in rapid fire language the virtues of his wares. His colloquial Spanish was a little difficult for me to follow. He finally pulled the tooth out, with considerable effort on his part, and many grunts and writhings of the ~~face of the~~ victim.

I sat awhile in a little park and watched a young man who was very drunk. He was lying flat on his back at the base of a monument to General Bolivar. He was a beautiful young man not more than eighteen or twenty and dressed as if he was a member of an operatic troup. His features were regular, smooth, and delicate and as beautiful as a girl's, with large black eyes and long wavy black hair. He was well proportioned with small feet and hands and wore a silk shirt, a velvet jacket, knee pants, silk stockings, and patent leather shoes. In a few minutes he raised himself to a sitting posture, looked up at the statue above him, struggled to his feet and standing very unsteadily he ~~he~~ proceeded to make a speech on "Libertad, libertad,"and the glorious history of his country and the heroic patriotism of the savior of his country and of South America, General Simon Bolivar. A few people passing through the park stopped for a moment, smiled, and passed on. Suddenly the young orator collapsed and went peacefully to sleep on the grass.

Returning to my room I spent most of the day in bed, reading, smoking, and dozing. After supper I took a long walk and on the way back stopped in a little restaurant for a glass of beer. I was joined by an elderly Italian who was stopping in the same hotel as I and who rather interested me. We had another bottle of beer together. He said he was a Piedmontese and had spent eighteen years in South America as a mason contractor. He said he had not visited Italy for more than twenty years and had left his bride who had a son he had never seen, and that for the last five years he had not written to his family. To convince me that he had prospered he showed me three checks amounting to more than two hundred pounds sterling.He said he was about to take the first ship sailing for Italy.

Monday, 22 APril, Barranquilla; bright and hot. Had an early breakfast and had to wait some time for the proprietor to make out my account. Then I went to the railway station. The train left at 8.15 a.m. After passing through a section of sand dunes and marsh covered with scrub brush we reached Puerto Colombo at 9.45 a.m.

This little sand dune town I had seen in 1927, so it looked quite familiar to me. There was a long wait for the train to back out to the customhouse on the half mile long pier at the end of which was the "Orinoco" at anchor. The train and the little customhouse were badly crowded and the officials simply checked my baggage without opening it. There were no porters and I had to carry my hand baggage nearly a quarter of a mile through the hot sun. It was a great relief when one of the ship's stewards came out to help me. Then there was another wait while the passports and cedula visees underwent scrutiny and getting the baggage aboard. I ~~sh~~ exchanged my Colombian money with an itinerant "cambio" for dollars. On going up to the smoking room I was greeted by Mrs.Kramer,

the German lady who came down the river on the same steamer with us. She introduced me to her companion, a Colombian gentleman. Before leaving she said she had met Captain Davis in Puerto Colombo and that evidently he had been drinking heavily and had acted in a most ungentlemanly manner toward her; that he had thrown his arms about her, kissed her, called her sweetheart, and much to her indignation had invited her to his room.

The luncheon on the ship was excellent, the first meal I had enjoyed for weeks. The first officer sat at the same table and I sized him up as a German blockhead. At least he was in bad humor, surley, morose, and refused to be drawn into conversation.

In the afternoon I slept soundly from the effects of fatigue, the heat, and the hearty luncheon I had eaten. After I awoke I wrote a report to the Institute. I asked the steward if I could have a bottle of whiskey sent to my room and he said it was against the rules.

At my table in the evening was a young man who said he was a geologist with headquarters at Caracas and that he had been in Venezuela seven years. He talked Spanish fluently. He said that three-fourths of Venezuela is an absolute desert with nothing but cacti. He said that Curaçao had a drouth of four years duration and that water was its most valuable commodity. Another table companion was an American who understood Spanish so imperfectly that he was silent. A third table companion was a Colombian of the big blond type.

~~(Secretary General, 22 April, Puerto Colombo, almon folder)~~ omit

Tuesday, 23 April, to Caracas; cloudy, pleasant, agitated sea. During the night a wave struck the side of the ship and about a tub full of water came through the open porthole of my cabin. I was up early and had a salt water bath, a cocktail, a smoke, a walk on deck, and then a delicious breakfast of buttered toast, fried bacon and eggs, rolls and coffee. And then in a steamer chair I smoked, and dozed, and dreamed to the sound of splashing hissing waves. Then read a little of "El Principe" by Fedor Dostoyuski. In the early morning we could barely distinguish the northern coast of South America through the haze. During the day we saw many ships headed in different directions. At sundown we were passing some islands to the north.

At my table were two young men who spoke English. One was British who said he was employed by a rubber tire company and had been stationed at Caracas for seven years. He said that a new process had been invented for transporting rubber latex in tanks directly to the factory where it was manufactured. The other was an American who was very taciturn.

As we approached the Island of Curaçao and the harbor of Willamstad the moonlight and city lights were reflected in the water. The port officials came aboard promptly and for an hour or more there was more or less confusion of passengers leaving and others coming aboard.

Among the passengers from Puerto Colombo I had noted a voluptuous mulatto woman who kept to herself. As we entered the harbor I happened to be standing at the rail watching the lights of the city and she stood beside me. She seemed a trifle agitated and from remarking about the lights of the city we were approaching at night she confided that she was born in Colombia, was a fully develop-

ed woman at twelve, was married at fourteen, had a son at sixteen, and after living in Caracas for some years left her son with friends in Willamstad and went to live at Barranquilla. She had not seen her son since, he was now sixteen, and she expected him to come aboard as soon as the ship docked and she was not sure that she would recognize him. She was a magnificent specimen of a woman and as she talked she sometimes leaned against me and I felt the pressure of her well rounded hips and her full breast pressing against my arm. This ~~w~~ was an unusual experience in the darkness of evening and not a disagreeable one. As the ship drew alongside the wharf she scanned with anxious eyes the faces of all the young men to be seen and seemed much disappointed that she could recognize no one. An hour later when the visitors had almost taken possession of the ship I saw a bashful young man with a slim flapper hanging to his arm approach my voluptuous acquaintance, stroll by her several times, each time looking at her intently, until finally he stopped before her and spoke. There was an exchange of words and then they embraced. She had found her son.

The visitors and some of the passengers left and the ship quieted down at 10 p.m. I went up to the smoking room for a drink before retiring. No sooner had I sat down than two women entered, one young and dazzlingly beautiful, with ~~protuberant breasts~~, highly colored cheeks, lustrous black eyes and a wealth of blue black hair, voluptuous in all her graceful curves, and wearing a red dress, ~~and~~ red silk stockings and red slippers. Her companion was elderly and looked as if she might be in poor health and from her manner I judged that she was the maid of the younger woman. They took a table near mine. I looked at the young woman with frank admiration. Why not? After all we were strangers and probably would never meet again.

She looked at me with apparent interest and wholly unabashed. Just then the steward brought a bottle of beer and poured out a glass for me. In a spirit of bravado I raised my glass and bowed to the beautiful creature. Greatly to my surprise and somewhat to my consternation she nodded and pointed to a vacant seat at her table, clearly an invitation to join her. In a spirit of adventure I accepted the invitation and picked up my bottle and glass and joined her. I thanked her in my best Spanish for her graciousness and asked if she and her companion would have anything to drink. She said she would drink a glass of beer with pleasure. I ordered the bear and some little cakes. She was remarkably beautiful. I asked discreet questions politely to make conversation, where they were from, where they were going, but she was very reticent. Later she said she was from Paris and had lived in Cartagena, but she was so obviously Spanish that I did not think she was telling the truth. It was hot in the smoking room and I suggested that we adjourn to a table on deck, to which she consented and led the way. There we had another bottle of beer and some cigarettes. She was vivacious but volunteered no further information about herself. She asked many questions about my travels which I answered frankly. Her conversation was not particularly edifying,and the maid said absolutely nothing but listened intently to everything that was said and smiled furtively and suspiciously. However, no painting in the world could equal the living, breathing, smiling, beautiful creature at my side and I thoroughly enjoyed looking at her. When she declined further entertainment she rewarded me by leaning against my shoulder and asking the number and location of my cabin and said she would join me there in half an hour. We separated at 11 p.m. Ten minutes later I saw the two of them leave the ship and walk rapidly across the wharf. I never saw them again, but the recollection of her beauty

(1929, April, to Cannes)

will remain in my memory always.

Wednesdy, 24 April, Curaçao; cloudy with cool pleasant breeze. The ship was anchored across the channel opposite the city. Rather than hire a boat to take me across I remained on board smoking and reading. Many visitors came aboard for luncheon. Just before the gang plank was removed an old woman, thin, emaciated, and carrying a battered suitcase was prevented from coming aboard. She seemed to be in great distress. I was told by one of the officers that she was partially demented and wanted to go to Trinidad but had no ticket or papers.

After pulling herself out into mid channel by means of a cable the ship got under way at 2 o'clock and steamed slowly along the waterfront of the city. Wilemstad is a neat looking Dutch city with houses of buff colored brick, white trimmings, and red tiled roofs. At the outer edge of the harbor is a small fortress on top of which were some cannon so small that a strong man could easily pick them up and walk off with them. We were soon out in the open sea which was rather rough.

I spent the afternoon reading "Novellas de Amor y de Muerte." Had an excellent supper and a bottle of wine and afterwards read and smoked. The passengers seemed to be mostly Germans and South Americans, with a sprinkling of mulattoes. All were rather unsocial, probably because this was their first afternoon together and they were strangers. However, I missed the smiling faces and chatting voices that one sees and hears on liners plying between English speaking countries. It was cool on deck and hot in the cabins.

Thurdday,25 April, Puerta Cabelo; cloudy, raining softly, and warm. Last night I looked out the porthole of my cabin and saw electric lights ashore. This morning while dressing the ship drew slowly up a narrow channel to a long wharf. On the water front

were some buildings constructed and decorated in Moorish style, and back of them a small park full of large trees entirely covered with beautiful pink blossoms. On the other side was a long row of warehouses. Across the channel opposite the warehouses were some old government buildings, a small park with flowering trees, and near them some dry docks and small gunboats. Looking across the harbor I saw some low hills and beyond them a flat country with many coconut palms extending back to ~~a~~ the foot of a range of mountains that rose higher and higher inland. They appeared to be five or six thousand feet high and were green to their tops. Near the town is a small peak on top of which was an old castle or fort. Far out near the entrance to the harbor I could see white spray dashing upwards in great white fountains, but the surface of the harbor was as smooth as glass.

It was hot and sultry. After breakfast I went ashore. The laborers on the wharf were mostly negroes or mulattoes. As I walked about I had a feeling as if I had never seen this place before although I remembered having stepped ashore on my voyage in 1927. Usually when I saw a place the second time I recognized streets and buildings instantly, but here everything seemed strange until I came to the end of one of the streets and then memory awoke and everything assumed a familiar look as if I had walked those streets only the week before. The streets were narrow, paved with concrete, with little one story shops and dwellings on either side. There were several open squares with bare ground and large trees covered with gorgeous pink blossoms. The leaves of these trees resembled those of a chestnut, but none of the people I asked could tell me its name; in fact, they would look at it as if they had never seen it before, although it was the most common and striking object in their parks. The men on the street were undersized and the women

rather dirty and unattractive, as were the children. In the local market I saw many monkeys and some birds for sale. The last hour at the wharf was a busy one. A gang of sixty laborers were engaged in transferring bags of coffee, two at a time on little truks, from a warehouse to the shipside where they were hoisted, ten bags at a ~~tim~~ time, and dropped into the hold. During the afternoon many visitors came on board and at sailing time, 7 p.m., several hundred of them stood on the wharf.

The ship backed slowly out into the channel, turned around, and was soon out to sea. At the supper table printed blank forms were distributed and among the questions to be answered were "Are you an anarchist" and "Have you been arrested."

It was a beautiful night with a silvery moon that appeared to be floating through the clouds in the sky and a glittering patch of silver on the sea extending from the ship to the horizon. There was music and dancing in the social lounge. My young friend of the rubber tire company had found a beautiful creature with ~~lovelimbs~~ lovely limbs and contours and they were obviously enjoying themselves. It made me wish that I was younger and free from certain Puritanical scruples and inhibitions. We drew into the harbor of La Guayra and after anchoring the port doctor came aboard and passed every one. It was after midnight when I retired.

Friday, 26 April, LaGuayra; fair and hot. I was awakened by the steward at 6.30 a.m. and went ashore at 7.45. The ship was at the end of a long pier and the passengers and their baggage were transferred on trams to the customs office on shore. There was a long wait before the tram started and at the other end we had to wait an hour and a half for our baggage to follow. While waiting I engaged the services of a colored boy who led me to the National

Bank where I deposited twenty dollars, which I was assured would be returned to me on leaving the country. The boy took the receipt and went to the prefect of police to obtain my passport that had been taken up the evening before. It was more than an hour before he returned and I was getting uneasy. The fee for stamping the paper was two dollars. After the baggage was finally transferred to the customhouse the passengers were admitted two at a time. The examination was short and perfunctory. It was after 10 a.m. when I was free. The baggage was quickly transferred to the railway station and checked through to Caracas. As the train was not to leave until 11 a.m. I took advantage of the opportunity to stroll through the streets and get a glass of beer. On one of the streets a wooman called from an open doorway "Come in, sweetheart." She was very fat, dirty, blowsy, and perspiring freely. I shook my head and passed on. A little park with a dry fountain in it was full of children and they seemed listless from the heat.

I returned to the station fifteen minutes before the train was to start. It was an electric train and had two comfortable coaches and two baggage vans. The distance to Caracas is thirty-six kilometers, about twenty-four miles by rail, but an air line through the mountain is less than eight miles. The road winds up a mountain side in a bewildering number of curves and is paralleled by a good cement road wide enough for two vehicles and has iron guard-rails and cement posts at the dangerous places. The mountain up which the road climbs rises almost directly from the sea to a height of nearly five thousand feet. The road curves back and forth at different heights on the slope of the mountain and one has magnificent views of the sea, the beach, the city of La Guayra, and the harbor in which were anchored several large ships and many sailing vessels. Several miles from La Guayra was a leper colony which resembled a

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penitentiary. Although it seemed as though we were looking directly down at the sea it was barely discernable because of the haze in the air. It looked smooth and calm, but from the white lines and flecks upon its surface I suspected it was anything but ~~sm~~ smooth. Gradually the road left the side of the mountain next to the sea and went around on the other side. Half the time we were above the clouds and when they opened one could look down several thousand feet into the valleys below. The mountain slopes were nearly barren, except for cacti and acacia shrubs. The only green vegetation to be seen were some narrow strips at the bottom of the valley. The only sign of agriculture were some small garden patches cultivated by hand. The only domestic animals were a few goats. One wonders what these animals did for water because none was visible.

It took and hour and a half to make the trip to Caracas. Seen from the ~~car~~ car window above Caracas seemed to be a straggling village in the mountains, but not much of it could be seen at one time. The approach to it was most unattractive.

At the railway station a little boy carried my baggage out. I had to wait for the trunk and large suitcase which were at the bottom of the baggage van with other baggage piled on top. A shabby man with an old carriage and a scrawny team agreed to take me and the baggage to the Middleton Hotel, and the poor nags had to struggle to climb up some of the grades.

At the hotel I was given a small room on the ground floor with tiled floor and a shower bath and toilet attached, one rocking chair and a straight backed chair, both painted a vivid blue. After an entire change of clothing I went into the dining room for luncheon. I had no sooner taken a seat then Mr.H.E.~~W~~ Watkins, then U.S.Commercial Attache, recognized me and joined me. I had

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the haze in the air. It looked smooth and calm, but from the white
lines and flecks upon the surface I suspected it was anything but
smooth. Gradually the road left the side of the mountain next
to the sea and went around on the other side. Half the time we were
above the clouds and when they opened one could look down several
thousand feet into the valleys below. The mountain slopes were near-
ly barren, except for cacti and agave shrubs. The only green vege-
tation to be seen were some narrow strips at the bottom of the
valley. The only sign of agriculture were some small garden patches
cultivated by hand. The only domestic animals were a few goats.
One wonders what these animals did for water because none was visi-
ble.

It took one hour and a half to make the trip to Oaxaca.
Seen from the window above Oaxaca seemed to be a attractive city
lage in the mountains, but not much of it could be seen at one time.
The approach to it was most unattractive.

At the railway station a little boy carried my baggage out.
I had to wait for the trunk and large suitcase which were at the
bottom of the baggage van with other baggage piled on top. A chubby
man with an old cartridge and a gateway team agreed to take me and the
baggage to the Middleton Hotel, and the poor mare had to struggle
to climb up some of the grades.

At the hotel I was given a small room on the ground floor
with tiled floor and a shower bath and toilet attached. One rook-
ing chair and a straight backed chair, both painted a vivid blue.
After an entire change of clothing I went into the dining room for
luncheon. I had no sooner taken a seat when I [illegible] a native
that U.S. Consular Agent, recognized me and joined me. I had

known him in Washington and Buenos Aires. He at once advised me that Venezuela had no ministry of agriculture and no statistical bureau. He suggested that I see Dr. Pittier who was once in the Department of Agriculture at Washington and was the best informed man on agriculture in Venezuela and could tell me whom I should see. It was a pleasure to meet an old acquaintance unexpectedly in a foreign city, especially as he was so well informed on conditions in the country.

After luncheon I made up my laundry and got out my dress suit to be pressed. Then I called at the American Consulate, which I had much difficulty in finding because Mr.Watkins failed to tell me that it faced the public square or that there was a gap in the consecutive numbers on the street. Two policemen and several shopkeepers whom I asked said they did not know where it was. The Consul was on vacation and the Vice-Consul had been in the country only a few weeks and said he knew very little about it. He agreed that I should see Dr.Pittier.

I received a package of mail, but nothing from my home, which was most disappointing.

Then I went to the office of the Commercial Attache and his assistant accompanied me to the Museo Commercial, where I met the Director, Dr. Pittier. He was a Swiss botanist and had served some years in the Bureau of Plant Industry of the United States. I had often heard of him, but had never met him. We had many friends in common and he was much interested in hearing about them. He seemed old and feeble and said he had been confined to his house for more then three weeks. He said he came to Venezuela in 1918 to organize an agricultural experiment station for the government, but after getting it established incompetent men were placed in charge of it

and so it was a failure; that the president-dictator had decreed ~~seve~~ several years ago that each Venexuelan state should have a model demonstration farm and the land for them was cleared, but no technical men were employed, and all were failures. He said that soon after coming to Caracas he entered into a partnership with a Venezuelan, organized a company, bought a large tract of land, and planted one thousand acres to maize, but the quantity produced was more than the Venezuelan market could absorb, his partner cheated him, and he lost most of his savings. Later he was asked to organize a commercial museum, the idea being to have in it specimens of all the products of Venexuela and to buy some products of other countries, but the space provided was not sufficient for those of Venezuela alone. He said there was a law prohibiting the employment of foreigners by the government except engineers and school teachers. He said there was absolutely no interest in Venezuela in improving their agriculture, although the country was not self-supporting.

Acting upon Dr.Pittier's advice I called on Dr.Alirio Parra Marquez, Director de Politica Commercial, whose office was in the same building. He was an animated young man who spoke English quite well. He said his office was really an office of commercial information and that very little statistical information regarding agriculture was available. I expressed a wish to meet the Minister of the Department of Fomento whose department I understood would have ~~che~~ charge of any census that might be taken, and he at once asked for my credentials, which was something very unusual. I said it would be a pleasure to show him my credentials from the International Institute of Agriculture, but unfortunately they were in my trunk at the hotel; however, I showed him my passports and called his attention to the batch of official mail I had received at the consulate and that I was still carrying. I showed him a package of

census programs from the Institute. I opened the package and gave him two copies of the program in Spanish. I called his athention to my name in the program as director of the census project and to the statement that the director would call on the ~~offi~~ proper officials of all governments to explain the project and solicit their cooperation. Then I said blandly that the reason I did not carry the official credentials from the Institute in my pocket was that although I had called on the higher officials of most of the governments of the world, including kings, one emperor, and several presidents, the credentials had never been called for, perhaps because they were informed of the notice that I was to call on them, the obvious^ly disinterested and beneficial nature of the census project, and my very obvious nationality. It suddenly seemed to dawn on the young man that perhaps he had been just a little impertinent and he became a trifle confused and apologetic. He asked if I wished to see the Foreign Minister in whose ~~of~~ department his office was a part. I said that it was not necessary because I understood that all matters of a statistical nature came under the Minister of Fomento and it was my duty to bring the project of the International Institute of Agriculture to his attention and be assured by him that the Institute would have the cooperation of the Venezuelan government in accordance with the stipulations of the treaty that Venezuela had already entered into; otherwise I would have to arrange for an interview with the president, which should not be necessary if the Minister of Fomento granted an interview. His face sobered and he said "Do I understnd you to say you would arrange to see the President about this project unless you are granted an interview by the Minister of Fomento?" "Most assuredly," I replied, "that is my custom when there is any hesitation on the part of subordinate officials; and after the President

approves the project, as he will, I shall cable the Institute at Rome and the announcement that the Venezuelan government has agreed to cooperate with all other governments will appear in the Monthly Bulletin that goes to all governments." "How do you propose to see the President in case your interviews with subordinate officials are not satisfactory," he asked. "Very simple," I replied; "you see there are seventy-four member governments in the Institute, of which Venezuela is by treaty one, and all are friends and all are interested in the success of this census project; all these other governments have agreed to cooperate in this project; all their diplomatic representatives at Caracas would readily join in arranging for an interview between the President of Venezuela and the accredited representative of the International Institute of Agriculture. This, of course, should not be necessary and will not be necessary because the Minister of Fomento is too intelligent to refuse to see me. Also I suspect I have made a mistake in asking you to arrange for the interview, so I withdraw it. I can easily arrange it otherwise." He had listened intently to this statement, his manner changed, he was all smiles, and said, "No, Señor Estabrook, you were quite right in asking me, and I shall take great pleasure in trying to arrange for such an interview with the minister tomorrow." He said he hoped to be able to make the appointment for Monday and asked me to call at 11.30 the following day.

At the Consulate I was told that it would be difficult to see any of the ministers at this time because the former president was out of office, his constitutional term having expired; a successor had not yet been elected and would not be until the meeting of the general assembly on May 5, and the present Minister of Fomento had been in office only a few days.

Saturday, 27 April, Caracas; fair and warm. Had a shower

bath tempered with warm water, an unusual luxury ~~xxxxx~~ in this part of the world. Also I was astonished to have for breakfast good bacon and eggs and excellent coffee, another luxury. I inquired at a photographer's about developing my films and was told I could not get prints under a week, so I did not leave them. I stepped into the cathedral facing the Plaza Bolivar, said to be the oldest and largest in Venezuela. It was very plain inside with altars along the sides lit with candles. Service was in progress with soft music. There were many images and paintings. One of the largest represented a Spanish woman in a richly brocaded dress holding in her hand what looked like a doll dressed in the same richly decorated and stiff material. Near the door were niches in which were marble slabs bearing such inscriptions as "Blessed by the Virgin Mary," "I give this to my mother," and the like.

Next I walked to the principal market held in a large building with an open space to one side. Outside were many cages full of birds of different kinds, some with brilliant plumage, and there were donkeys with big saddles. Inside was the vegetable and fruit market, and a flower market full of lilies, Shasta daisies, and orchids, and some stalls with cheap books and highly colored chromos. In the fruit market the oranges and peaches were the smallest and poorest I had ever seen. In the vegetable market were potatoes of all sizes, shapes and colors, corrugated half ripe tomatoes, cassava, coconuts, and other vegetables. The people in the market were most unattractive and uninteresting.

At 11.30 I called at the office of the Director de Politico Commercial, Sr.Ibarra, (Parra) who assured me that he had arranged for an interview with the Minister of Fomento for the following Monday at 10 a.m. He gave me his card with the name "Ibarra" on it. I showed the card to Mr.Watkins, who said there was some mistake as

Sr.Ibarra was simply a technical employe. He suggested that not only should I see the Minister but General Gomez also, the former president-dictator, the largest coffee grower, the largest cattle raiser, the largest land owner, and the largest and most intelligent agriculturist in the country, and the most powerful man politically in Venezuela. Unfortunately he was then at his country estate near Macara.

It began raining about noon and ~~for~~ for awhile in the afternoon I read "Wonders of the Year 2,000" by Emilio Salgari, a highly imaginative romance, and then took a long nap. Had a good supper and then took a walk, but like all Latin American cities this one seemed dead with its dark and deserted streets.

Returning to my lonely room I fell to speculating on what is the most beautiful thing in the world. Is it sunlight reflected in lucent dewdrops at dawn, the pink flush of dawn itself, or the reflected glory of cloud masses at eventide? Is it the translucent green of the foam crested wave, or the placid lake, or the shimmering surface of the sea or shining river? Is it the pure colors of the newly opened flower, the morning glory, the rose, the lily? Is it the calm serenity of the starry sky at night, or the landscape flooded with moonlight, or the moon like a golden boat seen through the fleecy clouds, or the moonbeams making a path across the trackless sea to the dim and distant horizon? Is it mountain or valley, flowering prairie or sighing forest, waving fields of ripening corn or South Sea palm groves, the quiet and peace of a smiling countryside, or well ordered cities? Is it in the rivers, plains, cascades, or other natural objects? Is it a theory, a drama, a gem of literature or art? Is it some great deed of courage or heroism, or self sacrifice, or some almost superhuman achievement? Is it the

mother love of humans and animals for their young, or the innocent playfulness and trustfulness of infants? Is it to be found in the art galleries and museums of the world where are gathered together the products of divine genius manifest in sculpture and painting? Is it the heroic action of men in time of stress and danger? Or is it the beauty of the fully developed young virgen nude and unadorned, a composite but harmonious beauty of face, form and figure, lovely eyes and hair, dimpled cheeks and chin, pearly teeth and shell like ears, curved neck, rounded shoulders and arms, lovely breasts, straight back, slender waist, rounded hips and legs, knees and ankles, delicate hands and feet, perfect in form and feature, glowing with health and vitality, warmth and color, animated with smiles and loving looks. Would any honest man hesitate to make answer? And yet, how many men are privileged to see the most beautiful thing in the world. I wonder what a woman's answer would be to this question.

Sunday, 28 April, Caracas; cloudy with intermittent showers. This hotel served the best bread and butter, fried eggs and bacon, and coffee I had encountered in any country outside of the United States. While the ugly colored maid was setting the room in order I went out for a newspaper, a bottle of whiskey, and a supply of cigars. After reading the paper I took a walk through the rain and up a long hill to an old church facing a park and across a bridge over a dry ravine. Returned and wrote a letter home.

After luncheon it stopped raining and I went out to take some pictures. The streets were mostly deserted, but a few squares from the municipal theater I observed groups of men standing idly about in the street. I walked across to investigate and found that it was a district given up to "señoritas de alegria," something quite

unusual in Latin American cities. The men on the streets were of the lower class, and many of the women were among the homeliest I had seen, many of them mulattoes with ugly faces and forms. Many of these women were sitting inside their open windows on the street level and others walked freely about the streets.

On the return I tried to find the Museum of Belles Arts but without success. Had a long nap, a good supper, and read until bed time.

(Wife, 28 April, Caracas, salmon folder)

Monday, 29 April,Caracas; cloudy and warm. Had breakfast with Mr.Watkins, the Commercial Attache. He said the proprietor of the hotel was from ~~a~~ Texas and that the bacon and eggs that I praised so highly were imported weekly from the United States, which explained all.

At 10 a.m. I called on Dr. Roberto Alamo Ibarra, agronomic engineer, educated in Belgium and employed as technical adviser with respect to agriculture. He was a young man with one assistant. At first he was inclined to be very dignified but gradually thawed out and readily described the organization, or lack of organization, of the government and country with respect to agriculture. He said that he was the only agricultural technician in the employ of the government. He assured me that the Minister would cooperate in the proposed census, but as he had been Minister only a week and was then with General Gomez at Macayez it was not necessary to have and interview either with him or the President because Venezuela was already committed to the census project as a member of the International Institute of Agriculture.

He accompanied me to the office of the Minister for the purpose of introducing me to Dr.Dominguez, the acting Minister, but he was out.

After going to the bank to cash a check I returned to the office of Sr.Ibarra and left with him copies of the census program. I asked him about the three members of the committee that had been formed to cooperate with the Pan American Union in organizing the proposed Inter American Conference on Agriculture. He said that Sr. Dr. Alfredo Jahn, German, was the second largest coffee grower in Venezuela, was of German birth, and was also chairman of the Venezuelan Committee to Cooperate with the International Institute

of Agriculture, but that he had recently left for Europe. The other two members of the committee, he said, were both prominent men in Caracas, both large coffee growers, and both divided their time betwe between Caracas and Maracay and he doubted if I could find them.

We again called at the office of the Director de Contabilidad who was acting as Minister and were told that we could see him at 4 p.m.

On the way back I stopped at the office of the Royal Holland Steamship Company and made a reservation on the "Venezuela" to sail May 4 from La Guayra for Trinidad and Europe.

After luncheon I had a nap. At 4 p.m. Sr.Ibarra and I called on the Director de Contabilidad, Dr.Enriqui Hermosa Dominguez, who performed the functions of director of agriculture, and who spoke English. He was cordial and assured me that his government would cooperate in the propsed census to the best of its financial ability, and that if I would call within two days he thought the Minister would have returned and would see me.

Again I tried to find a place where I could have films developd but failed. I paid thirty cents for an old copy of the New York Times, Sunday edition of April 14. It weighed more than a pound and it took me more than an hour to read it. I had supper with Mr. Watkins who took me to the Venezuelan Club, which occupied a palatial former residence.

Tuesday, 30 April, Caracas; clear and hot. After breakfast I called at the office of the prefect of police for a permit to leave Caracas. Then to the Ministry of the Interior to obtain refund of the twenty dollar deposit I was required to make on entering the country, but was told to leave my certificate and return in the afternoon.

I hired an automobile and was driven out to the agricultural

(1929, April, Caracas) D- 3766

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We again called at the office of the Director de Comunicados who was acting as Minister and were told that we could see him at 4 p.m.

On the way back I stopped at the office of the Royal Holland Steamship Company and made a reservation on the "Venezuela" to sail May 4 from La Guayra for Trinidad and Europe.

After luncheon I had a nap. At 4 p.m. Sr.Ibarra and I called on the Director de Comunicados, Dr. Martini Herrera Dominguez, who performed the functions of director of agriculture, and who spoke English. He was cordial and assured me that his government would cooperate in the proposed census to the best of its financial ability, and that if I would call within two days he thought the Minister would have returned and would see me.

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I hired an automobile and was driven out to the agricultural

experiment station on the outskirts of the city. It was in a hollow along the Rio Corteza, a small stream. The buildings were modest, the soil was stony and poor, and was planted to common garden vegetables and flowers, with a small collection of sugar cane varieties. Much of the ground was overgrown with Bermuda grass.

The Director, Sr.Don Victor V. Maldonado, went about with me. He said he was secretary of the committee to cooperate with the Institute and that all correspondence with the Institute was referred to him.

I had luncheon with Mr.Watkins and Sr.Ernesto Stelling, who said that he was in charge of the chemical laboratory at Valencia, Venezuela, and ~~he said~~ that his company operated a cotton oil mill and sold about six thousand bales of cotton annually. In addition they grew about three thousand acres of peanuts which were manufactured into oil. He said that the climate of Venezuela is unfavorable because it has an annual rainfall of about forty inches between May and October and none whatever during the remaining months of the year.

After luncheon I again visited the Ministry of the Interior and was given a written order on the Bank of Venezuela for the return of my deposit of twenty dollars, which I readily obtained upon presentation of the order at the bank. Afterwards I took a short walk and stepped into a small combination grocery and restaurant to rest and for a glass of beer. A thin skeleton of a girl wearing a bright red dress came in and looked about wistfully as if undecided where to anchor. She looked steadily at me for a moment and I smiled and pointed to a vacant chair at my little table. She took it but seemed much embarrassed. I asked if she would have something to drink. She shook her head solemnly and then asked hesitatingly if I would buy her some cookies. I said if she would order them I

would pay for them. She ordered a kilo, something over two pounds, which were handed to her in a paper bag. To my surprise she took out only one and gulped it down. I asked her what she intended to do with the cakes. She said she wanted to take them to her aunt and little cousins with whom she lived and who were fond of cookies but too poor to buy them. She had every appearance of being ill and much embarrassed by the steady gaze of several men and boys who had entered. Presently she asked to be excused, thanking me for the cookies, and hurriedly went out.

On the way back I stopped at a little book store and bought two books by Ibañez. After a long nap and an unsatisfactory supper I went out on the street at 8 p.m. I walked through the dimly lighted and deserted streets to the Calle de Mujeres where liberated women and girls were standing in the doorways or sitting at open windows of the little one story houses and trying to attract men to enter. Many men and boys were standing in groups at the corners and a few of them were walking about and looking in at the women. It was very quiet and orderly although no policemen were visible. My thought was that in lieu of theater, art gallery, music hall, or other form of entertainment I would make a systematic inspection of the street, which I did by passing leisurely along one side of the street and back on the other. The houses were next to the narrow sidewalk with doors and windows open. The single front room of each was small, poorly furnished, but neatly kept. In each was from one to three women, most of them over thirty and not very attractive. Occasionally there would be a young woman from sixteen to twenty-four, well formed and good looking. Probably because I was obviously a foreigner many of them simply looked at me without saying anything; others spoke to me in Spanish, inviting me to enter. Returning on

Page 3769-70-71 out

Wednesday, 1 May,Caracas; clear and hot. Spent the forenoon typwriting my monthly expense account and visited the consulate to have it certified. Went to the postoffice to mail some letters and was informed that postage stamps could be obtained only at the Treasury Department in another part of the city. Bought the stamps at the Treasury Department and returned to the Postoffice Department to mail the letters, there being no letter boxes on the streets.

In the afternoon I visited Sr.Maldonado at his residence. He had more than five hundred specimens of native woods, representing more than three hundred species and varieties, all nicely finished, labeled and catalogued. His house was like a museum, it had so many curious and interesting objects in it. After showing me his treasures we crossed the street to another dwelling that he had turned into an office. Here he had a library and files of papers relating to the various committees of which he was secretary, including the Venezuela Agricultural Chamber, and the monthly periodical, La Hacienda, of which he was the editor and publisher. He also exhibited various estimates of crop areas and production, numbers of livestock, and prices, that he had made from time to time.

I next called on Sr. Ibarra and Dr. Dominguez. The latter explained that while the Minister had returned he was exceedingly busy because this was a week of transition, a new President was to be elected two days later, that the Minister had asked him to prepare a formal memorandum relative to the census project, and would see me the following week. I expressed regret that I had already engaged steamer passage and would leave on Saturday and suggested that perhaps an interview might be arranged with General Gomez at Maracay. Sr. Dominguez advised against it on the ground that no business could be

transacted with any of the officials during the next few days because of the coming election.

Thursday, 2 May,Caracas; bright and hot. After breakfast I pd paid for passage on the "Venezuela, due to sail from La Guayra on Saturday afternoon for Trinidad. Had a short visit with Dr.Pittier. He was in bad shape from an infected leg caused by a bruise. He said that some years previously he had been offerred eighteen thousand dollars a year by a powerful company to go to central Africa, but he declined because two others who had gone on the same mission had died from the effects of a bite ~~from~~ of the Tstse fly.

After luncheon I took a long walkx nap and a walk as far as the National Theater and on the way back stopped at the office of the steamship company for baggage stickers. Did some packing up.

Mr. Watkins came for me in the evening and we had supper at the Venezuelan Club. It was very pleasant in the large patio in which were trees hung with colored electric lights, tables and chairs, and a small orchestra. Returned to the hotel at 9.45 p.m.

~~(Dore, 2 May, Caracas, salmon folder)~~ ✓ ~~omit~~

(1925 May Caracas) E--1774

transacted with any of the officials during the next few days because of the coming election.

Thursday, 5 May, Caracas; bright and hot. After breakfast I paid for passage on the "Venezuela, due to sail from La Guayra on Saturday afternoon for Trinidad. Had a short visit with Dr. Pittier. He was in bad shape from an infected leg caused by a bruise. He said that some years previously he had been offered eighteen thousand dollars a year by a powerful company to go to central Africa, but he declined because two others who had gone on the same mission had died from the effects of a bite ~~from~~ the Tatse fly.

After luncheon I took a long walk and had a look at the National Theater and on the way back stopped at the office of the steamship company for baggage stickers. Did some packing up.

Dr. Pittier came for me in the evening and we had supper at the Venezuelan Club. It was very pleasant in the large patio in which were trees hung with colored electric lights, tables and chairs, and a small orchestra. Returned to the hotel at 9.45 p.m.

(Here, 5 May, Caracas, ends Folder)

Extract from letter of May 1, 1929, Caracas, to Chief of Bureau of Agricultural Economics, Washington:

x x x x x x

"The situation here is a little difficult. Venezuela has no department of agriculture or bureau of statistics--absolutely no agricultural organization, and nobody knows anything about agriculture or much of anything else. The Ex-President and all-powerful Dictator, General Gomez, is temporarily out of office and taking a vacation on his coffee plantation, and so far as I can ascertain all members of his cabinet are doing likewise. The small fry underlings left in Caracas promise cooperation in the census project, but they count for nothing. In fact, Venezuela counts for absolutely nothing except as a ludicrous bluff in diplomatic circles. So far as I can size up Venezuela she is more backward than Haiti, Abyssinia or Madagascar, and probably for that very reason has the most pernicious and vexatious regulations regarding visees for entering and leaving the country, plus cash deposit and infinite trouble to get it back, than any other country in the world.

x x x x x

Friday, 3 May,Caracas; bright and hot. Called at the postoffice to mail letters and postcards. Then to the National Bank where I had to take Venezuelan and British money, the cashier saying the bank had no American dollars. I called at the office of Contabilidad several times during the day to bid Dr. Dominguez good bye, but he failed to come to the office that day.

Had luncheon with Mr.Watkins. Called on Sr.Parra and suggested that the new administration would have a wonderful opportunity to distinguish itself by establishing a properly staffed and equipped bureau of agricultural statistics and economics. Packed up in the afternoon, except for the laundry that had not yet come. In the evening the wrong package of laundry was brought in and I had to send it back. The boy who brought it promised to bring mine early in the morning. Called at the American Consulate to leave my forwarding address. Mr.Watkins invited me to step into his office, after which we walked down the street and he pointed out the house in which Simon Bolivar was born. It was a large house and had been almost entirely rebuilt. Then he took me to a very old and famous restaurant where we had a whiskey and soda. I returned to my room at 10.30 and found that my laundry had been delivered so that I could finish packing.

~~(Dr. Orton, 3 May, Caracas, salmon folder)~~ *omit*

Saturday, 4 May,Caracas to La Guayra; partly cloudy and warm. Had breakfast at 7 a.m. and got away with my baggage at 7.50 in a large automobile. The streets of Caracas were crowded, but we were soon in the open country and climbing the slopes of the mountains. The new concrete road was excellent and traversed a picturesque country of mountains and gorges. In less than an hour we came out on the side of the mountain facing the sea and descened rapidly. Not much could be seen of the sea because of the mists that came rolling up, but occasionally there would be openings through which we could see the blue water and the white surf breaking on the beach below. As we descended the temperature rose and it became oppressively hot. On the outskirts of La Guayra a tire blew out and some time was lost repairing it.

On arrival at La Guayra I first went to the customhouse where porters fought for the privilege of handling my baggage taking charge of my passport. Then I crossed the town to the police station to get a permit to leave the city. A porter took charge of my baggage and I went to the office of the steamship company for my ticket. I was told that I could not go aboard the ship until after 4 p.m. I found a money changer who gave me dollars for Venezuelan money. I stepped into a little restaurant for a glass of beer. Took a walk through a long narrow dirty street and back to the restaurant. I sat in a rocking chair and read a local newspaper. I read of the unanimous reelection of General Gomez as President and that he had declined the honor on the ground that he was getting old and wished to devote the remainder of his life to farming.

At noon I went to a small hotel and had a satisfactory luncheon, a bottle of white wine, some cigars, and listened to a scratchy

phonograph. From my window I had a fine view of the slope of the mountain that rises almost directly from the beach. La Guayra is a small port town with one main street on a narrow ledge between the beach and the mountain. The mountain is clothed with red clay and green trees, the houses are built part way up the slope, some of them difficult of access. Several electric power lines run up the slope. In the distance one can see several gashes cut into the mountain slope for the electric railway and the automobile road. In the dining room where I sat were several canary birds that were singing their hearts out.

At 2.30 p.m. I went to the baggage station at the end of the pier and paid the charges, amounting to about seven dollars, for transferring one small trunk, one large and two small ~~sit~~ suit cases, a distance of about two city blocks. I was then given a permit to go aboard. My ticket specified cabin No.25, but it appeared that this cabin was already occupied by a woman and I was transferred to No.36. Shortly afterwards an elderly gentleman came into the cabin and took possession of the lower berth. I went up to the smoking room to revise my report to the Institute. The place was crowded, noisy, and there was much drinking. I learned that there was so many passengers that they were divided into two dining room shifts and that the new passengers, including myself, were assigned to the second service.

There was a beautiful sunset in the evening and as soon as darkness fell the electric lights of La Guayra made a pretty spectacle against the looming bulk of the mountain back of it. The ship got away at 9.30 p.m. and for nearly an hour I stood on the deck watching the twinkling lights of the town receded and their reflection in the water grow dimmer and gradually disappear. That was my last sight of La Guayra.

Sunday, 5 May, La Guayra to Trinidad; clear and pleasant with ruffled sea. Had an excellent breakfast, read awhile, and then took typewriter and paper to the smoking room where I typed a report on Venezuela to the Institute. The saloon steward objected to the presence of the typewriter, but I assured him that I would stop writing if any of the passengers objected. No one did and I finished my work in peace.

About noon we came in sight of barren mountainous hills to the south, probably the northern coast of Venezuela. Had a good luncheon. The Dutch gentleman with whom I sat at the table the evening before was transferred to another table and his place was taken by an English gentleman who said he was with the British Oil Control at Trinidad, that he was an officer in the British navy for twenty years and had spent seven years in South America and Trinidad. He was a very agreeable companion and well informed on the subject of the governmental organization of Trinidad. Opposite the English gentleman and I were two voluptuous women still young enough to be attractive, one Dutch and the other English. The expression on their faces and the manner in which they kept their skirts wrapped about their knees suggested a strange thought to me: suppose a man were to step up to them and raise their skirts to their hips, or even propose to do it, without harming them otherwise; what would be the result? Would they simply be offended and regard it as an unwarranted breaking of the conventions? Would they scream? Would other men spring to their defence? Would the offender be summarily condemned as a criminal or a madman? Who knows? And yet for long centuries women did not wear skirts and in practically every port and large city in the world are women who have broken through the taboos of convention and will not only lift their skirts but remove them for a small fee; and on the stage and before polite audiences

other women will parade and prance about with scarcely anything on. And even these same dignified women might in all probability appear in scanty evening gowns or on a bathing beach with only a single scanty garment. Surely custom and convention are queer things, as well as religious and local and legal taboos. For instance,a child born out of wedlock is classed as illegitimate and its parents are condemned no matter how much they love each other or how well they behave otherwise, or how healthy, attractive, intelligent and promissing the child may be. After all, what is the essential difference between married and unmarried parents? Is it simply the purchase of a license to marry, the hiring of a priest or legal official to read a formula in the presence of the parties and two or more witnesses, the issuance of a certificate and it's recording? Surely such formalities or nonobservance of them carry consequences out of all proportion to their intrinsic importance. One would think that the union of men and women was among the most personal and private of human affairs and of least concern to priests, officials, and the public.

~~(Secretary General, 5 May,at sea, salmon folder)~~ omit

Monday, 6 May, to Trinidad; cloudy and hot. The steward woke us up at 5 a.m. so as to be ready for the port officials. The deck was wet and only two or three other passengers were up when I went out. The sun was coming up over the hills on shore. The ship was anchored two or three miles out in a large glassy bay. To the east and north was a ~~low~~ range of low mountains directly behind the city that was strung out along the beach. The city was almost hidden by the mists of early morning. An hour went by without any change in the situation. Fortunately the saloon steward opened the bar and I got a glass of cold beer which put me in better humor. I have always been irritated at the universal custom on ships of awaking passengers at an unaccustomed and ungodly hour in the morning and making them stand about without breakfast or a cup of coffee for an hour or two hours for the convenience of a lazy port doctor or immigration official. Why not make the officials wait, or at least give the passengrs something to eat and drink while they are waiting.

At last the doctor came aboard, the examination was soon over, and breakfast was served. At 8.30 a.m. I entered the launch, but there was considerable delay in starting. We crossed the smooth bay to the customhouse pier. The customs examination was brief but explicit and I had to turn over my revolver, for which no receipt was given.

I took a taxi and was driven across the city to the Queen's Park Hotel where I was given a large room and bath for seven dollars a day. After a bath and change of clothing I made up the laundry. Had luncheon at noon, and at 2.30 p.m. drove across the city to several steamship offices and ascertained that the first ship bound for Georgetown, Demarara, would leave on the 11th. I called at the American Consulate and found some letters, but none from home. Mr.

Demorest, Vice-Consul, gave me information about Trinidad to the effect that the island contains 1,862 square miles and is therefore a little smaller than Rhode Island; Port of Spaim, the capital, had a population of 65,000, the population of the entire island being about 400,000, including 126,000 East Indians, and that of its total exports in 1927, amounting to $27,000,000, 42 per cent was petroleum, 30 per cent cacao (cocoa), 14 per cent sugar, 8 per cent asphalt, and 3 per cent copra. He gave me the names of some of the officials of the Imperial College of Tropical Agriculture. The Vice-Consul said he served also as vice-consul for China and he introduced me to two of his Chinese assistants.

I returned to my room and did some writing. Had a good supper. Very few guests were in the dining room. The hotel was an ornamental structure facing Queen's Park, which was an open circular area a quarter of a mile in diameter, about which were some magnificent trees and fine residences, with the Botanical Garden on the far side. I did not like the hotel because it was gloomy inside, very quiet and dull, and a mile or more from the nearest shop in the business section. This meant that if one wanted to buy a bottle of ink or anything else he had to telephone or send for a taxi and pay liberally for every minute he employed it. If on reaching the business section he discharged the taxi he might lose time and have difficulty in finding another to take him back. After supper I walked part way around the park, but it was dark and there was nothing to see and the only people on the streets were negroes.

(Mother,6 May,Port of Spain, salmon folder)

Tursday, 7 March, Port of Spain; hot with occasional showers. After breakfast I hired a taxi to take me to the Department of Agriculture. He drove around the elipse,the Savannah as it is called, which ~~he~~ the driver said was three miles around although it did not look that far. On the side opposite the hotel was the Botanical Garden containing sixty-three acres and founded in 1818. In a part of the garden was the Governor's Mansion surrounded by wide lanes and flower gardens. Farther along we came to the St.Clair Agricultural Experiment Station, which occupied about thirty acres. Much of it is simply an extension of the botanical garden and its most active function seemed to be the propagation of trees of economic importance, such as coffee, cacao, rubber, coconut, oil seed palms, and other tropical plants for distribution and sale at nominal prices.

At the new administration building I met the new Assistant Director, Mr. Gilbert, a young man of about thirty-five who wss courteous and affable. He said he had come to Trinidad only a few weeks previously from Nigeria, which he said would soon become a rich colony because of its size, 363,000 square miles, and its population of about 20,000,000. While in his office a young man entered and was introduced to me as Mr.Skeete, Director of Agriculture in Barbadoes. He immediately assured me of his desire to cooperate in the proposed census. In fact, he mentioned the project to Mr.Gilbert before I was introduced and I handed him my card with a smile. Mr.Gilbert arranged by telephone for an appointment with the president of the College of Tropical Agriculture for the following day and said he would take me out in his car. I was shown over the propagating grounds by Mr.Butler, Curator of the Botanical Garden, and then Mr.Gilbert drove me over to the residence of Dr.Freeman, Director of Agriculture, near the governor's mansion. He was a middle aged

man, inclined to stoutness, with a florid complexion and gray hair, and genial manners. He had been for some years Director of Agriculture in Barbadoes, had spent three months in Nigeria, and had recently attended an Empire conference on agriculture in London. He gave me a copy of his last annual report which outlined the organization of agriculture on the island. He was quite familiar with the work of the International Institute of Agriculture and with the census project which he said had been under consideration recently. He assured me that his department expected to cooperate in the project so far as the principal crops and classes of livestock were concerned. As I was leaving he supplied me with publications regarding the climate and agricultural production of Trinidad.

After luncheon and a nap I was driven down town to the office of the Royal Dutch Mail Steamship Company where I learned that the first steamer for Parimaribo, Dutch Guiana, would not leave until the 19th and the next returning steamer would not leave until June 5. Inasmuch as the travel funds of the Institute were running low and both Dutch and French Guiana were colonies and could be reached through their home offices, and their agriculture was unimportant any way, I decided to omit them from my itinerary and economise both time and money, simply going to British Guiana to get an idea of the country and of the problems involved in taking an agricultural census.

I found a general store where I bought some stationery, cigars, and two O'Henry books. Returning to the hotel I walked across the Savannah to the Botanical Garden, saw some fine specimen trees, and took some pictures. After supper I read O'Henry's "Four Million."

Wednesday, 8 May, Port of Spain; raining in the night and showers during the day, and hot. I was told this was the beginning of the rainy season that would last until November.

At 9.30 a.m. Mr. Gilbert called and took me through the

city and eastward over a good asphalt road, mostly through coconut groves, to the village of St. Augustine and the Imperial College of Tropical Agriculture. The college occupied a group of attractive modern buildings surrounded by a well kept lawn and beautiful mimosa trees and about sixty acres of arable land. The country slopes gradually to the sea ø in one direction and rises to a low range of mountains in the other. ¶ The mountains were covered with small trees and shrubs but in places were brown. The lawns and much of the vegetation about the college were brown because of the long dry season just ending.

I first met the President, Dr.Geoffrey Evans, who explained that the college was founded in 1926 to carry on original research in problems of tropical agriculture and for the training of agricultural technicians, and at that time it had about sixty students.

Next I visited the Central Research Station for the Empire Cotton Growing Corporation and met Mr.J. P. Hutchinson, Geneticist in charge of studies on the breeding and selection of Asiatic cottons. In the glass houses I was shown several generations of hybrid cottons and on the grounds I saw more different varieties of cotton than I had ever seen, including plants from India and Australia that did not resemble ordinary cotton at all.

I met a number of professors and research specialists who explained their work, methods, and objectives, all of which was intensely interesting to me. Dr. Gilbert left soon after my interview with the president and I asked one of the employes to telephone to Trinidad for a taxi, there being no other means available for getting back. I missed seeing the livestock experiment station because of rain, but was told that some interesting crosses had been made with water buffalo. I was driven to the office of the Steamship Com-

pany and was told to return on Saturday. I made a few purchases and reached the hotel at 3.30 p.m.

While at the college the botanist showed me some banana seed. They were about one-fourth the size of beet seed which they somewhat resembled. He said it was true that bananas rarely formed seed, but occasionally some fruits did and some interesting crosses had been made in the hope of developing a superior strain.

Thursday, 9 May, Port of Spain; bright and hot. Shortly after 7 a.m. Dr. Gilbert called for me. At the St.Clair experiment station we picked up an assistant and then drove westward several miles over a good asphalt road to the River Estate,which was used as an experiment station. It contained about fifteen hundred acres of which one-third was in cacao, one-third in timber, and one-third in miscellaneous crops. Near the residence was a group of buildings for the farm labor and machinery and aparatus for handling cacao and other crops. ~~Near the residence~~ also there was a beautiful grove of planted mahogany trees. Many different experiments were under way with cacao, some blocks being grown at different distances apart, some with and some without shade, and some with different methods of planting, pruning, cultivating, harvesting, and handling, were being tried. The beans from which the chocolate and cocoa are made were contained in a fleshy conical pod about the size of a large cucumber that grows out of the bark on the main trunk and branches and even on the twigs. Some of the pods were attached to the bark within a few inches of the ground. The pods are ribbed and when ripe are a rich dark red in color. The trees have white bark and grow about sixteen feet in height.

We returned to the city about 10 a.m. after a very enjoyable morning, but a little too early to suit me. At 1 p.m. Dr.Gilbert called again and took me to the Government House where the Agricul-

tural Society was meeting in the Council Chamber. I was introduced to the officers and several of the members. After some routine business Mr.R.O.Williams, Superintendent of the Botanical Garden, addrssed the meeting on the grapefruit industry of the United States and Porto Rico. His address was listened to with close attention because it appeared that many of the members were interested in growing grapefruit on their plantations.

After the meeting was over I separated from Dr.Gilbert so that while I was down town I could do some shopping. I walked back to the hotel for exercise and became overheated.

At 7 p.m. Captain Cutteridge called for me and drove out to the College where we had supper in the college restaurant, the "Hostel" as it was called. Here again I met the professors and technicians and some of the students. After supper we adjourned to the lecture room and listened to a very interesting talk on Nigeria by Dr.Gilbert. Before leaving every one returned to the Hostel for cocktails and a friendly chat. It was midnight when the captain left me at the hotel. On the way in he said that he was writing a series of textbooks for use in the colonies to replace the old ones that had become obsolete.

On reaching my room I felt too wide awake to sleep. I went to bed with a glass of whiskey, a supply of cigars, and a book on the reading stand next to my pillow, where I sipped and smoked and read O'Henry books with much enjoyment. I was surprised when I looked at my watch and saw that it was 2.30 a.m. It had been an enjoyable and very long day..

Friday, 10 May, Port of Spain; clear and hot. Got up at 10 a.m and had a light breakfast. Drove to the office of the steamship company and was told to call the next day. Then to the customhouse to inquire about my revolver and there also was told to call the

next day. Then I walked about the streets looking for local color and saw plenty of it. There were negroes, mulattoes of all shades, Hindus, and half breeds. Several blocks of a side street seemed to be occupied by women of a low order who sat in their doors or ~~sat~~ inside next to the windows and looked boldly but silntly at passing men. One attractive face I saw on this street was that of a young Portuguese woman who sat at the window of a small dwelling. When I glanced up at her she smilled and asked in Portuguese "Won't you come in." I stepped inside the open door and asked if she understood English. She replied that she did but could not speak it, so I proposed that she speak Portuguese and I would speak English. I told her that I was tired of walking, hot and thirsty and that I would be glad to rest a few minutes and drink a bottle of beer with her. She sent an old woman for the ~~bor~~ beer. She said she had recently come from Parimaribo and did not like Trinidad and would probably return as soon as she could get away. The street door and window were wide open. I sat in the only chair next to the window and she sat opposite on the edge of a bed. She was clad in thin garments, was fully developed, and very pretty to look at. The noonday sun was shining furiously outside and it was oppressively hot in the room. From time to time she raised her skirts or opened her dress above for coolness, exposing her beauty of form and white skin, but this was done in a most matter of fact way and without any sign that she was doing anything unusual or immodest. As I looked at her attractive form and observed her amiable expression and perfect selfpossession I thought how nice it would be, for men at least, if it were the custom everywhere for women to dress in hot weather with as little regard for appearances as this young women. Upon my return to the United States it seemed

almost as if the younger generation of women were well on the road to that desirable end. After finishing my glass of beer I laid a shilling on the window sill, rose, thanked the young lady politely for the entertainment and bid her adios. It was 1.30 p.m. when I reached the hotel. "Breakfast" and service was supposed to end at noon, but fortunately a party of ladies was late also and I was able to get something to eat.

It was excessively hot outside, but the dining room in a pavilion, open on three sides, was cool and pleasant. The open spaces on the sides were screened with palms and hanging baskets full of flowers. Directly opposite on the other side of the street in the Savannah were some beautiful mimosa trees whose delicate foliage waved in the slightest breeze. After luncheon I slept most of the afternoon.

After supper I wished to see what the business section looked like after dark. The distance was too great to walk in the enervating heat. A tram car stopped in front of the hotel as I was looking about for a taxi and I entered the car, thinking it would take me down town because it was headed in that direction. Instead, it circled around the Savannah and brought me back to the starting point. This time, however, I saw a taxi. A few squares were well lighted and there were many people on the street, mostly negroes. I walked down one side of the main street and back and saw nothing but negroes. There was no theater or other place of amusement. The side streets were poorly lighted. Apparently there was no night life in Port of Spain and I wondered what the white inhabitants did to amuse themselves at night. I was back in my room at 9 o'clock.

Saturday, 11 May, Port of Spain; clear and hot. Had a

(1931) May, Trinidad E--1931

a good night's sleep, and early breakfast, and packed up. Then drove to the office of the steamship company and was told that the steamer I was to take, the "Irmanda," was in the harbor, but the agent had not returned. Also I was informed that I would have to go to the detective bureau for a permit to leave. I did so only to learn that the bureau would not open until 9.30 a.m. I walked about until 9.30, filled out a form, and after waiting more than half an hour got a permit. Returning to the steamship office I bought a ticket to Georgetown, Demerara, and was told to be at the lighthouse wharf the following day at 4 p.m. Then I went to the customhouse to see about my revolver. A good natured Irishman was in charge. He hesitated about giving up the pistol because under the regulations it should be turned over to the purser of the ship a few minutes before it sailed, but inasmuch as the following day was Sunday and the customs office would be closed he solved the difficulty by giving me the revolver and admonishing me not to say anything about it. I sent a cablegram to the Institute regarding the cooperation of Trinidad and my itinerary. Then to a bookstore to buy some more of O'Henry's dlightful stories. Also I laid in a supply of cheap cigars. Returned to the hotel at 10.30 a.m. and indulged in a glass of beer. Then began writing a report n on Trinidad for the Institute which I finished in the afternoon. In the evening there was a dinner party at the hotel and dancing to the music of a phonograph. I spent the evening smoking and reading O'Henry.

~~(Secretary General 11 May, Port of Spain, salmon folder)~~ omit

(Wife, same.

Sunday, 12 May,Port of Spain; clear and hot with pleasant breeze Up at 10 o'clock and began packing up. Then drove down town and ~~wal~~ walked about for an hour or two, but saw nothing of interest. Returned to the hotel for luncheon. Had a short nap in a rocking chair and at 3 p.m. got my baggage out and took a taxi to the lighthouse pier. After waiting awhile the launch came and I and others were taken over the shining rippling bay to the "Inandra," where I found to my delight I was to have a cabin to myself.

Shortly after 4 o'clock the ship got away and steamed over the beautiful bay and out into the open sea, but so long as there was daylight we were in sight of the mountains of Trinidad. There was a beautiful sunset, we had an excellent dinner, after which I sat in the smoking room and read some more of the charming short stories of O'Henry.

Monday, 13 May, to Georgetown; fair and hot, strong east wind and much haze, an agitated sea and a badly rolling ship. All day it was very hot and everybody seemed to be asleep and very quiet. Steadily the ship plowed and rolled her way through the rough sea with scarcely a human being visible for hours at a time. I alternately dozed and read all day.

Tuesday, 14 May, to Georgetown; I woke up in the early morning to find the ship steaming steadily and slowly up the Demerara River, smooth, muddy, and as broad as the Mississippi or the Parana, with low banks and a strip of flat bottom land on both sides covered with a forest of coconut palms and a few sugar cane fields and mills. The town seemed to be spread out for two miles along the river bank.

While waiting for the port doctor many of the passengers lined up along the rail. Among them was a shapely young woman wearing a light silk skirt. The breeze blowing about the superstructure

would from time to time raise the light skirt above the wearer's hips. She was leaning over the rail apparently unconscious of what was taking place. The captain, a big coarse looking man who had watched this interesting phenomenon with deep interest, stepped up to the young lady and said in a loud voice, "Young woman you have a fine stern view," and then laughed uproarously. Out of sympathy for the girl the other passengers refrained from laughing, but there were many smiles. .

Medical and customs inspection were soon over, but again I had to surrender my revolver. I was driven in a taxi across town, which was much like river towns on the lower Mississippi, a mixture of wooden buildings, some of them unpainted, and a few larger structures of brick. I went to the Park Hotel, small and neat, facing a broad avenue with a double row of large palm trees, flowers, and a walk in the middle. The little hotel was bright and cheery and I was given a comfortable room. After arranging for my laundry I went on a street car to Water Street, which was the main street of the town, to the Royal Bank of Canada for some money. It was full of depositors, most of them negroes, and I had to wait some minutes.

I found the American Consulate and met the Consul, Mr. Brown, who promised to accompany me to the office of the Colonial Secretary in the afternoon. He gave me a package of letters, including one from mother of April 7. Then I went to a general store and bought some shirts and socks, and to a grocery store for a bottle of whiskey and a supply of cigars.

After luncheon I sat quietly in my room for two hours or more trying to keep cool. It was oppressively hot, a damp moist heat like that at Weltevsreden, and the slightest exercise caused one to perspire freely. There was a heavy downpour of rain that lasted a few minutes and then the sun shone again with full force.

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At 2.30 p.m. I walked to the Consulate and Mr.Brown went with me to the Colonial Office and introduced me to the Secretary, Mr.Douglas Jones, who was cordial and said he was quite familiar with the work of the Institute, knew about its proposed agricultural census and said his office was prepared to cooperate so far as practicable. He telephoned to the Department of Agriculture and ascertained that the Director was away, but that the Assistant Director would be glad to receive me.

From the Colonial Office Mr.Brown and I walked to the Museum, which was established and maintained by the Agricultural and Commercial Society, where I was introduced to the Curator, Dr.William Roth. Dr.Roth said he had spent several years in Australia as well as in Demerara collecting ethnological data and other material and in translating the accounts of travels by German explorers and naturalists, some of which had been published by the Smithsonian Institution. He showed me a number of unpublished manuscripts. Upon returning to the Consulate Mr.Brown called up the Department of Agriculture and made a definite appointment for me the following morning at 9 a.m.

I walked back to the hotel through the main street. It is a broad street. In the center of it was a parking of stately palms and other trees, green grass and flower beds, with a broad concrete walk running through the middle for pedestrians, and on each side was a one way road well paved for vehicles. Outside the roads and between them and the private grounds was another strip of parking set with trees and grass. The residences on both sides were of wood and two or three stories in height, were painted white, and provided with blinds at the windows hinged at the top so as to push out from the bottom ~~so as to~~ and afford shade and protect windows from the rain. Not far from the hotel was the Governor's mansion

in the center of a city block set with fine trees and lawns. On some of the side streets were small one story houses perched on pillars ten or twelve feet in height. The city was built on low ground, in some places below the level of the river and of the sea. Birds were to be seen everywhere, some of them highly colored. At night the frogs in the grass and gardens made the air quiver with their shrill voices.

When I reached the room my clothing was saturated with p perspiration. I undressed to give the clothing a chance to dry, while I laid down and tried to sleep, but it was too steamy hot. Dinner was at 7 p.m. Very few guests were present. They were evidently British and not communicative even among themselves. There was no music and the place seemed to be enveloped in profound and oppresive quiet, except for the frog chorus outside. The streets were in semidarkness, without sidewalks, and only negroes were to be seen. Apparently it was not the custom for white people to venture on the streets after dark. I had finished reading the books I had brought with me from Port of Spain and had been unable to find any book store in this town. No books or magazines were to be had at the little hotel. The local newspaper was small and I had read it from beginning to end, including all the advertisements. Nothing to do but go to bed and swelter and speculate on what life must be in such a place as this--quite enough to drive one to drink. In desperation I turned on the light, took several stiff drinks of whiskey, smoked a cigar and lay back in my chair with my eyes half closed and tried to see how far I could mentally multiply by two, that is, see to what power I could raise 2 mentally without the aid of paper and pencil. It is simple at first, but becomes increasingly difficult after reaching the millions. When I carried the numbers beyond nine figures I broke down and tried it with 3's and 4's. This method

proved effective and when I tumbled into bed I fell asleep immediately.

Wednesday, 15 May, Georgetown; another hot sticky day. I slept well and woke up with the sound of bird songs coming through the window. Had toast and tea in my room. Shortly after 9 a.m. I rode on the street car through the town and out on Pride Street to the Department of Science and Agriculture, which occupied a few small and poorly equipped buildings. Here I met Mr.L.D.Clear, an economic biologist who was acting in the absence of the Director, Prof. Dash. He was cordial and readily explained the work and organization of his department, which included the taking of a census annually by means of questionnaires. After looking over the establishment Mr.Clear took me in his car to the Botanical Garden a mile and a half from the town. The country was perfectly flat, with numerous canals from which soil had been taken to improve the road and afford drainage. The Botanical Garden was formerly the estate of a wealthy sugar planter who had stocked it with a fine collection of trees, shrubs, and plants both native and foreign. At the entrance to the propagating gardns was the most beautiful specimen of lilac white Thunbergia blossom I had ever seen. Near the residence and along the drives were clumps of the showy hibiscus in bloom, and in the canals were lovely water lilies and lotuses.

On the return trip Mr.Clear drove out by way of the sea wall of concrete on an embankment made necessary by the fact that the general level of the lowland was three or four feet below the level of the sea. He said the muddy appearance of the sea was from the sediment discharged by the great Orinoco River to the north; also that the drinking water of Georgetown is rain water, the muddy ~~water~~ water of the river not being fit to drink.

proved effective and when I tumbled into bed I fell asleep immediately.

After luncheon (called breakfast here) I went to the shipping office two miles up the river and paid for passage back to Port of Spain. I called on the surveyer of customs to inquire about my revolver. After some telephoning he ascertained where it was and issued instructions that it be turned over to the purser on the outgoing boat the following day, and he made a memorandum to see that it was not overlooked. I thanked him for his courtesy and handed to him my card. When he saw that I was connected with the Department of Agriculture in Washington he became much interested He said he had a son of twenty in the London School of Agriculture and asked my opinion of the school and what chance the young man would have to find employment in the United States. He showed me a photograph of his son and it was evident that he was completely wrapped up in him. He assured me I need give no further thought to the revolver because he would personnally see that it was returned to me.

I had to hurry back to the hotel because of intestinal trouble that caused me considerable physical suffering and mental embarrassment because of the suddenness and urgency of the attack and after getting relief I felt much exhausted. That is one of the penalties of civilization, physical conditions sometimes almost beyond the control of will power, and yet one's acquired sense of decency and respect for others prevents him from getting relief, at least in countries dominated by the socalled conventions. It is especially embarrassing in towns and cities in which hotels and other places of public resort with toilet conveniences are scarce or nonexistent. In my case I had to wait for a trolley car to appear, there being no other means of conveyance in that part of town; the tram was slow in starting; it wended its way leisurely and with frequent deliberate stops for the first mile. On catching sight

a lone taxi cab I got out at the next corner, walked back and engaged the taxi with instructions to drive to my hotel as fast as the regulations would permit. He did so and charged me the equivalent of one dollar. But in the emergency the saving in time and acute suffering were worth it.

I made a hasty excursion to the business section and after diligent inquiry found a general store that had a shelf of books and I bought several. Shortly after 4 p.m. I took another walk ~~thr~~ through the business section. All shops were closed and on the streets were only a few straggling negroes. Several disreputable looking saloons were open, and again I wondered how the white people doomed to live in this place managed to amuse themselves. The rest of the afternoon until 10 p.m. I read "Now You Tell One," a series of Irish anecdotes that were very disappointing; also I read the "Philanderers" by A.E.Mason, which I did not like.

Thursday, 16 May, Georgetown; showers during the night and all day. I stayed in bed and read until noon. After the noon "breakfast", I took a short walk and returned at 1.30 p.m. Then slept until 6 p.m. Finished reading H.G.Wells' "History of Mr. Paul," a very good story written in the style of Dickens. Too indolent to do any writing. Evidently the tropical climate is very enervating. Began reading ~~the~~ "Western ~~Movement of~~ Men with Eastern Morals" by W. N. Willis. Outside my window was the steady drip, drip, of rain drops on the roof of the veranda and the chorus "wheet, wheet, wheet" of innumerable frogs. Occasionally there were bird voices. Mr.Clear said he had identified 89 species of birds. The laundry, promised for today, did not come. I felt much cheered by the thought that I would have only one more day in this intolerably dull town. In an interval between reading I drew up a brief statistical program for the United States and Argentina under the following heads:

(1) Agriculture is basic.

(2) The International Institute of Agriculture should be the clearing house for the agricultural statistics of the world as well as the results of scientific research in agriculture.

(3) The Institute should take the initiative in suggesting improvements in the organization and methods of scientific research and statistics in agriculture.

(4) It should coordinate agricultural research and statistics.

(5) It should summarize and publish the results of international agricultural research and statistics.

(6) To enable it to do this intelligently and effectively it should have a corps of research and statistical inspectors with an adequate travel allowance and adequate means of publication and propaganda.

Friday, 17 May, Georgetown; raining nearly all night and until noon, followed by oppressive heat. After luncheon (breakfast) I walked down to the business section to buy some more books and a supply of cigars. I called at the Consulate but Mr.Brown was not in. Spent the afternoon reading "The Secret of the Square" by Le Queux, a good story. After dinner I settled my account and shortly after 8 o'clock I and my baggage were transferred to the steamer where I was given the same cabin I occupied on the voyage down. At that hour no other passengers were on board. Later a few passengers appeared and some of them I recognized as having been on the voyage with me from Trinidad. A number of friends accompanied them and proceeded to have a drinking bout that lasted until they were sent ashore at 11 p.m. A few electric lights were visible on both sides of the river.

Saturday, 18 May, Port of Spain; cloudy, showers, and rain all day. Considerable rolling and pitching of the ship, probably because she had little or no cargo; in fact she rolled more than any other ship I had seen and on the least provocation. Read a

an entertaining story by Quiller Couch about two old sea captains who ~~fi~~ fell in love with the same widow who deceived them and married another man. Began reading Olive Schreiner's "Women and Labor", which ~~is~~ was the best exposition of women's rights I had so far read. Besides myself there were not more than a dozen other passengers on the ship, apparently all British, taciturn, solemn, unapproachable, and uncommunicative. The ship was as silent as a church all day so that it seemed like Sunday.

Sunday, 19 May, Port of Spain; cloudy, with showers and sultry heat. Last night lights could be seen on the island. This morning early the ship anchored two or three miles out in the harbor. The doctor came aboard at 7 a.m. and after a light breakfast at 8 o'clock we were transferred in an open launch through the rain across the bay. I saw a flock of large water fowl flying low and from time to time one of them would dive head first into the water with a splash and bring up a fish.

The customs examination was brief and again I had to leave my revolver. I went to the Paris Hotel because it was close to the business section. It was a cheap place, but airy and clean. After getting settled in a plain little room on the second floor opening onto a balcony I walked a few squares to stretch my legs. The shops were closed. Only churches, hotels, and restaurants were open. I bought four cigars at my hotel at eighteen cents apiece, which was about four times their value. I inquired at a number of cheap restaurants and succeeded in finding some cigars much cheaper and just as good. Returned to the hotel with my clothing dripping with moisture. Changed and felt better. I certainly liked Port of Spain better than Georgetown, partly because its streets were paved, there were sidewalks, and it looked clean, so that one could walk about freely.

In the afternoon began to draft a report on British Guiana to the Institute. Took a nap under difficulties because of the cackling waiters in the court yard below and the noise of an ice cream freezer.

Had a fairly good supper. As I was finishing the elderly manager of the hotel came over, introduced himself, and invited me to come over to his table. He said his name was Hernandez as far back as the Spanish Armada, that he was from Ireland, that he had been born of wealthy parents but his fortune was dissipated by the war and he had to go to work, and being a university man who had traveled and lived in hotels a good part of his life he decided to become a hotel manager. He sent the waiter to his private stock and brought out a bottle of brandy made in 1858. He handled the bottle carefully, affectionately, and jealously, poured out small portions into two tiny glasses and called my attention to its deep dark rich amber color. Inasmuch as I rarely tasted spirits of any kind without first diluting it with water I started to pour a little water in my glass. He raised his hand instantly to stop me with a look of horror on his face and said that before I should polute that nectar with water he would take it away from me. He was mollified, however, when he saw that instead of swallowing it at once I sipped it slowly almost drop by drop and expressed my astonishment at its deliciously mild sweet flavor. I then had a cup of coffee with him. He sent for a box of his favorite cigars "Tropical" and we smoked together.

Afterwards I took a short walk. Only one square in the busines section was lit up. No one but negroes were on the street except a night policeman, one at each corner. Returning to my room I finished reading "Women and Labor."

Monday, 20 May, Port of Spain; raining heavily all night. Awoke at 7 a.m. Donned a bath robe and descended to the first floor where there were several small compartments with concrete tanks with water in them three feet deep so that one could almost swim. By comparison with the warm atmosphere the water seemed cold. For breakfast I had grape fruit, bacon and eggs, toast and coffee. Had to sign a separate check for the bacon, which was extra and amounted to forty-eight cents for three thin translucnt slices. At that rate a pound of bacon would cost more than five dollars. Did some type-writing on my report. At 10 a.m. took a walk through the rain. It was Whitsunday and a holiday so that all shops were closed except for pharmacies and groceries. I found a little cigar shop on a side street and laid in a supply. I returned at 11 a.m. and found a tall, angular, ugly colored girl setting the room in order. She said her name was Evelin. Later a plump shapely mulatto girl, who said her name was Lucy, stopped to look in through the open door to see if the room had been properly attended to. Did some writing. Raining steadily and monotonously. At 4 p.m. had a drink of whiskey and a smoke and slept until 10.30 p.m. When I awoke I thought it was morning and wondered why the phonograph down stairs was going. Stepping out on the balcony I saw a party of well dressed men and women setting together at a table in a pavilion in the rear court, all drinking cocktails. Then in order that I might sleep later I took a long tramp on the main street and back. Except for one square in the business section the street was dimly lighted and completely deserted.

~~(Secretary General, 21 May, Port of Spain, salmon folder)~~ omit

(Mother, same.

Tuesday, 21 May, Port of Spain; another day of rain and oppressive heat. After breakfast I went out on the street with an umbrella. Left films at a photographer's to be developed. Stopped at a tailoring establishment to order two summer suits, one of ~~da~~ duck and the other of linen. Stopped at a bank for some money. In a general store that had a shelf of books I bought two by O'Henry. Returned to my room and had a glass of beer and began reading "Heart of the West."

Had a satisfactory luncheon. Through the open door of my room I could see some roofs and beyond them a great tree, a magnificent tree, tall and with a great spreading top of waving branches. It seemed to wave its hands and arms to me and I spent much time looking at it and wondered what ~~sg~~ sights it had seen in its long ~~li~~ life. It reminded me of some of the trees near one of our farm homes in Texas and how as a youth in the evening after the day's work was done I ø would sit and watch them nod their heads and wave their arms at me.

Several times Lucy, the plump mulatto maid, stood in the open door and spoke to me. She was small, round, shapely, with brown ~~skin~~ skin and lustrous eyes, dimples on cheeks, with crinkled hair that showed the African strain, and she radiated smiles, good nature, and amiability from head to foot. ~~The second time she came~~ she stepped just inside the door. ~~She came nearer and I touched her lightly on one of her protuberant breasts.~~ She smiled coyly and ~~then~~ volunteered the information that perhaps UP I would like to change to a room on the other side of the hotel that was cooler and not so exposed to public view. She said she would let me know when such a room became vacant. With that she departed precipitately.